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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

April 1, 1964

PRICE

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**THE BEATLES'
GIRL TROUBLE**

— Page 9 —

**TV STAR'S
HONEYMOON**

— page 16

TRY THE DIET THAT WON £10000

"Slimming transformed my life," says the winner



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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● The entries in our £1000 Diet Contest reached such a high standard that it was a hard job to choose the winner.

EVENTUALLY the judges awarded the £1000 to Leonie Gane's entry (see pages 3-5).

She devised an effective, sensible diet on sound principles — and also told a good story of her motives and her progress.

Although many entrants had more spectacular weight losses, the winning diet adapts most comfortably (and effectively) to most people's diet programme in everyday life.

We chose Mrs. June Kennewell, of New Lambton, New South Wales, as the

Our Cover

● Sydney TV personality Dave Allen and his bride, English stage star Judith Stott (see story, page 16), were photographed lunching at Watson's Bay by staff photographer Ron Berg. "The Tonight Show," with Dave Allen, is screened live by Sydney's TCN9 on Thursdays at 9.30 p.m.

most striking among the group who told of reducing by several stone.

Mrs. Kennewell's diet is more conventional, but her story of how she shed 8 stone was so good that we have awarded her a special prize of £50.

We will publish her diet next week.



● A month ago we published a picture of the doll's house — made from the plans in our October 9 issue — that a Western Australian father made for his daughters.

The edifice pictured above looks the same, but it's not, really. It was built by a woman, Mrs. Jack Nagy, of Kalgoorlie (shown here with her granddaughter, Sharon Nagy, aged seven).

The "project" took about six weeks, and it was carried out in the greatest secrecy: "I didn't want anyone to know," says Mrs. Nagy. "I was afraid of spoiling the good wood . . ."

But she certainly didn't!

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like this



Can't move without agony?

Then start a course of MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLIDS

When your back feels in a vice—muscles stiff and sore—every move, stab of pain—it is often due to accumulations of uric acid deposits in your muscles and joints. The wonder-drug THIONINE, one of the therapeutic ingredients in Mackenzie's MENTHOLIDS, helps your system throw off these harmful, pain-producing deposits.

If you or yours suffer rheumatism, aching muscles and joints, bad back, neuritis, kidney and bladder weakness or constant headaches, start MENTHOLIDS treatment, right now. MENTHOLIDS, with helpful diet charts are 15/-, 9/- or 5/- everywhere.

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For Finger tip Glamour

Women with long strong glamorous finger nails have long been envied by their less fortunate sisters. Don't envy a day longer — buy a bottle of "HARD AS NAILS" from your nearest Chemist or Department Store (only 12/6). The first application of "HARD AS NAILS" makes

nails firm and seals the edges against peeling or chipping. Easy to use, you can apply it by itself or under or over your nail enamel. Try "HARD AS NAILS" today—one application and your nails will refuse to break.

Is your baby BREAST-FED?

Soon it will be time to wean baby. When the time comes for bottle feeding you should know what type of teat to choose so that baby is weaned without difficulty. Most baby authorities recommend a teat with similar softness to mother's breast. Maw's Teats are made by a 'dipping' process which gives every teat a unique softness. Because Maw's Teats are soft, baby is able to control the flow of milk itself. Maw's Teats, in 4-hole sizes, fit any bottle with the new Maw's Adapter. Maw's make a full range of baby-feeding needs. Ask your family chemist about the Maw's Dinky Feeder for baby's "little" drinks . . . Maw's Milton Sterilization Unit that keeps bottles and teats germ-free.

£1000 Diet Contest winner

Big prize to 19-year-old girl

● Leonie Gane, 19, a Queensland girl training at Canberra to be a laboratory technician, has won the £1000 first prize of our Diet Contest. *Other winners, page 4.* Leonie, pictured here, is 5ft. 5½in. tall and now weighs 8st. 8lb. Her winning diet is published on page 5.

She began it when she was a self-conscious 17, weighed about 10st. 12lb., and desperately wanted to appear trim for her debut at a ball. She succeeded and now says that slimming has transformed her whole life and outlook. And she doesn't make her life a misery over diet, even though she does keep a weather-eye open for weight increases.

Leonie will use her prize to help with her and her brother's education, will buy presents, and save some.

Full story, page 5

Picture by staff photographer Ernie Nutt.





**NEXT
WEEK:**

TEN PERFECT CAKES

Some cooks proudly claim they can bake one cake that is perfect . . .

Huh! Only one! Now you can bake TEN perfect cakes from our ten perfect recipes (like the luscious White Cake pictured above).

They were chosen after our cookery experts considered the comparative cost of ingredients, ease of preparation, dependability of recipe, appearance, texture — and sheer good eating.

The result? Cakes you can serve with pride; cakes your family and guests will devour with admiring relish.



SIX in ONE

... wardrobe in
ONE PATTERN

There's something definitely desirable about a Chanel-style suit—and the suit shown at left has that quality PLUS!

It's a Butterick pattern, and . . .

You'll have to see it to believe it — the versatility of one lone pattern — and next week you'll see the six "Paris" suits YOU can have.

"How I lost eight stone"

... a triumphant diet story that could help you

Winner of a special £50 prize in our Diet Contest, Mrs. June Kennewell (right), shed eight stone.

She tells the fascinating story of her diet, describes exactly how she forced her weight down, down from 22st. to 14st. 3lb.



SOME OTHER PRIZEWINNERS IN DIET CONTEST

• A special prize of £50 was awarded to Mrs. June Kennewell, Mackie Avenue, New Lambton, N.S.W.

• £20 PRIZEWINNERS.

Mrs. Connie Gall, Coburn Station, Cunnamulla, Qld.

Mrs. Evelyn Corbin, Cornwall Rd., Pascoe Vale, Melbourne.

Mrs. Betty Garrett, Pine Ridge, Sumner's Rd., Darra, Qld.

Mrs. Vicki Williams, c/- Power House, Wangi Wangi, N.S.W.

Mrs. Alice Beck, Margaret River, W.A.

Mrs. Maxine Kerr, Strangman Rd., Waikerie, S.A.

Mrs. Del Kerrison, Rosevears, West Tamar, Tas.

Mrs. E. Cornes, Grove Crescent, Toowoong, Brisbane.

Mr. Reg Bellingham, Sylvan Ave., Wavell Heights, Brisbane.

Mrs. H. Powell, Box 1599V, G.P.O., Brisbane.

Mrs. M. MacDiarmid, "Murberrup Park," Sturt Highway, Berri, S.A.

Mrs. Loveday Campbell, Wilson Ave., Brunswick, Melbourne.

Mrs. V. L. Price, Waterworks Rd., Ashgrove, Brisbane.

The special prize diet will be in the issue of The Australian Women's Weekly dated April 8, and others in the issue dated April 15.

Real-life dieters tell tricks for reducing

• Hundreds of women entrants in our £1000 Diet Contest told of pet tricks they used to lose weight — the idea being, in most cases, to adapt the diet to suit both the needs and the personality of the individual slimmer.

CONTESTANTS were enthusiastic about the rewards of being slimmer — for example, one got a glamor fashion job, another a husband (through getting HIM to slim).

And not all entrants were women. Men who had benefited included a man who was able to walk unaided again after dieting, and a schoolboy who made 2/- every time he lost a pound.

Contestants employed a great variety of diets—there were calorie-counters, eat-less-of-everything fans, those who preferred the high-protein, low-calorie way, and many others.

And here are some of the private diet tricks they told about:

A hungry family dog can be a help if you decide on an "eat less" campaign—one contestant lost two stone in six months by giving half her dinner each evening to the dog.

She wrote: "My family's remark, 'Mother is cutting calories,' started me on my diet."

"One day during dinner our dog was watching me eat, and out of sympathy I gave him half of mine."

"I now have three-quarters of my dinner and remain at the 10-stone level (from the original 12-stone)."

"The dog is very loyal—a little fat, but happy."

Another contestant (also with a dog) wrote:

"Whenever I lift the lid of the cake-tin to take a bit of luscious chocolate fudge cake for 'just a little taste' there beside me is Nicki, our dog, with tail wagging and that look in her eye focused directly into mine."

"It is impossible to refrain from giving her at least half — and probably half what's left as well, as Nicki is a rather quick eater."

For some lucky dieters, a rapid loss of weight happened without any actual planning.

"One day I was so depressed about my overweight that I turned my thoughts to a book that contains simple sewing instructions," wrote one woman.

"I became so interested in sewing I found I hadn't had my lunch or anything to eat."

"Sewing filled my mind and thoughts, and in 14 months I have lost a stone and a half."

Others thank illness for helping them lose weight.

In 10 days one contestant lost two stone on a diet of bread soaked in boiling water.

In bed with the flu, this was all she enjoyed eating. The dish was flavored with salt and pepper.

"Mannequin"

An attack of mumps helped a young mother regain her "mannequin" figure.

"The fact that one can only open a mouth a scant quarter-inch makes the most tempting delicacy into a horrible nightmare," she wrote.

"Just go and live in a large city and try living on a small pittance—you'll lose weight," is the advice of one cynic.

And for a schoolgirl, the Leaving Certificate exam, with the strain of swotting (and the nervous tension expended waiting for the results) is apparently all that was required for a rapid weight reduction.

The most common problem for most would-be weight-lossers is the difficulty in training the appetite to be satisfied with smaller meals.

Here are some of the suggestions we received:

• Choose foods that need a lot of chewing. They are more satisfying than those that slip down easily.

• An extra strong peppermint sucked before meals seems to kill a healthy appetite for the approaching meal.

• Between meals, chew chewing-gum. This keeps the salivary glands working and does away with that dry, empty taste in the mouth.

• Or, when you are hungry, have a prune and suck the stone for a while.

Other general advice to dieters included:

• Buy yourself a pair of bathroom scales and weigh yourself daily.

• Buy a beautiful dress at least two sizes smaller than you actually are and aim to shrink into it.

• Work yourself into a state of hatred for foods you know to be fattening. Tell yourself they are trying to "get at you," and you will find them easier to resist.

• Take plenty of exercise while you are dieting and the weight will melt away faster.

• Get your children to hang up some grotesque sketches in kitchen or pantry entitled "Mum before dieting."

• Or, alternatively, keep constantly before you a glamorous photograph of yourself when formerly slim.

Whatever the hardships weathered by strong-willed dieters—and in some cases there were many—not one contestant admitted being disappointed with the results or sorry she had made the effort.

For some, the sweetest reward was a wolf whistle. For others it was the sheer physical comfort of having less weight to carry round their daily routines.

Many found good health for the first time in years through losing weight. One man on a meat-only diet found that a weight reduction from 21 stone to 17 stone 4lb. . . .

• Took him off crutches after two and a half years.

• Improved his eyesight by reducing blood pressure, which had caused almost total blindness in left eye.

• Enabled him to drive a car again.

• Banished arthritis pains in both knees.

A young man found a fiancée through going on a diet.

The fiancée writes:

"On my nineteenth birthday I was sitting opposite my 20-stone escort for the

evening eating a delicious high-calored meal.

"With childish naivete I leant across the restaurant table and said earnestly, 'Some day someone will mean enough to you for you to want to lose weight . . .'

"Nine months later my 'overweight' escort walked into a library where I'd been studying, wearing a suit he'd bought off-the-peg—the first ready-made he'd ever been able to wear."

"It hung well on his 13-stone 10lb. frame."

"Yes, in nine months he had lost seven stone."

"And I was the 'someone' for whom he had lost weight. We're being married next month."

Overweight by several stone, one young mother was told by her doctor she would never be able to have another child unless she went on a rigid calorie-reduction diet.

Seven months later and eight stone lighter—a reduction from 18 stone 10lb. to 10 stone 8lb.—she found she was expecting the baby she had longed for.

An overweight suburban housewife found herself living "a real-life fairy story" with the reduction of three stone.

To earn more money to buy new clothes that her new figure needed, she accepted a job as a saleswoman with a city furrier.

She moved into the exciting world of fashion and has recently been promoted to the firm's public relations officer, comping fashion parades and taking part in radio and television work.

A weight loss resulted in financial gain for a 12-year-old boy who entered our contest.

"For every pound I lost my mother promised me 2/-, and because of that I often refused my Sunday ice-cream. Working out my own diet of about 1200 calories a day I lost 18lb. in 2½ months."

"It was a big challenge for me but I succeeded where some adults have failed. I now weigh six stone and when I grow up I should like to be a dietician."

The £1000 slimmer

● It's hard to imagine slim, vivacious Leonie Gane as a fat, frumpish, "sit-in-the-corner" type of girl — but she was that not very long ago.

"I WAS horrible," she said, "I used to sit tucked-away cringing at the thought of how fat I was. I was terribly self-conscious."

This week, Leonie won the £1000 first prize in our diet contest.

Now 5ft. 5½in. tall and 8st. 8lb. in weight, Leonie's measurements are, bust 35, waist 24, and hips 35. She remembers (with a visible shudder) when these were 40, 28, and 39.

Her reduction in weight from 10st. 12lb. to 8st. 8lb. has given Leonie an entirely new outlook on life. "I feel a different person, I am a different person," she declared.

"And I look younger than I did at 16, when I was often taken for 20 or more."

"Sometimes I forget I'm slim and get that old familiar feeling I had when my midriff was hanging over my belt—I could never go back to that!"

Leonie is training to become a laboratory technician at the John Curtin School of Medical Research at the Australian National University at Canberra, and is 19.

She has a sister, Susette, 9, and brother, Lance, 14.

Her father, Mr. S. A. Gane, is a garage proprietor at Mirriwinni, near Cairns in Queensland, so Leonie, both at Brisbane, where she first began to diet, and now in Canberra, boards privately.

"I was 17 when I began the diet," she said, "and remember still how irritable I felt that first week."

"My mother had sent me down a case of limes, oranges, mandarins, and grapefruit and these were all I had for a whole week."

"However, I just couldn't afford to show how cross I felt inside. I was working at the Brisbane Clinic, and handling patients."

Leonie's attitude toward her dieting is practical.

"It's all psychological," she explained. "At first you think you couldn't possibly do it, and once you do you feel so proud of yourself you just don't look back."

"Overeating, after all, is just a bad habit, and anyone can get rid of bad habits."

"I've reached the stage now when I know simply by feeling the flesh over my ribs whether I need to be careful. If I do, I simply say to myself, 'I'm not eat-

Before...



PICTURES show Leonie before she began her dieting (10st. 12lb.), then as she appeared at her debut ball (9st. 7lb.). At right she is shown as she is today (about 8st. 8lb.), and very slim.



After...

ing today," and have a fluid day."

And on the evenings she has to attend her lectures she always makes sure she has a proper meal — but never more than medium helpings.

"Each person is different and needs a different diet," she maintains. "I believe that each person should experiment as I did to find their maintenance diet."

Leonie composes poetry and was quite cheerful when her second rejection slip arrived while we were talking.

"I'm going to keep try-

ing," she laughed, "I believe the first 100 are the worst."

She has finished the first chapter of a novel, too.

Her romantic interests are not centred at present on any one particular person.

A keen needlewoman, Leonie's favorite materials for the colorful shifts and casual clothes she makes for herself are found in furnishing materials.

And what is Leonie going to do with the £1000 prizemoney?

"First I'll buy some

wrought-iron terrace furniture for the Crawfords, with whom I live," she said. "They've been marvellous to me and this is the very first thing."

"Most important of all, I'll be able to help my brother with his school and university fees. He's quite clever and hopes to do Science."

"Then I'll pay my college fees and, of course, some of it will be added to the £75 I've saved for a trip overseas when I finish my course."

— Mollie Lyons



Now...

This is Leonie's winning entry

● At the age of fourteen I weighed 8st. 13lb. and was 5ft. 4in. tall. After two years at boarding school I weighed 10st. 12lb. I was a compulsive eater, and, convincing myself this was merely "puppy fat," I gave no thought to diet.

HOWEVER, in April, 1962, I decided to make my debut at a ball early in July.

A friend of mine, an attractive and slender girl, was to make hers at the same ball. I decided then that I must lose weight, and set my goal at a "9st. 7lb. me" for the ball.

For two weeks I prepared myself mentally. I ringed May 1 on every calendar, and meanwhile indulged in every food I desired, no matter how fattening, saying to myself "May 1—D-Day."

LEONIE'S DIET:

From 10st. 12lb.—May 1-May 8

I ate nothing but citrus fruit — oranges, limes, mandarins and grapefruit. I had two pieces for breakfast, one for morning tea, two at lunchtime, one in the afternoon, and four pieces for dinner.

This first week was the most trying.

I was naturally hungry and a little tired and irritable for the first few days, but this was soon cancelled by the immense satisfaction gained by losing weight. (I weighed

myself on the same scales at 8.30 a.m. daily throughout the entire diet period.)

I lost 8lb. that week. A little of it was regained in the next week.

(A doctor's comment on this part of the diet was: "She virtually starved herself for a week. This probably did her no lasting harm as she was young. It would not be advisable to follow the citrus fruit week or any form of starvation without reference to your doctor.")

From 10st. 4lb.—May 9-July 7

I set Tuesday as my "fluid day." (Monday would not be practicable, as I might be tired after the weekend and I did not want my work to suffer.)

I allowed myself any form of fluid, including milk-shake, coffee (made on milk, with one sugar), beef broth, fruit juice. On a typical fluid day I had four cups of coffee and one can of pineapple juice.

The sugar and milk in my coffee I refused to eliminate, as the diet was proceeding satisfactorily, and I felt I needed the food value of the milk.

On the remaining days my meals were: BREAKFAST: 1 very large apple, 1 cup coffee with sugar and milk.

LUNCH: 1 very large apple, 1 very large orange, 1 bottle pineapple juice.

(No morning or afternoon coffee.)

DINNER (A proper meal was necessary as I attended evening college classes):

A balanced meal, with sweets, e.g., small helping of meat, or casserole; small helping of a green, red, and white vegetable; then stewed fruit with a little cream or custard; 1 cup of coffee.

I had achieved my goal shortly before the ball. (I had my gown made a little too small as an added incentive.)

From 9st. 7lb.—July 8-Oct. 24

The ball was now over and I set my next target — 9st. on my eighteenth birthday, October 24.

I now altered my breakfast to one large plate of cereal with milk (no sugar). To counteract this I eliminated both milk and sugar from my coffee.

Other meals remained unchanged, and I continued with the "fluid" Tuesdays. I weighed 9st. before my birthday. (I followed my birthday party with an off-schedule fluid day.)

I had coffee (now without milk or sugar) whenever I wished.

From 9st. — Oct. 25-Dec. 22

I now had my weight under full control and after the occasional lapse slipped in an extra "fluid" day. My next goal was 8st. 7lb. for December 22 — I was to be bridesmaid to a friend.

This was achieved with relative ease.

At 8st. 10lb.

However, on dispensing with fluid days I have found that my particular "ideal" weight is 8st. 10lb. This is the norm of my monthly weight. I find also that my weight fluctuates slightly in accordance with the menstrual cycle.

MY MAINTENANCE DIET

BREAKFAST: 1 boiled egg (soft or hard) and 1 apple, 1 cup black coffee without sugar.

LUNCH: 6 dry wheat biscuits (thinly buttered), 2 ounces of cheese (any type), 1 slice of cold meat (I always had salami), celery or cucumber, 1 apple, 1 extra piece of fruit, 1 cup black coffee without sugar. (All small helpings.)

DINNER: A balanced meal of small helpings of meat and three vegetables, with sweets. One cup of black coffee without sugar.

I try not to pick between meals, bread is forbidden (on principle), and I avoid nuts, cakes and biscuits. No before-dinner sherries — I drink only at parties (and very little then).

When I retire immediately after the evening meal I usually forgo sweets, and after periods such as Christmas or New Year I find that a "fluid" day will cancel out any adverse effects.

Occasionally, after a particularly bad period of self-indulgence, I resort to my self-inflicted punishment which I used during my earlier diet period: I sit for a quarter-hour with a handful of cashew nuts (my favorite food), not permitting myself to eat them.

This is most effective.

(A doctor said this maintenance diet is well balanced and quite acceptable by medical standards.)

In all, my diet was extremely successful. My body is firm (I practised Yoga whilst dieting), and I have had no ill effects, either mental or physical. (I had regular medical checks and discussed my diet with the doctor.)

Indeed, it has been of tremendous psychological benefit to me, and made life so much more enjoyable.

And, I have NEVER counted calories!



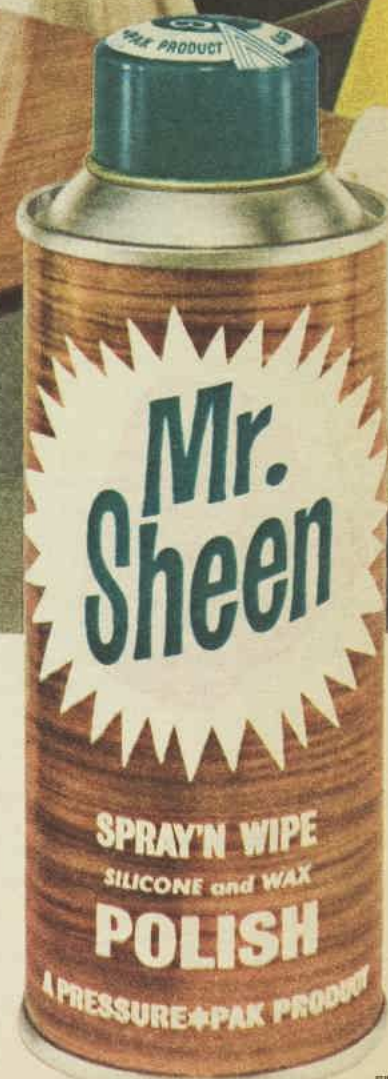
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Her family always came first

DAWN NEEDS COURAGE — AND HAS IT

By CYNTHIA ROBINSON

● Tragedy and triumph are two words which tell the story of Dawn Fraser, the girl for whom all Australian hearts must ache following the recent smash which injured her and killed her mother.

THE triumphs of her life need no telling, for the world knows her as an astounding champion of the swimming-pool.

The tragedies of her life are not such common knowledge, but through them her relatives and many friends know she also measures up as a champion on the home front.

They know her as a girl who thought of her family above all personal considerations; as a girl who showed a fierce loyalty and devotion to her parents.

Now the most terrible of a series of personal tragedies has hit home. Her mother, a passenger in a car Dawn had borrowed from a Sydney friend, was killed in an accident.

And Dawn, surrounded by hundreds of letters, telegrams, and floral expressions of sympathy, has been inconsolable.

Those close to her know that when she has recovered from the first dreadful shock she will display her champion's courage again and probably go on to break all possible records at the Tokyo Olympics later this year.

"After all, she has little but swimming to live for right now," a close family friend told me after the accident. "And the fact that her mother was such a keen swimming fan will make her go all the faster at the Games."

It's just as well that Dawn has such an abundant supply of this commodity called champion's courage.

In all her 26 years she has needed it and more, for she has never lived on easy street.

Half her lifetime ago, when she was just 13, her big brother Don (who'd taught her to swim when she was five and predicted she'd be a champion) died of leukemia; her father was sent to hospital with acute bronchial asthma; her mother was seriously ill with heart trouble.

Dawn, the youngest of eight children, was the only unmarried member of the family apart from one



AT LEFT: Dawn was born in this house at Balmain. BELOW: Her father (who died two years ago) and mother proudly show her medals just before the 1960 Olympic Games in Rome. On the mantelpiece is the clock referred to in the story.

brother, and someone had to look after her mother.

It didn't take Dawn long to decide who that someone would be.

She defied truant officers to act as nurse-cum-housekeeper in the Frasers' terrace house in the Sydney suburb of Balmain, and finally got special permission to leave school before the legal age.

Later Dawn—who makes all her own clothes—took a job in a dress factory.

In those days she didn't look too robust and was nicknamed "Skinny."

Hard worker

It isn't surprising when you consider her daily routine—breakfast, training at Drummoyne baths, the factory, more training, then on to a milk-bar where she worked at night to save enough for proper training.

In 1955 her coach, Harry Gallagher, moved to Adelaide, and Dawn followed to do pre-Olympic training.

Now working normal hours (as a shopwalker) and eating regular meals, she was able to give her best to swimming.

The reward came a year later in Melbourne when she won a silver medal and two gold ones.



Her strong family devotion was shown when her mother asked how she felt after the first gold-medal victory. "That was Don's race, Mum," she answered quietly. "I won it for him, so I feel pretty good."

This was the beginning of a four-year period in which Dawn's world turned solid gold.

Between then and the Rome Olympics—when she broke the record to win the

100-metres event for the second successive year—nothing could go wrong.

She cracked so many records she was called "Crackers" Fraser, and every time she put on her swimming togs she won new praise and new fans.

If there was any sadness in her life at all, it was that her training kept her in Adelaide and she didn't see enough of her family.

Otherwise the world was

DAWN FRASER, with her mother, just after winning a gold medal at the Commonwealth Games in Perth. Picture at left was taken as she received an American award naming her as the world's outstanding woman athlete.

two hundred per cent., particularly when, on the eve of her departure for the Rome Games, she announced her engagement to a Sydney boy.

But Rome, sadly, saw the beginning of a heartbreak era for Dawn.

Soon afterwards she was condemned (many think wrongly) by swimming officials as a "bad sport" because of an incident during the Rome Games, and she was banned from overseas tours.

Then her father, to whom she was deeply attached, died of cancer, and her marriage plans toppled, for reasons she has never wished to discuss.

Dawn was rightly feeling pretty dejected, but she got her old determination back again because she felt "that's what Dad would have wanted."

Mum's trip

The result? She became the first woman in the world to achieve the "impossible" by cracking the minute barrier for the 110 yards.

Then came the Perth Commonwealth Games in 1962, and sitting there clapping and cheering her on to gold-medal triumphs was her mother, Mrs. Rose Fraser.

Her presence inspired Dawn to greater effort, but her presence hadn't been without sacrifice on Dawn's part.

When all other members of the swimming team were training together in the Queensland winter sun before the Games, Dawn was still combining work with training in Melbourne, just to save the money for her mother's trip to Perth.

That gesture wasn't surprising to those who know Dawn. It was typical.

She couldn't do enough for her parents, and they really appreciated it.

They both told me so in no uncertain terms when I visited them in Balmain just before the Rome Olympics.

They told me that every-

one thought Dawn was a "bosker kid," and that they agreed. Then they told me some of the reasons why.

Mrs. Fraser confided that Dawn was "just about the best daughter a mother could ever have," and pointed to the mantel clock.

"Even as a kid Dawn always put her family before herself," she said.

"We'd always wanted a nice clock, and one year when Dawn was about 14 she won a lot of trophies with the Balmain Swimming Club. So she asked them if they'd put the money for the trophies into buying us the clock."

"And see the television set there? Well, Dawn and one of her brothers bought that for us, and it's made all the difference to our lives."

"Apart from all the other pleasure we get from it, we can keep up with her swimming."

More recently Dawn told me that she hoped to be able to arrange to have her mother live with her in Melbourne.

"Since Dad died it's been worse than ever being away from the family," she said. "If I had Mum around it would make everything seem worth while. I guess I'm just the great home girl."

But that wasn't to be. As Dawn added on that same occasion, when I asked if she'd still be swimming at Tokyo: "I've learned my lesson about planning too far ahead. You can get let down badly, and I've had enough heartache."

Today, I feel—as I'm sure thousands more feel—that Dawn has indeed had far too much heartache for any one person.

But, perhaps fate—which has given her a pretty black deal over the years—will, in this Olympic year, turn her world back to the gold it was in 1956.

I'm sure all Dawn's friends and fans wish this. Just as her greatest fans, her parents and her brother Don would have wished it.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 1, 196

ST1/02WWFPC



AT MIAMI, The Beatles took time off for relaxation during their American tour. Paul McCartney is at left; John Lennon (in dark glasses) is sitting next to his wife, Cynthia. Ringo Starr and George Harrison have their backs to the camera (left foreground).



HAYLEY MILLS (left) joined Beatles George Harrison and Paul McCartney (right) and Paul's girlfriend, Jane Asher, at a party for Sammy Davis Jr. at London's Pickwick Club.

THE BEATLES' GIRL TROUBLE

From BRIAN GIBSON, in London

● Beatle Paul McCartney, of the little-boy look and the infectious grin, has a girl problem.

HE is facing the wrath of his fans over his close friendship with pretty, 17-year-old red-headed Jane Asher — the girl he rushed home from America to see.

They are constantly together—at the theatre and cinema and at show-business parties.

Their closest friends say they constantly talk of marriage.

But they also say that marriage, for the moment, is out.

Beatle George Harrison is on record as pointing out the danger another marriage could mean to Britain's sensational singing group.

(John Lennon is the only married Beatle. He and his wife, Cynthia, have a six-month-old son.)

"I don't think the Beatle image could stand another marriage," said George. "John did no harm and one married Beatle is O.K. But two or more, no."

When Paul arrived back in London from America, Jane's mother drove him down to Chichester to see Jane, who was appearing there in a play.

(Jane has been in show business since she was five. She is well known on television in England and is a frequent guest on the pop show "Juke Box Jury.")

Paul and Jane have strongly contrasting backgrounds. Paul comes from the tough Mersey-side area and Jane from London, where her father is a doctor and her mother teaches the oboe.

"She's completely natural," says a friend, "full of vitality and very interested in people. She and Paul get on well together."

They met at the Albert Hall during the early days of Beatlemania, and their friendship has survived the sudden rush of fame that has placed The Beatles right at the top of show business.

John and Paul often discuss their problem, but their views are highly secret and well kept from the fans.

John refuses to discuss his marriage with newsmen—"I'm dead keen to keep my private life separate from my business," he said.

So Cynthia remains firmly in the background of Beatlemania, although she is The Beatles' most ardent fan, collecting cuttings and pictures to stick in her many scrapbooks.

Art students

John and Cynthia married two years ago after meeting at Liverpool's College of Art, where both were studying painting.

At that time John was playing guitar in the Liverpool clubs like the Cavern and the Iron Door, hoping to hit the big time.

When it did come John's marriage remained a secret for several months, until his management finally acknowledged it.

In John's case a percentage of the fans have accepted Cynthia and some of them regularly send small gifts for baby John.

But always there is the anxiety that should Mrs. Lennon emerge more into the foreground of her husband's life there might be trouble.

band's life there might be trouble.

The nearest she came to the limelight was when she accompanied John on The Beatles' American visit.

Baby John was deposited with Cynthia's mother in Liverpool and Cynthia departed for her first trip abroad — and her first trip with The Beatles.

As a Beatle wife Cynthia is one of the nation's most envied women, yet she is paying the highest possible price for her husband's fame.

She must share John with millions of adoring fans and smile indulgently at their passionate outpourings. She must duck quickly out of sight when the flash bulbs are popping.

When press-men try to question her she must smile and remain silent behind a guard provided by her husband's manager, Brian Epstein.

The address of the Earl's Court apartment where she lives with John remains a closely guarded secret, even from her most intimate friends. Even the vaguest mention of her name brings forth disapproval from Brian Epstein.

Why? The pop world is littered with the broken careers of singers who have married and tasted the bitter fruits of the fans' disapproval.

Marty Wilde, Terry Dene, Tommy Steele — all were one-time big disc sellers who could command a vast army of devoted fans.

But marriage hit their record sales and their fan clubs and forced them to strike out into more adult fields.

Marty Wilde and Tommy

Steele have both made the grade as musical-comedy stars in West End shows, and Terry Dene has turned to agent management.

Cliff Richard and Adam Faith both know that their large followings would fall drastically if they married.

But John Lennon has several factors in his favor. His own particular image is of a serious-thinking, intelligent young man with highly articulate views on a wide range of subjects.

John has registered well with the older fans, most of whom couldn't care less about his private life. They admire his frankness and honesty.

Ringo, George, and Paul appeal strongly to the teens. Ringo, with those large sorrowful eyes, receives a bulk of fan mail all his own.

A-flutter

George, with a quiet, shy manner, also wins them over. But it's Paul, with his little-boy look and the most infectious grin of them all, who sets most girls' hearts a-flutter.

Even on their return from America, Cynthia Lennon left the plane alone some time after her husband and his fellow-Beatles had been hurried into a Press reception.

Cynthia sat in a separate room guarded by a "road manager" appointed by Brian Epstein, and questioners were not encouraged.

"Not a word, Cyn," said the human watchdog when a question did manage to get through to Mrs. Lennon.

So Cynthia, who dresses in the "mod" way and follows current fashions, sat quietly and said nothing. Her smile is warm and engaging and one imagines her to be as pleasantly honest and amusing as her husband.

But nobody will ever know, because Beatle wives just aren't allowed to talk.

In Beatlescope



RINGO STARR and actress Pattie Boyd in a scene from The Beatles' first film, now being made at studios in Twickenham, near London.



MAKE-UP ARTIST prepares Ringo for a day's film shooting. Below: Ringo talks to camera technicians outside "The Liverpool Arms."





SCENE AT ELDER PARK during the Adelaide Festival of Arts as a water-ski ballet gathers speed to thrill spectators. They were members of the Surfers Paradise Water Ski Revue, which was a highlight of the almost non-stop programme at the park.



FAIRYTALE of Jack and the Beanstalk was told in this "sound and light" display in North Terrace. Audience consisted mainly of children in their pyjamas, waiting every night of the Festival. The story was told by recorded sound and animated figures, and this was the first time the technique had been used in Australia.



CULTURAL HERITAGE

IN THE OPENING-DAY PROCESSION, a float entered by the South Australian Housing Trust. Figures in costume represent all the arts.

ADELAIDE'S COLORFUL FESTIVAL



AT THE GALA PREMIERE of the opera "Troilus and Cressida" the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Menzies, and party arrive. Behind him are Dame Pattie Menzies, Mrs. L. M. S. Hargrave, wife of the chairman of the Festival board of governors, and the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Irwin. Pictures by Vic Grimmert.



WINDOWS AND SKY

Illuminated mosaic pattern on the glass-fronted M.L.C. Building was a feature of the Adelaide Festival. The mosaic effect, devised by South Australian artist Stanislaus Ostojak-Kotkowski, was created by hanging colored crepe paper behind the windows. South Australia's Deputy-Director of Meteorological Services,

Mr. J. Hogan, was interested in this picture, taken at 7.20 p.m., because of the red glow in the sky. He said the glow had been reported at intervals in Adelaide since Mt. Agung, in Bali, erupted a year ago, and was caused by dust about 10 miles up. This dust had the effect of scattering the low rays of the setting sun. "A very unusual and beautiful picture," he said.

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To cheering racegoers the great mare is...

By MARY COLES

● Wenona Girl—the first (and richest) lady of the turf in the British Commonwealth—is retiring from public life after the Royal Easter Show in Sydney and the A.J.C. Autumn Carnival at Randwick to enter the matrimonial stakes.

KNOWN affectionately to the racing public as "The Girl," she'll take up domestic life at "Barramul Stud," near Scone, in New South Wales, mated with former famous Australian sprinter Todman.

And her owner, Mr. Bill Longworth, chairman of the Sydney Turf Club, and her trainer, Maurice McCarten, predict "she will be as great a perfectionist as a mother as she has been as a careerist."

"Horses are like humans," they said. "Some are good mothers—others gallop off and leave their foals."

"But," added Mr. McCarten, "Wenona Girl is so intelligent she'll not only be a good mother—she'll be a jealous one, and jealous to see her foals are the best fed in the world."

One bet that's a certainty is that the progeny of Wenona Girl and Todman will be born with a "gold bit" in their mouths.

Since her first start, which she won as a two-year-old in 1959, Wenona Girl has banked £68,500 in stake-money.

This beats the stake-winning record for mares, set by the Aga Khan's champion Petite Etoile, which won £66,588 before retiring in 1961.

Now in the pink of condition, glowing with health and good temper, Wenona Girl has set her heart on carrying off the £10,000 first prize in the Doncaster at Randwick—on the Saturday of the Easter weekend—as her swan song.

Fastest

Victory in the Doncaster would not only add to her renown as probably the fastest girl in the world, but take her winnings past the £77,000 odd earned by Sky High, and make her second only to Tulloch as a money spinner here.

Tulloch retired with the Australian stake-winning record of £110,123/5/-.

In the Doncaster, Wenona

Girl will carry 9st. 4lb.—the highest weight her owner can remember a mare carrying for a mile event.

But he's confident that she'll take the race in her stride, provided she doesn't have to run on a heavy track.

"Wenona Girl doesn't like getting her feet wet, and once she makes up her mind about anything, no one can change her opinion," he explained.

"She's a real 'know-all' of a character," said her trainer, Maurice McCarten.

"I've never known her to kick, buck, or show any kind of nasty temper."

"But if you want her to do something she doesn't agree with, she'll hesitate, and really question you."

"You couldn't call it arrogance—it's just a sort of very aristocratic intelligence, and an insistence on doing everything HER way," he added.

"Going to the track she's the slowest walker of all time."

"Nothing will make her get a move on."

"But after she has warmed up and is in the mood for galloping, it takes two boys to hold her on the way back to the stables."

Mr. Longworth proudly explains that Wenona Girl always runs her own race.

No fuss

"She can cover up to a mile-and-a-half, but her favorite distance is from seven furlongs to a mile," he said.

"She never fusses about her position or other horses being in front until she feels the touch of her jockey's heels."

"That's the 'nudge' that sets her alight to flash to the front, urged on, too, by the rising chant of the crowd calling 'Come on The Girl. Come on The Girl.'"

"She knows every word they say."

The romance between Wenona Girl and her owner began when he paid 2100 guineas for her as a yearling. Her appearance appealed to him, and he liked her breeding. She was

"Stop smoking" contest winners

● We received hundreds of letters from readers for our "How to give up smoking" contest.

THE winner is Mrs. S. Lyons, of Bexley North, N.S.W., who receives £10.

Each other letter published here wins two guineas.

Most of the entries agreed:

- You must be really determined to stop smoking.
- It isn't ever easy and takes great willpower.
- Some oral substitute helps.

Several readers stressed the need to keep busy. "Take up golf," they said, "or French, or dressmaking—anything to keep you occupied."

Empty holder

HERE'S the plan that worked for Mrs. S. Lyons:

First day. Read as much anti-smoking literature as possible. If a really shocking film on the subject is available, see that, too.

Second day. Chain smoke, using a holder, in one last fling.

Third day. Sleep late, eat your favorite breakfast, then smoke only the divinely nicotine-flavored empty holder. Suck on it, if you're the "oral" smoker, wave it around for those "nervous hands." Hold it firmly in the corner of the mouth while cooking or cleaning the bath—wonderful, no smoke in the eyes!

Fourth day. Keep very busy. Don't sit over meals. Suck or handle your holder constantly. Ignore rude remarks. Small quantities of alcohol may be helpful.

Every day. Put the five shillings saved in an old tobacco tin. You'll need it to buy presents to restore strained friendships.

—Mrs. S. Lyons, Bexley North, N.S.W.

Slow but sure

I ALLOWED myself one cigarette every hour for the first two weeks. This got it down from 20-odd a day to 13 or 14—at least it was a start.

The following week it was

one every hour and a half—10 a day. Then one every two hours—about seven a day. I jot down on a pad the times I light up and this seems to help.

Keep cigarettes, lighter, and ashtray out of sight. Don't eat a full meal but have snacks when you feel like it. Keep busy and give the task you're doing your full concentration. Knit while you're watching TV.

—Mrs. K. Fuller, Lismore, N.S.W.

Roll your own

ROLL your own cigarettes—one at a time.

So, when you're driving, pull up, roll, and light. At a party you must shuffle into a corner and furtively roll just one cigarette.

Soon you will find you are down to three or four a day, and this is the day you say: "Now I only smoke three cigarettes a day, surely I have enough willpower to stop this silly habit. Cutting out the last few is easy."

—J. Moore, Belair, S.A.

Don't light it

BEING a habit-smoker, I've found the following remedy extremely helpful in

cutting down smoking. Take the cigarette from the packet and place it in your mouth. Strike the match, but don't light the cigarette. Puff it as usual or just leave it in your mouth.

—Mr. Kevin Ridgeway, Karuah, N.S.W.

Secret smoker

I NEVER smoke in the presence of anyone, even members of the family. As I work in my husband's office, I am seldom alone, but somehow the thought of being able to smoke only when the opportunity arises is much easier to bear than the thought of never being able to smoke—though it's virtually the same thing.

I do have an occasional smoke by lurking in the garden or lingering in the kitchen after the others have gone to watch TV. It's part of the game never to get caught, and I've managed to cut down from 25 cigarettes a day to a maximum of four—most of them only half smoked.

I've tried 100 ways of stopping smoking, but this is the most effective.

—"Furtive Fag," Subiaco, W.A.

...THE GIRL

sired by Wilkes from Golden Chariot.

He named her Wenona Girl as a tribute to his daughter Honey, who was a student at Wenona School for Girls at North Sydney.

Mrs. Longworth laughingly describes how she has had to play second fiddle to Wenona Girl ever since.

She calls her husband "Wenona Girl's Sugar Daddy."

"The moment she weighs in after a race he is waiting for her with lumps of sugar, which he usually carries in a matchbox in his pocket," said Mrs. Longworth.

"And every Sunday morning there's a 'pat and pay' parade at the stables."

"Wenona Girl—groomed to perfection—parades for Bill's inspection and he pats, pets, and pays her off with sugar lumps."

"And doesn't she know it!"

On weekdays at the McCarten stables, Wenona Girl rises at 4.30 a.m. and goes to the track for a workout at 5 a.m.

Carrots

She breakfasts on oats and chaff at 7 a.m. and rests after being groomed for an hour. She lunches on hay and "greens" and does some more exercising in the afternoon.

At 5 p.m. she has her big meal of the day—oats, chaff, bran, molasses, and carrots—then a nice long drink of water and she's off to sleep, bedded down on thick clean straw.

Like the string of about 40 other horses at the McCarten stables, Wenona Girl is guarded by Bluey and Herbie, two ageing blue cattle dogs, which have earned a reputation for having "bites worse than their barks."

A pin dropping in nearby Botany Street is enough to start them sounding a ferocious alarm!

Besides Wenona Girl, eight other Longworth racehorses are in training at the McCarten stables, including Wenona Girl's brother Grammar Lad, owned by Mrs. Longworth.

Trophies

At the 1962 Royal Melbourne Show, Grammar Lad stole the thoroughbred racehorse Champion of Champions title from his sister, after she had collected the honors in the mares' and best female sections.

But at last year's Royal Sydney Show, Wenona Girl romped in and led the parade as the Champion of Champion racehorses.

Wenona Girl is going to stud with a "dowry" of handsome gold and silver trophies and a collection of exotic silk sashes.

What could be more ele-

gant for an equine bride to put on the mantelpiece of her new home than the Malayan Gold Cup she won at Randwick last year. It is a simply styled piece of superb craftsmanship, valued at £1250.

Another ritzy item in her "glory box" is a £500 gold salver, presented as a memento of her winning the George Adams Memorial Stakes (also worth £7000 in cash) at Flemington last November.

Gold medals

But in the matter of trophies—as sticky-fingered as Wenona Girl has been as a collector, she's still way back at the starting post in comparison with the laurels won by her owner as an athlete in his youth.

As well as a massive array of cups, Mr. Longworth has 74 gold medals for swimming, and all kinds of valuable trophies won playing golf, bowls, billiards, and snooker.

In 1911 he swam three miles at the Sydney Domain Baths in 7 hours 18 minutes and 6 and 2-5 seconds.

And in 1912 he won every N.S.W. and Australian title for freestyle swimming—over all distances.

In the hallway of the Longworths' home at Wahroonga stands a grandfather's clock Mr. Longworth won in 1953, carrying off the Tattersalls Club Coronation Year billiards championship.

And the beautiful rosewood cocktail cabinet in their sitting-room was installed as his prize for winning the Tattersalls Club's 1962-63 billiards and snooker championships.

Top form

Mr. Longworth believes in his racehorses following the same training principles as those he practised himself to reach top form as a swimmer.

"Horses and humans should start training at a slow pace," he says.

"The first thing is to get the muscles in good shape with the right diet, exercise, and rest."

"Then concentrate on getting the wind up to go at a fast pace."

"When the muscles and wind are both right—you are fit and ready to win," he explains.

Although an ardent racing enthusiast, he rarely places a bet, even on his own horses.

He races for the exultation of seeing his colors (black with gold braces and cap) whizz past the finishing post.

Mr. Longworth has lost count of the number of racehorses he has owned since

Pictures of Wenona Girl by Ron Berg.



WENONA GIRL lines up for "pat and pay" parade (right) to receive sugar from owner Mr. Bill Longworth, pictured with Mrs. Longworth, apprentice jockey Ross Spackman, and stable guardian cattle dog Bluey. **ABOVE:** Spackman mounted on "The Girl" at Randwick.



he bought his first—a horse called Land of Shadow, more than 50 years ago.

Some, including Young Crusader, were brilliant performers.

But never has he known such an affinity with a horse as the bond of understanding he has with Wenona Girl.

His one great remaining ambition now is to be the owner of her first colt.

It is this thought that is going to keep him smiling instead of shedding a tear, when he hears the crowd roaring "Come on The Girl... The Girl... The Girl... Come on The Girl" for the last time.

Pucci with some of his jewellery designs. He has designed ceramics, labels for wine bottles — even foundation garments. "I don't confine my talent to one area," he says. "Leonardo da Vinci didn't."

Emilio Pucci

The most successful (and the richest) couturier in the world

By NOEL BARBER

● *An Italian nobleman and wartime air ace transformed casual clothes into high fashion — and became the first member of his family to work in 1000 years. His workrooms are the ancestral Palazzo Pucci in Florence.*



EMILIO PUCCI was born on November 20, 1914, eldest son of the Marchese Pucci di Barzento, one of the greatest aristocratic families in Italy, descended partly from Peter the Great of Russia.

Until Emilio (who succeeded to the title when his father died in 1945) started sketching ski-pants in 1947, no member of the Pucci family had worked for 1000 years.

By the time he was a schoolboy the family fortunes had dwindled — comparatively speaking.

There was still no need for anybody to work, and there were plenty of servants and chauffeurs, but the family seat, the Palazzo Pucci in Florence, was run down and virtually unused.

The family lived on a country estate at Fiesole. Here Emilio and his brother, Puccio, one year younger, were brought up with incredible lack of preparation for the world ahead, two poor little rich boys for whom the clock had been turned back 300 years.

The Puccis kept two cars — each with a chauffeur — but every day, rain or shine, Emilio and his brother had to walk four miles to school.

"I remember trudging

through the rain," said Emilio, "and being passed by the two family cars — empty. The chauffeurs had strict orders never to speak to us, let alone give us a lift.

"Wrong? Of course it was; but the rule of our house had been drilled into us from the day we could

understand: 'Your superiors are always right; particularly when they are wrong.'

"I was never allowed to speak to a servant—I never saw a kitchen or handled money until I was 18.

"An English nanny walked us to school and while all the other kids were arriving, laughing, happy, carefree, we were solemnly handed over by the nanny to a teacher specially ordered to

wait at the door to receive us.

"No wonder we were the laughing stock of the school."

Emilio was allowed no friends, and the only "excitement" was a weekly dancing lesson "completely out of the Middle Ages."

Once a year the Pucci children had a seaside holiday, during which the nanny sat at her "post" on the beach and Emilio was not allowed to stray more than 50 yards on either side of her, and was forbidden to speak to other children.

For his parents, Emilio had no feeling, no real relationship at all. "Our parents thought they were doing the best for us," he said.

The break was bound to come, and at 18 Emilio went to Milan University to study agriculture. Puccio went straight into the Italian Air Force.

"The parting was final and our parents didn't like it. They felt that economic dependence was the one way of keeping us in order, and though they gave me a small allowance they were still financially very strict with me," said Emilio.

"But for me, the change was fantastic. It was like coming straight out of the jungle. I had never been alone inside a store before.

"I spent hours, days, just looking at things I hadn't been allowed to look at before!"

This was the era of Mussolini, and subsidised sports, in which a good Italian athlete could garner many perks. Emilio quickly became an Olympic skier, first-class tennis player, fencer, and swimmer — and the perks helped him to live.

During his two years at Milan University, Emilio secretly saved every cent of the meagre allowance his parents gave him (he still does not smoke or drink) to save his fare to America.

BICYCLE is Pucci's solution to the traffic problem in the narrow streets of Florence — but he loves fast cars. He once drove his Maserati 200 miles from Milan to Florence in 1½ hours.

He won an agricultural scholarship to the University of Georgia, where he was in the tennis and swimming teams.

By working his way through college ("Everything from dishwasher to waiter — my father would have been horrified at the thought of a Pucci working!") he saved enough to make a three-month tour through the United States, then moved to Reed College, Portland, Oregon, to graduate in social science, as well as ski-ing, fencing, and playing tennis for his college.

Six medals

At Reed he saved enough to give him a year roaming round the world, then he returned to Italy and joined the Air Force. He was decorated six times as a fighter and bomber pilot.

On leave at St. Moritz, one of his favorite ski-ing haunts, in 1947, Emilio's business was born.

Halfway down a tough ski-slope he spied a damsel in distress. He christened to a stop, dusted the snow off her face, straightened her skis, noted that the girl was very beautiful but, after looking at her baggy ski-pants and shapeless jacket, remarked, "Your clothes are ghastly!"

Later that day he designed a pair of pants for her and had them made up to his design. They were tighter than ski pants had ever been, and he told her to wear them with a man's loose pullover.

A fashion photographer saw the girl by chance, photographed her, asked Emilio to design some more. He did — for fun, using the beautiful blonde as his model.



"Your clothes are ghastly," Pucci told the blonde — and designed a ski outfit.

"The pictures appeared in America in 1948," Emilio recalls, "and the outfits I designed were reproduced in America and went on sale in the big stores. But, you know, I was still in the Air Force, so I forgot all about the whole thing."

The following spring Emilio went on leave to Capri, this time with a girlfriend who had arrived from abroad with no proper outfit. So he designed her a complete Capri outfit made up by local artisans.

The result was astounding. Everybody copied them. Within months the casual Pucci look was the only look that mattered from Capri, via Portofino, Monte Carlo, and Nice, to Cannes.

By 1949, American buyers were clamoring so insistently that Pucci decided to leave the Air Force and set up as a full-time designer.

The following year he designed 20 costumes for his first fashion show at Florence.

This show — in which he introduced his now famous silk shirts — was a sell-out. Orders poured in — for over 300,000 dollars.

"As soon as I came out of my dazed condition," he said, "I had to cancel practically every order."

"I had only a handful of Florentine housewives sewing for me in their own homes."

"I knew nothing of business economics. When I started, I had virtually to work out of my own pocket — and that contained the equivalent of £A90."

"In the U.S., I could have gone to a bank. But when

I opened my first account here, the bank sent me a nasty letter when I was overdrawn £A151!

"Imagine it! I was the proprietor of a palace, filled with works of art — but the bank wouldn't trust an aristocrat. They thought I was a playboy."

"At first I bought my fabrics retail as I needed them — yard by yard. I tried to buy them wholesale, but nobody would sell them to me without cash in advance."

"Of course, I was the first member of my family to work for 1000 years, and the people in Florence just couldn't believe it. They thought I was either a fool or a knave."

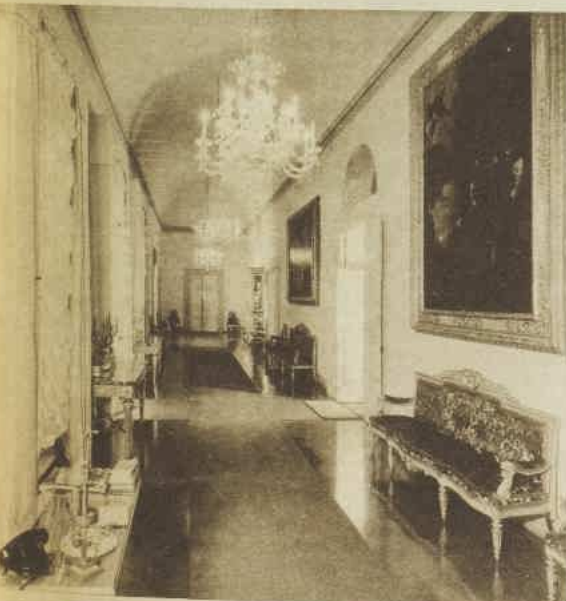
"For eight years — while the world thought I was a rich man — I drew less money out of the business than a janitor would earn in New York."

When Pucci realised he was on the way to success, he decided that, above all else, he would restore the vast 1000-year-old Palazzo Pucci that he had inherited on his father's death.

Although virtually a shambles, it contained fabulous treasures, especially paintings — Botticelli, Raphael, and Leonardo da Vinci had all painted members of the Pucci family.

"The only way I could restore the palazzo was by using half of it for workshops and showrooms," he said.

"Every penny I made went back into making the palazzo a wonderful place to work in and live in. Now my girls work in the most beautiful building in Florence."



ENTRANCE HALL of the magnificent Palazzo Pucci in Florence. Success enabled the Marchese to restore the palace, now used as workrooms, couture salon, and family home.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 1, 1964



RESORT CLOTHES with the fabulous Pucci touch — tight pants and silk overblouse in brilliant colors. The model was photographed on a fishing boat at Portofino, on the Italian Riviera.

"I never think of this business as a moneymaker — even now I haven't the faintest idea how much I make."

Pucci (who speaks beautiful English and seven other languages) likes to think he is running an artistic production with models instead of singers.

"All I want to do is produce the most beautiful things I can," he said.

"I'm trying to put on a performance like a theatrical producer. It's much more important for me to get a good critic's notice than to make money."

Today, at 49, he is a handsome, slim, dark-haired man who bears a striking resemblance to Basil Rathbone.

He dresses in conservative well-cut suits. He can do with only four hours' sleep a night, and as well as designing he attends to every single detail of the business himself.

The first two floors of the 300-room palazzo are used by the 500 staff girls who work for him.

"I'm much better off without any men," he says. (Another 500 ex-staffers who have married work in their homes stitching every garment by hand.)

Emilio, his wife, son, and daughter live on the top two floors.

The children and their nanny share the top floor with the servants.

"I suppose the upstairs is rather grand," he admitted, "but we must keep it open."

"We live simply — I hate parties — my idea of a holiday is to go to a clinic! I do like a fast car, yes. I have a Maserati which can do 160 miles an hour, but that's for the autoroutes. In Florence I always use my bicycle."

He has an unerring flair for color — so perfect that he designs by a special color "shorthand" without ever seeing the colors he will put into the designs.

One afternoon I watched him design intricate color patterns for 100 scarves — in one hour flat.

He had already drawn the sketches for several scarves. These had been photographed and prints of each black and white design enlarged to the actual size of a scarf.

"Come on, I'll show you how we do it," he said, bustling to his office, where 100 photo prints lay on the floor in front of his desk. A girl squatted in front of them.

"I have 10 bottles of colored ink," Emilio explained before starting, "and each one is numbered. I know the colors by heart."

Then all he did was point to certain spaces on each yard-square print of his design and call out a number. The girl wrote the number in the space on the black and white photo. In less than a minute every square had a number and she turned to the next sheet.

"It's a gift," said Pucci frankly one hour and 100 scarves later. "I take no credit for it. I know I have an unerring sense of color."

"The model girls — when they've nothing else to do — will fill in the design by painting according to number. Any child could do it. Then it goes straight to the printers. I never see it until it's printed."

Pucci has an equally unerring sense of proportion. He can tell, by looking at a pair of shoes, if one is a millimetre larger than the other.

"Just luck"

"It's a question of eye — just luck," he admitted. "I may be wrong on many things, but never with my sense of proportion."

Right from the start, Pucci did something no other designer has really achieved — he captured in his creations all the sunshine of his beloved Italy.

His Capri pink really comes from Capri. You can see his Capri green — bright as a peacock's tail — in Capri today.

His trips to Bali and Indonesia have produced the same uncanny results. Somehow he has succeeded in bringing the Orient into his clothes.

When, in 1959, he married the then 20-year-old Baroness Christina Nannini, a silky blue-eyed blonde

who looks exactly like a Botticelli Venus, he designed for her a complete honeymoon outfit — mostly in silk or unlined silk jersey — weighing only five pounds. It included two morning, two afternoon, and two cocktail dresses.

"These weighed six ounces each," said Emilio. "The evening dress weighed seven ounces, I'm afraid, but I managed to design two pairs of silk trousers weighing five ounces each, and a couple of silk shirts weighing only three ounces each."

He will design anything from a pair of shoes to a label on his bottles of wine.

"I never think of applying my talent to one area," he says. "Leonardo didn't. Why should I?"

"I think I'm the only man who designs women's clothes for every moment of the day. Not only casual wear, but every type of dress, furs, clothes, hats, shoes, accessories, even foundation garments."

He has also designed men's shirts, ceramics for the Rosenthal Porzellan Co., a scarf for Lancia car owners. He is probably the only fashion designer in the world who has toured Soviet Russia, showing in 50 centres.

"But do you know what I'd like to do?" he said. "Design an airport lounge; they're ghastly. I would design one that would be

To page 64

THE HONEYMOONERS

● What is happiness? Wise men are uncertain, but one thing they do know, it is different for everyone.

FOR some it is a corner out of the wind, a successfully baked cake, a contented child—or, as one sad character once said, "not having a broken leg."

On the third day of their honeymoon, happiness for Dave Allen and his bride, English actress Judith Stott, was a morning at Watson's Bay, Sydney, wandering along the pier, looking for shells on the beach, eating fish and chips.

It is rare to see two people as entirely happy as this engaging couple were that morning. They were so engrossed in each other that they were unaware of the camera or anyone for long.

In between times they talked to me, told me of their plans, of their unavoidable long separation,

By **NAN MUSGROVE**

but even this didn't dim the happiness that seemed to insulate them from care.

Dave Allen (David Tynan-O'Mahony in real life) is Sydney television's big man of the moment. His show, "Tonight," on Sydney's TCN9, is very popular.

His new wife has just finished a season at Sydney's Phillip Theatre in "The Private Ear and the Public Eye."

David and Judith (who insists on that "David") surprised even many close friends when they married in Sydney on March 9.

They had a private wedding, with a small reception and a cake with a pink sugar heart on it.

The next day they had a champagne reception for the Press and ordered an aquamarine engagement ring.

Dave wanted to buy an opal engagement ring, but Judith, who doesn't like diamonds, doesn't like opals either. Her two favorite stones are aquamarine and turquoise, which match her eyes.

It is Dave's first marriage, the second for Judith, who is divorced and has a son, Jonathan Burnham (known as "Jono"), aged five, who is at school in England.

Judith's visit to England, spending three weeks in America on the way, will end in July when she returns with Jono. Dave is busy writing letters and looking for a flat. He already has one in view at Point Piper.

Dave is a quiet, thinking man off TV. At the Press reception someone asked him was he happy, was he pleased to be married to Judith. He thought for a few minutes, and then said in his soft Irish voice: "It is fine."

Judith was more articulate as she talked to me at Watson's Bay, where our picture (left) was taken.

She looked across lovingly to Dave, talking to some fans who had recognised him.

"I am really ordinary," she said, "but he is a rare person, he is quite remarkable. Artists and actors are desperately insecure."

"I find in David something extraordinary, a complete feeling of contentment and happiness."

Picture by staff photographer **RON BERG**.

'You've got to be lousy first' — says Benny

By NAN MUSGROVE

● A successful entertainer in any field has got to be lousy before he gets to be good, according to American comedian Jack Benny.

BENNY has been visiting Australia for the past month with his stage show, "Jack Benny in Person," in which Australian TV personalities Johnny O'Keefe and Lorraine Desmond have appeared with him.

He will make a 60-minute TV show with them before he leaves.

Sydney's top TV stars all made sure of visiting the show during its season—they couldn't afford to miss the chance of a close-up of the comedian in action "live" before their eyes.

"Anyone who missed the Jack Benny show is mad," blond comedienne Dawn Lake (who went with her husband, Bobby Limb) told me. "Benny's timing is superb, he is a master."

Jack Benny doesn't think he is the master of timing. He named Gracie Allen as the all-time great in this field.

"When you start talking about timing," he said, "think back to the Burns and Allen shows, and think of Gracie's timing."

"Nobody living has better timing than Gracie Allen."

Runner-up

According to experts in the business, Mr. Benny runs Gracie a close second.

"You know," he said to me, "any comedian who is any good at all has good timing, otherwise he can't do any business. He has to have good timing."

"Now, some comedians have a knowledge of what is best for them in the kind of material they pick or use. Some are better at it than others."

"I found quite early in the piece it was better for me if I sort of stuck to a subject, sort of lingered on it for a while hammering and hawing and talking and sort of taking my time."

"I cannot say anything definite about timing except, really and truly, every good comedian has to have tim-

ing if he is going to be in there playing."

Mr. Benny believes today's young entertainers have it a thousand times harder than he had.

"It is difficult today," he said. "It is more difficult now than it used to be."

"In my day there was a place to learn—there were variety halls, burlesque theatres, and all kinds of places where young entertainers had an opportunity to learn their trade."

"This is essential, because, like everyone else, young entertainers have, unfortunately, got to have some place where they can be bad."

"You have to be bad before you are good, see? That is where I was lucky; I had all the chance in the world to be lousy."

"I was lousiest in my first couple of years as a comedian, but I wasn't too lousy because I didn't do much hokum, any slapstick, any pie-throwing stuff that looks so awful."

"But I had the opportunity to play to all kinds



JACK BENNY, who will make a one-hour TV show in Australia with Johnny O'Keefe and Lorraine Desmond.

me. It took me back from where I had originally sprung—the stage. It was really like coming home to me."

Talking of the chances in American TV for Australians, Mr. Benny said:

"You don't have to be so good to get on TV in America, but you have to be very good to survive on it."

"Everyone on TV gets surprises sometimes. Certain shows that we didn't think would 'take' have become big hits—and you cannot

sal. We all feel that too much rehearsal makes the show a little dull and stale. I always figure if it's right on paper it will be right in the theatre."

"Believe me, if it's not right on paper you can rehearse for four years and it won't be any good."

"Today's writers, TV and otherwise, are in much the same position as today's young entertainers. They haven't time to be bad, either, or time to have schooling in their craft."

"Writers have to have a chance to work and work, to learn and study for enough time, to have travelled far, and to have disciplined themselves until they have mastered their minds and brains and trained them for jokes and situations."

"They must be able to do this in security to be good."

Luxury suite

Mr. Benny was flung back in his luxury suite, looking remarkably chipper in a multicolored blue foulard dressing-gown, and I hated to ask him that nasty question: "Now that you are 70, have you thought of retiring?"

"You'll be interviewing me again, my dear," he said. "Don't doubt that."

"This business of retiring at a certain age is ridiculous. I believe people who want to retire have never enjoyed their work."

"Well, my God, I am 70 and I wouldn't dream of retiring—not just because I'm in show business but because I'm fit and enjoy working."

"Men who are forced to retire at a certain age, as young as their early sixties, suddenly become old men."

"I am having a most wonderful holiday here, and one of the main reasons is because I have the great excitement and enjoyment of working in the theatre at night."

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

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1st PRIZE You choose up to 10 Kempthorne light fittings to light your entire home, inside and out.
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Write to Kempthorne for an entry form or ask your nearest lighting retailer.

The entry form illustrates a bedroom, a lounge room and a kitchen. Just write down the name of the Kempthorne light fitting you think is most suitable for each room.

Entries will be judged by Kempthorne designers for good taste and neatness. Entries close April 24th, 1964. Winners will be notified by mail and their names announced in the Australian Women's Weekly.

Helpful Hint: Visit your nearest Kempthorne retailer and see, at first hand, why the Kempthorne Look is today's most admired look in lighting.

Please send me ☐ Lighting Contest Entry Form. ☐ Kempthorne Book of Lighting. (Tick items required.)

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Television



of small theatres in small towns until I had it made.

"Now today, when a young comedian or entertainer is found to have some talent or becomes a tiny bit popular, he is immediately put on TV for the whole world to see."

"Fellows like Bob Hope, myself, George Burns, and Phil Silvers had a great training, like school—we served an apprenticeship that stands by us."

"When I made the transition from radio to TV I didn't worry very much because of the apprenticeship I had served."

"I knew it might take a few shows and various alterations in my stuff, but TV wasn't a new medium to

for the life of you figure out why."

"There's 'The Beverly Hillbillies' and another show like it, 'Petticoat Junction'—I cannot figure out why they're so popular, but they certainly have something."

"If I was going to start on TV now against that kind of comedy which is so very, very popular, I would think hard about it and probably say that if 'The Beverly Hillbillies' is so popular—and it certainly is—no one would want my kind of comedy."

"But there are all kinds of people watching TV, and enough of them to go right round all the different kinds of comedy entertaining—the kind that like 'The Beverly Hillbillies' and the kind that like me—thank God."

Talking about his own successful show, Mr. Benny paid great compliments to his writers—four of them—who concentrate solely on writing his weekly show.

"Two of them, who are absolutely wonderful, have been with me for 15 years," he said.

"We try to do the show with a minimum of rehearsal."

TOWNSVILLE CENTENARY PLAY WRITING COMPETITION

Australia-wide award of £50 is offered for the winning entry of a one-act play; also special award of £25 will be given for the best play by a Townsville author.

CLOSING DATE — 31st JULY, 1964

Further particulars and conditions available from

HON. SECRETARY, N. Q. DRAMA FESTIVAL COMMITTEE

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AMPLEX



BREATH AND BODY DEODORANTS
Distributor: James Hare & Co. Pty. Ltd.



Tommy Hanlon

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought For The Week

Momma once said: "Have you been a pedestrian lately? (A pedestrian is a woman whose husband beat her to the garage) . . . I mean, have you tried to cross the street lately? What has happened to common courtesy? It seems the only way you can get on a street today is to be born there. Nowadays you take your life in your hands every time you try to cross a street. It seems like it's always open season on pedestrians. In fact, I just read about a bad accident the other day — two cars were going after the same pedestrian and didn't see each other!"

MOMMA'S MORAL: It seems like the only time a pedestrian has the right of way is when he's in an ambulance.

DID YOU KNOW?



● Lucille Ball (right) and Vivian Vance.

LUCILLE BALL has decided not to continue with "The Lucy Show" next season in exchange for an undertaking that "The Greatest Show on Earth"—the Jack Palance circus show made at Miss Ball's Desilu Studios (and owned by the comedienne)—will be continued.

WHEN The Beatles appeared on "The Ed Sullivan Show" they boosted the rating of the variety show to the highest ever recorded. In the New York area the rating was 58.8 — equalling 73 per cent. of all sets switched on at the time — compared to 11.2 for N.B.C. and 5.2 for the A.B.C. rating.

Television

AMERICAN television, sneaking a look at the success of the British "Coronation Street," plans to adapt the format to an American programme now in the works, "Peyton Place." This series, based on the late Grace Metalious' best-selling novel, will get a twice-weekly airing like the successful British serial.

A TELEVISION comedy series in which the actors will portray the macabre characters of Charles Addams' famous cartoons will begin next season as a production of the American A.B.C. network. Tentatively titled "The Addams Family" (the wife's name is Morticia) the series has not yet been cast.

JACK BENNY'S show on April 21 for CBS-TV will be the last he does for the network, ending a 13-year association. The comedian is not lost to television, however. He pops up next season on a competing network.

JACKIE GLEASON claims C.B.S. will pay him six million dollars — "the biggest one-year contract in the history of television" — to do his weekly variety hour. The show will originate from Miami instead of New York—so that the corpulent comedian can get in his daily 18 holes of golf.

The network declined comment on the contract except to say Gleason was getting no more or no less than Danny Kaye. The six million figure represents not his take-home pay, of course, but the budget for the whole show.



JACKIE GLEASON

What a lovely way to be in fashion...



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play it cool in pinks and violets... accent with
Snow Blossom BY **CUTEX**
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Add New Snow Blossom to your Cutex wardrobe of colours and prove that you have a flair for fashion. New Snow Blossom Lipstick and Nail Polish have been developed specially to go with the new season's colours. Look your smartest in New Snow Blossom by Cutex, the world's best selling Nail Polish, and its partner in beauty, Cutex Lipstick.

Cutex Pearl Polish 6/9, Creme Polish 3/9, Lipsticks 5/6 and 6/11

The world's
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EARLY VICTORIAN design for baby's dress, bonnet, booties, and matinee jacket which the Queen chose for her fourth baby.

Layette for the Queen's baby



ROYAL PATTERNS TO KNIT

● You can knit a layette in the same Victorian style that the Queen has chosen for her baby son.

WE publish directions for the booties and bonnet (pictured) on this page, and instructions for knitting the matinee jacket, dress, and shawl are available free on request.

Some of the styles the Queen has chosen for the infant Prince have a quaint history.

The bonnet, for instance, is a copy of the one which Queen Victoria's gynaecologist, Dr. Merriman, wore when he was a baby.

The acorn lace which trims the bonnet is also used in the matinee jacket, which is a more stylised version of the one Dr. Merriman wore.

The knitted dress has a petticoat which fluffs out freely for a baby girl, but for a boy a neat little flap buttons below and divides the skirt.

The booties have a knitted "wedge" sole. Made in two colors, pink-and-white or blue-and-white, they give the appearance of a sock tucked into the boot.

The gossamer-light shawl is made in a new fine lace stitch designed by knitters of the Women's Home Industries.

Bonnet

Materials: 1 ball Patons Pearlknit 2 ply; 1 pr. No. 13 knitting needles; 1 yard ribbon; a fine crochet hook.
Tension: 10 sts. to lin.
Abbreviations: M 1, make 1; t.b.s., through back of stitches.

Cast on 107 sts. (rope edge). Knit 3 rows.

Next Row: K 3, * m 1, k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 4 sts., k 4.

Next Row: K 3, p to last 3 sts., k 3.

Work as follows:

1st Row (right side of work): K 3, k 2 tog., * k 8, m 1, k 1, m 1, k 2, sl 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., rep. from * ending last rep. k 2 tog. t.b.s. instead of sl 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 3.

2nd and Alternate Rows: K 3, p to last 3 sts., k 3.

3rd Row: K 3, k 2 tog., * k 7, m 1, k 3, m 1, k 7, sl 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., rep. from * ending last rep. k 2 tog. t.b.s., k 3.

5th Row: K 3, k 2 tog., * k 6, m 1, k 1, m 1, sl 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m 1, k 1, m 1, k 6, sl 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., rep. from * ending last rep. k 2 tog. t.b.s., k 3.

7th Row: K 3, k 2 tog., * k 5, m 1, k 7, m 1, k 5, sl 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., rep. from * ending last rep. k 2 tog. t.b.s., k 3.

9th Row: K 3, k 2 tog., * k 4 (m 1, k 1, m 1, sl 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o.) twice, m 1, k 1, m 1, k 4, sl 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., rep. from *.

FREE PATTERN

Directions for knitting the bonnet and booties are complete on this page.

Free patterns are available on request for the matinee jacket, dress, and shawl. Address letters to "Queen's Layette," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Each letter must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Bootees

Materials: One ball Patons 3-ply baby wool (main color), 1 ball Patons 3-ply baby wool (contrast color); 1 pr. No. 12 needles.
Tension: 8 sts. to lin., measured over garter-stitch, using No. 12 needles.

Description: Soles and turn-over tops are worked in garter-stitch using main color wool. The instep and round foot is worked in a two-color pattern.

Abbreviations: M.c., main wool; c.c., contrast color; k

from *, ending last rep. k 2 tog. t.b.s., k 3.

17th Row: K 3, k 2 tog., * m 1, k 1, m 1, sl 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., rep. from * ending last rep. k 2 tog. t.b.s., k 3.

Now work in garter-stitch only, until garter-stitch measures 5in. from lace border, ending on wrong side of bonnet. (Turn back lace border to see which is right and wrong side of garter-stitch.)

To Shape Top—1st Row: K 3, * m 1, k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 4 sts., k 4.

2nd Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: K 11, * k 2 tog., k 10, rep. from * to end.

4th and Alternate Rows: Knit.

5th Row: K 11, * k 2 tog., k 9, rep. from * to end.

7th Row: K 10, * k 2 tog., k 8, rep. from * to end.

9th Row: K 9, * k 2 tog., k 7, rep. from * to end.

11th Row: K 8, * k 2 tog., k 6, rep. from * to end.

13th Row: K 7, * k 2 tog., k 5, rep. from * to end.

15th Row: K 6, * k 2 tog., k 4, rep. from * to end.

17th Row: K 5, * k 2 tog., k 3, rep. from * to end.

19th Row: K 4, * k 2 tog., k 2, rep. from * to end.

21st Row: K 3, * k 2 tog., k 1, rep. from * to end.

23rd Row: K 2, * k 2 tog., rep. from * to end.

Break yarn and thread through remaining sts., draw up and fasten off. Stitch seam at back. Fold back lace border at front and stitch down at sides. With fine

crochet-hook work 3 rows of double crochet all round neck edge. Sew on ribbon.

Do not press.



BABY'S SHAWL designed for the Royal baby by Women's Home Industries knitters.

2 tog., knit 2 together; k 2 tog. t.b.s., knit 2 together through back of stitches; m 1, wool forward and over needle to make one stitch — when changing colors, do not break wool but carry along the edge.

SOLE

Using No. 12 needles and m.c., cast on 5 sts. Beginning at heel, work in g-st. throughout (i.e., every row knit).

Inc. 1 st. each end of 2nd and each alt. row until 11 sts. on needle. Cont. without shaping until sole measures 3in. from cast-on sts.

Dec. 1 st. each end of next row and each alt. row until 7 sts. rem. Cast off loosely.

Work a second sole in same way.

UPPER LEG AND INSTEP

Using No. 12 needles and m.c., cast on 20 sts.

1st Row: C.c., k 8, turn.

2nd Row: C.c., sl 1 purl-wise, p to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: M.c., k all sts. to end.

4th Row: M.c., k to end. Rep. last 4 rows once.

9th Row: C.c., k 8, turn.

10th Row: C.c., sl 1 purl-wise, p to last st., k 1.

11th Row: M.c., k to last 10 sts., m 1, k 2 tog. t.b.s., k to end.

12th Row: M.c., k to end.

Rep. rows 1 to 12 inclusive once more, then rows 1 to 8 inclusive once.

33rd Row: C.c., inc. 1 in 1st st., k to m.c., turn.

34th Row: C.c., sl 1 purl-wise, p to last st., k 1.

35th Row: M.c., k to last 10 sts., m 1, k 2 tog. t.b.s., k to end.

36th Row: M.c., k to end.

Rep. last 4 rows, remembering to make an eyelet-hole every 3rd group as before, until there are 15 sts. in c.c., ending on 2nd m.c. k row.

Cont. in patt. without shaping for 8 rows (this is the centre of the toe), thus ending on a 2nd row of m.c.

Now k 2 tog. at beg. of 1st c.c. row, still working eyelet-

holes every 3rd group until 8 sts. rem. in c.c.

Cont. in patt. without shaping until there are 30 ridges of m.c. between the c.c. rows.

Work 2 rows in c.c. Cast off all sts. in m.c.

Work a second upper leg and instep in same way.

TO MAKE UP

Neatly weave together back seam of upper leg, using m.c. Pin seam to centre of heel of sole and centre of toe of upper to centre of toe on sole, then neatly weave together the two edges all round sole.

Take 3 strands of m.c. and 3 strands of c.c. each about 16in. long and knot all strands together, leaving tufts 4in. long as tassel. Divide into 3 pairs each, with m.c. and c.c. together, and make plait 12in. long. Knot strands together at end of plait and cut away surplus wool, leaving 4in. for tassel. Make second plait in same way. Thread plait through eyelet-holes and tie bow over instep. Turn down top ribbing to form 4in. cuff.

COME SEE ME DIE

The stage was set for happiness but the crystal ball was the cue for the advent of disaster — beginning a new serial

By MARGOT NEVILLE

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

THAT day on which the first of the train of disasters was to be triggered off began, one might have thought, with the stage all set for happiness, the calm uneventful happiness which is generally supposed to compensate for the narrowness of life in a small town.

Not that the smallness of the town of Corramundi dismayed Sarah Robins, back only six weeks from England after the divorce which had ended those four years of marriage to her actor husband, in whose near-starry wake she had been drawn along, an unwilling satellite. Welcome Corramundi's settled staidness, the tranquil tempo of its days. Welcome those handsome solid houses with their passionately tended gardens; Riverhill, where her old house, "Larchwood," stood consolingly unchanged; the living river by the door, the eternal birds in the lilacs, the antiques in the parlor untouched by the hand of the interior decorator.

Welcome even the unchallenged hierarchy of the district, with the rich graziers at the summit, followed by the Church, the law—her own father's long-established law firm of Cobb & Huxtable—the medical profession, bank managers, school-teachers. Welcome the main shopping street, planted with maple trees by homesick early settlers; and the small two-storey shops, Mrs. Hawkins who had made her first rompers, Mr. Frith who had sold her her first complexion cream; the saddler, the baker, the hairdresser, all of whom greeted her with accustomed casualness on her return: "Good morning, Mrs. Robins," and sometimes: "Good morning, Miss Cobb," as though her six years of absence—a whirlwind of living for her—had passed for them like one brief unaccented day.

How sweet it had all seemed to Sarah when, with the plane flights from England and Sydney behind her, she had slipped back into this freedom and peace, into tennis parties and dances and picnic races like a hand slipping into a well-worn glove.

This morning, upstairs in her old-fashioned bedroom, she was dressed to go out in a thin pale dress, for the day's coolness would soon be sucked up by the sun.

Glancing out of the window she saw that the morning was as nearly perfect as a morning could be, compounded as it was in heavenly fashion of crisp freshness and lulling warmth, of deep shade and dazzling brightness, of divine quiet and murmurous summer sounds.

Sarah Robins herself was made up of opposites as harmoniously blended as the morning's, her hair being fair to blond, while her eyes were brown and dark-lashed, her figure severely slender and yet deliciously rounded.

Turning from the glass, she opened her back to check on purse and keys, for she was on the point of leaving for her usual Wednesday engagement: lunch with a friend who lived twenty miles distant and the play-reading circle which met there afterwards. Sarah had been a natural for leading parts in that on account of her vicarious stage experience.

She left the room and went out on to the landing.

All the other doors were shut, her mother and father having taken the opportunity of her return to go off on a long-planned cruise to Japan, leaving her to keep house and keep garden with only Theda Berry for support.

Theda Berry. Detestable Mrs. Theda Berry. How infinitely Sarah would have preferred to be alone!

But mothers were like that. "Not alone, darling, in this big house with no one to speak to, or cook your meals, or call if anything should happen in the night."

"Mother, nothing—I hope—will happen in the night or at any other time."

However, to set her mother's mind at rest, Sarah had consented to take on Theda Berry, whom the Wakefields had just

dispensed with after some turbulent episode or other. Yet she was a good servant, an excellent cook, as honest as the day. It was just that—well, it was just that...

However, the arrangement was only for the duration of the travellers' absence, so why give it any thought?

Only one door on the landing was open, that of the small back sitting-room. Across its sunny length Sarah could see to the boughs of the pear tree that almost spread across its window, and, standing precisely in their perennial places, the chintz-covered chairs and sofa, the bookcases and mantelpiece ornaments.

Here on the landing, immutable, too, were the Persian rugs, the landscape paintings, the two rosewood chairs beside the console table. And on that table a crystal ball resting on a tiny cushion of black velvet.

The crystal ball whose first displacement after fifty years was to be bound up so shockingly with the horror and mystery of the afternoon.

Sarah went on down the stairs into the hall. Up from the kitchen passage came the faint clink of china and the smell of coffee. Theda Berry making their mid-morning cup. Sarah stepped out on to the verandah.

Glancing down over the lawns and flowerbeds she saw beyond the road how the dark green river, like a tamed and sleepy snake, glided along between its grassy banks, and how the row of flowering gum trees was suddenly aflame with orange-scarlet blossoms. An inviting prospect. There were seats at intervals under the flowering eucalypts along the bank, and usually a few idlers on them, old people, and children, and office and shop workers from the town a mile away came here to eat their lunches.

A car door banged, the high gate in the hedge scraped open and shut, and William Huxtable came up the path. The last person Sarah had expected to see, the first she wanted to.

Up the flag-stoned path he walked. William, whom she loved and hated only the other day so near and now so far; only the other day the most fascinating person in the world, and now as near to a stuffed shirt as he could contrive to make himself.

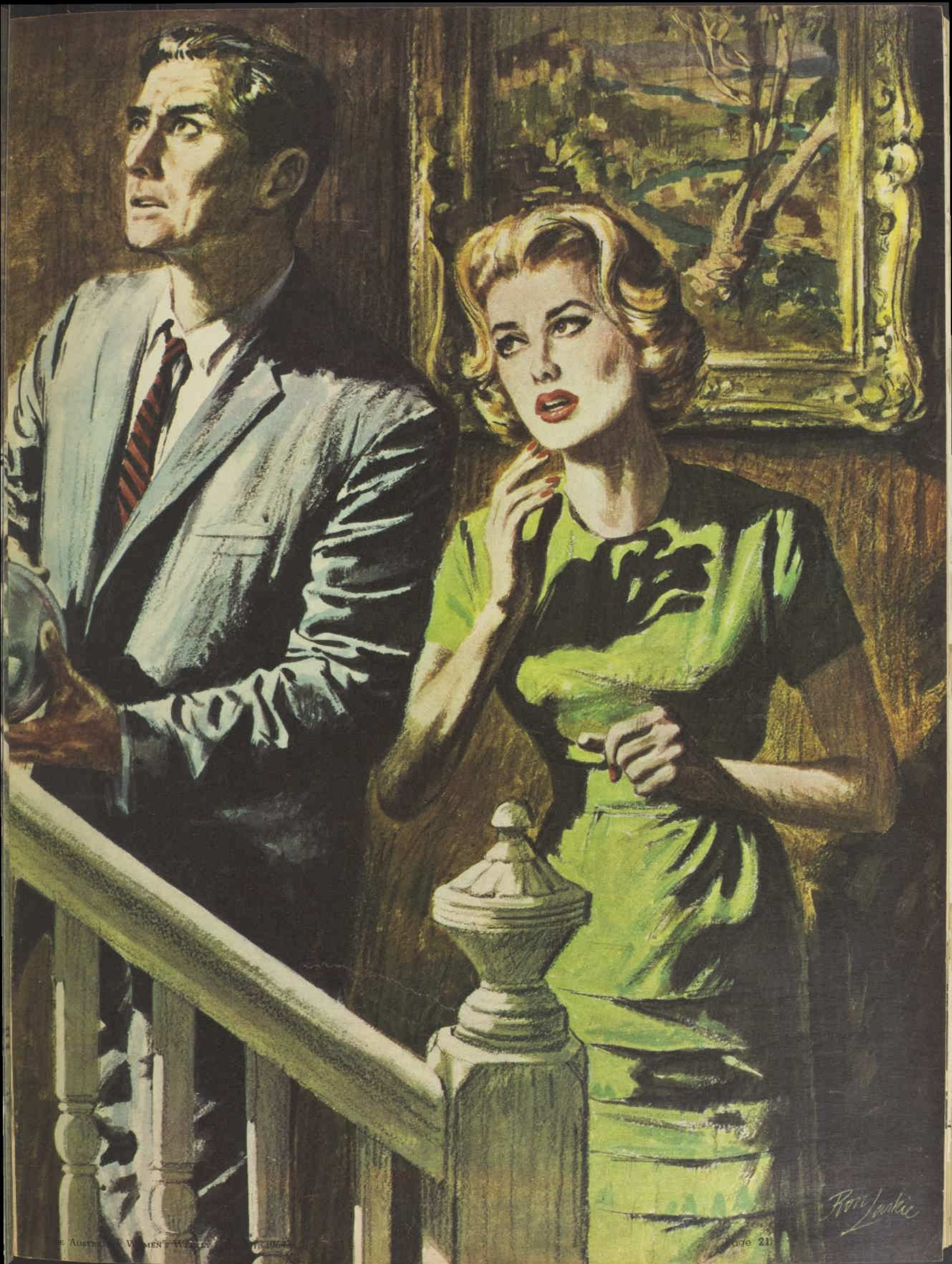
"Hullo, William." She went to the edge of the verandah and greeted him, in a tone neutral enough, she hoped, to cloak her sense of the estrangement which had come between them in the past couple of weeks, like a surprise blast of winter when spring had been so thrillingly in the air.

Since their childhood and teenage days in this prosperous country town, she and William Huxtable had seen almost nothing of each other. For him, after boarding-school in Sydney, there had been the years at the University, and for her, when she left school, her two ambitious years abroad trying to be an artist, and then her marriage. Meeting again they had been almost strangers.

From the moment of her return an attraction as strong as it was instantaneous had sprung up between them. Every time they met, and that was nearly every day or evening, it was as though they were nursing a secret that was all the more valuable for being hoarded. It was almost too good to be true, she had exulted, to come back here and find at home—right here at home!—miraculous William and this wholly unexpected happiness.

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Momentarily both William and Sarah halted, listening to the silence all around them.





VACANCIES FOR

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ARE YOU BUILDING A HOME?

Our Home Planning Centres throughout Australia will help you with every aspect of planning your new home. See our Home Plan this week.

Page 22

KIDNEY AID FOR RHEUMATISM

If your back aches like an old rheumatism kills your work and fun, take the new improved CYSTEX to wash away the acids and pain. Feel strong and fit again. Get Rheumatism Laboratory-tested and Certified CYSTEX from your chemist for fast help. Only 5/6.

Morning of a Producer

By JANE HINTON



"Some day you may write great plays," the producer said to the young man.

AS he withdrew the bolts and let the Boss into the theatre, old Tom said to him, "Lovely mornin'." And, indeed, it was, with the birds singing their hearts out and the sunshine pouring down all over London like a benediction. But all the Great Man said was "Ur!" and put another marzipan into his mouth, which, as everyone in and around the theatre knew, meant Trouble. The angrier he got the more marzipans he ate. This morning it seemed non-stop.

Well, after yesterday, it's only to be expected, thought old Tom. Young Richard's his father's pride and joy, and he's already a fine actor; but yesterday's escapade was a bit much, either for a father or a producer —

"'Ee's put out," said the old man, with the liberty of long association, "Dunno as I blame 'ee. Young folks nowadays —"

At this the Great Man snarled and stamped off to his office in a stupendous temper. Young folks! They infuriated him! Especially Richard and his friends. His awful friends! For ever sitting round in dim, draughty basements, earnestly setting the world to rights in a fug of smoke from their smelly pipes; all of them wearing, like a uniform, those scruffy little beards, those weird, grubby clothes that announced to all that they were Advanced Thinkers; for ever going off bristling over some social or artistic problem — or, like yesterday, brawling like a mob of rowdies.

He wasn't going to stand for it. He'd put a curb on Richard if it broke both their hearts. The boy wasn't going to turn out a bad lot for want of a bit of parental discipline.

He was tired of the excuses his wife was always making for the younger generation — a difficult time to be young — war, and the narrowly averted threat of invasion in their teens — bound to have unsettled them — poppycock! There'd been a war when he was young, hadn't there? He'd gone out to France when he was scarcely more than a lad himself, hadn't he? And had he, or his generation, ever used that as an excuse for — well, yesterday?

Would he have ever dreamed of behaving the way Richard had? And right outside his own father's theatre;

in front of the whole matinee house, who were naturally spellbound at the spectacle of Richard and his friends brawling with the patrons, pulling noses — well, perhaps only one nose, but a distinguished one. Half of London was talking; and while publicity was one thing notoriety was another!

"Tom!" he yelled.

"Comin' zur."

His heart was still bruised at the memory of his quarrel with Richard, of the boy's sullen, rebellious face. Well, however it hurt them both, Richard was staying out of the theatre for some long time to come.

"Tom!" he yelled again.

"I'm a-comin', I'm a-comin'," the old man shuffled in, vexed.

"I haven't got all day! Go out and get me some more marzipans, will you?"

The old man was about to protest that at his age it was a bit much to expect him to walk miles tracking down the only variety of marzipan his employer liked; then he caught the Great Man's eye and thought better of it.

"Aye, zur," he said.

"And leave the door open. I'm expecting someone about a play he wrote. You know him, Whatsisname, that stage-struck kid who helps about the theatre or stands on the door if there isn't a part for him. Not that I ought to wait for him. He's late. I abominate unpunctuality."

"The traffic —" began the old man.

"Bosh," yelled the Great Man, "Utter disregard for other people's convenience. They're all alike."

Poor lad, thought old Tom, fine chance he's got of having his play even considered —

Which wasn't entirely true; the Boss had made his not inconsiderable name because of his genius for recognising Theatre, often in unlikely places; nor was this genius likely to desert him even if, as now, he'd read with scarcely half his mind. This piece — he glanced

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 1, 1964



There's a new Kleenex tissue...it's both kinds of tissue in one! Now **wet strength and softness** are perfectly combined. Stands up to big sneezes, kitchen spills, face creams and lotions, yet its touch is so gentle to your skin.

new Kleenex* tissues



New sizes, too! 100's, 200's, 300's (200's for dispensers). White, Pink, Aqua, Lilac. Also pocket packs.

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KK841

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One more
Tiger
in the
Bag!



See the gleam in
Junior's eye as mother
drops Tiger in the bag!

A daily ration of tangy-
mild, extra-nourishing
Tiger Swiss Gruyere
Cheese sets youthful
appetites a-tingle,
keeps active youngsters
on the go! Try it!



Creamy Tiger Gruyere
is available in the fa-
miliar triangle wedges,
also in sandwich slices
and bars. Buy some
today!

Genuine Switzerland
TIGER
GRUYERE CHEESE

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you lovelier,
healthier nails**

Because Nailoid nourishes
and strengthens nails.

Start Nailoid care tonight.
It's a two-minute application
that easily becomes part of
your nightly beauty routine.
You'll watch your nails grow
steadily lovelier, healthier. It
takes 12-14 weeks for a nail
to grow. At the end of that
time your immaculate new
nails and cuticles will amaze
you. From chemists and stores.



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ters must be original, not
previously published.
Preference is given to
letters with signatures.

For better reading

SYMPATHISING with
"Suzy Q" (N.S.W.) in
her dislike of the sordidness
of many modern novels, I
think she would enjoy: Paul
Gallico, Elizabeth Goudge,
D. E. Stevenson, and Emily
Kimbrough.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Booth,
Nedlands, W.A.

I WOULD like to recom-
mend the following
authors for good-quality
humorous reading: Pamela
Blanch, Sir Compton Mac-
kenzie, Steele Rudd, Joyce
Carey, and A. P. Herbert.

£1/1/- to Mrs. John Jar-
vis, South Tamworth,
N.S.W.

HAVING enjoyed "Suzy
Q's" selection of
authors, she may also enjoy
mine: Stella Gibbons, Mary
Webb, Richard Mason, Vir-
ginia Woolf (her series about
Matthew Flood makes ab-
sorbing reading), and for a
lovely, warm family saga
that goes on and on, "The
Whiteoaks," by Mazo De
La Roche, and last, but not
least, John Galsworthy's
"Forsyte Saga."

£1/1/- to "Happy
Reader" (name supplied),
Moorabbin, Vic.

I SUGGEST Jane Austen,
Gerald Durrell, O. Dou-
glas (John Buchan's sister),
Lloyd Douglas, W. J. Locke,
Dorothy Sayers, and Agatha
Christie.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Mary A.
Milson, Mooloolaba, Qld.

FOR light books, I recom-
mend the following
authors: Cornelia Otis Skin-
ner, Betty McDonald, James
Thurber, Richard Gordon,
Margery Sharp. For good
historical novels: Phillip
Lindsay, Jack Lindsay, Jean
Plaidy. Taylor Caldwell
novels are excellent for
heavier reading.

£1/1/- to "Bookworm"
(name supplied), Bentlygh,
Vic.

ELEANOR DARK'S
"Timeless Land," "No
Barriers," Catherine Gaskin's
"Lara Dare," Norman Col-
lins' "London Belongs To
Me," any of Dr. Frank
Slaughter's books, and I like
E. V. Timms, especially the
ones featuring Mrs. Gubby.
I also enjoyed Agnes Turn-
bull's "Gown Of Glory,"
"The Bishop's Mantle," and
"The Golden Journey."

£1/1/- to Miss D. Lyon,
Wingham, N.S.W.

ANY of Arthur Upfield's
(Australian) books, and
Monica Dickens' (English)
ones. Monica is humorous
and she quite often writes
about food. Upfield's hero is
the aboriginal detective,
Napoleon Bonaparte.

£1/1/- to Mrs. I. Long-
staff, Warrawong, N.S.W.

Women in business

MANY wives who know nothing about business, or
make any attempt to learn, seem to become most
capable businesswomen when they are suddenly widowed.
Is it because husbands like to manage such affairs or is
it that the average woman is lazy and would far rather
that her husband attend to all such matters? Yet, time
out of number, these same women have become astute
businesswomen when they have had to stand on their own
feet.

£1/1/- to "Interested Wife" (name supplied), Ashfield,
N.S.W.

She put Mum in her place

TO my five-year-old daughter's "Gee, I wish I were a
mother" I replied "Why, dear?"—thinking of all the
virtues of motherhood and expecting a flattering answer.
She replied, "So I could growl at everyone all the time."
What an ego-deflator!

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. von de Kamp, Hobart.

They took to thrift

NOT being thrifty myself I decided that my sons (nine
and six) must learn the value of money at an early
age. I gave each a weekly allowance, with the elder, who
has tennis tuition and cub fees to pay, getting more. They
must bank at school each week and have enough to buy
lunch three days, plus 1/- over. If they want extra money
they take lunch from home. Since last June these two little
boys have kept within their budgets, have not asked for
more and have not gone without.

£1/1/- to "Amazed Mum" (name supplied), West Ryde,
N.S.W.

Oven-fresh eggs

UNLIKE the husband of Mrs. Burton-Joyce (N.S.W.) I
have never tasted a 12-minute egg. But we once had
a lass helping in the house who put the boiled eggs into
the oven to keep hot while she made the toast.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. E. Ormsby, Attadale, W.A.

Cook's tour at home

BECAUSE overseas travel is not always possible, I sug-
gest the following alternative. Plan a tour that you
would like to make, and then, making use of newspapers,
magazines, library books, and, of course, an atlas, see how
much information you can gather about the various coun-
tries you would visit. I am sure you will be surprised at
the increase in your knowledge.

£1/1/- to "Travelling Cheaply" (name supplied),
Christchurch, N.Z.

Ross Campbell writes...

WE were at the beach, and
in a fit of good nature I
stood a round of ice-creams.

The lady in the shop said she
only had Cosmic Pies left.

"Give me six of them, please," I
said.

Cosmic Pies are strawberry ice-
cream with caramel on the outside
—good, plain, wholesome food. Yet
when I handed them round two
children (including one of mine)
said no thank you. They didn't like
Cosmic Pies.

I added it to my list of minor
ways of wasting money: buying the
wrong sort of ice-cream.

There are many different ways of
throwing money away. I don't mean
the obvious ones, like buying lottery
tickets that don't win a prize. I
mean the more off-the-track kinds
of squandering.

One of the simplest can be prac-
tised by buying a dozen stamps. You
put them in the pocket of a shirt,
then let the shirt go through the
washing-machine. The stamps
usually come out as a little lump
of paper that can't be used.

EASY GO

Another money-wasting technique
is to buy a railway season ticket
and leave it at home. I used to do
this a lot. It was no good telling the
porter I had a yearly ticket at



home. He wanted to see one at the
station, and I had to buy it.

Nowadays I make a cockpit check
before leaving for the office: Money,
keys, glasses, ticket. But occasionally
I forget my cockpit check and have
to pay.

Friends of mine tell me they have
wasted money successfully by get-
ting too fat to wear their clothes.
I understand ladies are prone to
this, especially where slacks are con-
cerned.

A squandering method I some-

times use is to buy a pair of shoes
that are too tight. The last time I
did this I advertised the shoes in the
local paper. There is not much
demand for second-hand shoes, I
found. I had to accept a heavy
loss and throw in a cane chair to
get rid of them.

Buying a musical instrument and
then giving it up is another reliable
way to show a loss. It doesn't
amount to much with a mouth-
organ, but it can be quite substan-
tial with a piano.

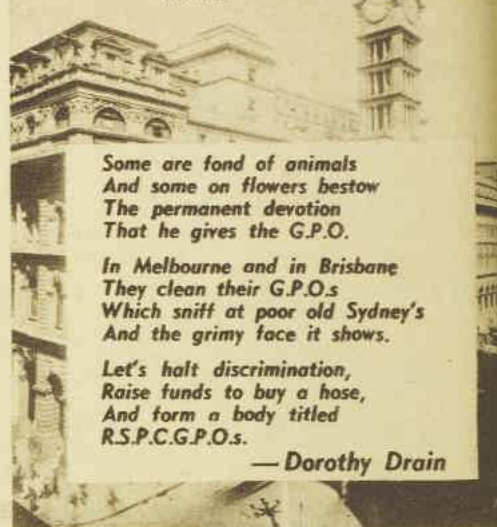
A similar method is to sign on
for a correspondence course and not
finish it. This happened when I un-
dertook to learn typing by mail. I
got up to a lesson where you typed
out 20 times: "Stealthy! Gwen
lov%\$ the wealth&y elf!"; then my
will-power broke down.

But there is no need for me to go
on. You will soon be able to think
of your own money-wasting ruses.

You can drop a cup while drying
the dishes; or leave a towel at the
beach. Better still, buy one of the
children a new raincoat. It is sure
to be lost within six weeks.

Memo P.M.G.

• Member for West Sydney, Mr.
Dan Minogue, said recently that
the Federal Government discrimi-
nated against the Sydney G.P.O.
Brisbane's had been steam-cleaned,
he said, and Melbourne's dry-
cleaned.



Some are fond of animals
And some on flowers bestow
The permanent devotion
That he gives the G.P.O.

In Melbourne and in Brisbane
They clean their G.P.O.s
Which sniff at poor old Sydney's
And the grimy face it shows.

Let's halt discrimination,
Raise funds to buy a hose,
And form a body titled
R.S.P.C.G.P.O.s.

—Dorothy Drain

Board from teenagers

I WOULD appreciate readers' views on the amount a
board that should be accepted by parents from teen-
agers. My daughter earns £6 a week clear, out of which
she pays me 35/- a week board. She thinks this is too
much, as many of her friends pay only £1 or 30/-.
I want to be fair to her and to myself.

£1/1/- to "Fair To All" (name supplied), Busselton,
W.A.

Favorite wedding present

RECENTLY a group of us were discussing what wedding
presents we had most appreciated. Among them were
kitchen utensils and linen. But the thing I most appreciated
was an exercise book given to me by my mother, who had
filled it with recipes and hints and all the things it usually
takes new brides ages to find out. I have started a similar
book, which I hope one day to pass on to my own daughter.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. Thompson, Brighton Beach, Vic.

Feathering a nest

MY sister used to dry small linen articles on the grass
to bleach them, and on one occasion missed a tiny
lace mat. A long time later, when cutting back an over-
exuberant honeysuckle, it was found forming a wall-to-wall
carpet in a bird's nest that had been built round it with
consummate skill.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Champion, Pascoe Vale Sth., Vic.



Alida tried to concentrate on the botany lesson—a short short story

BORN GARDENER

By NORAH SMARIDGE

LEAVING the offices of Leblond and Dean, Landscape Architects, Alida Warren felt relieved—but guilty. If Father were alive, whatever would he think of her! And what would Miss Jenner say? The gentle little teacher at the Westchester Botanical Gardens had looked incredulous when, after last week's class, Alida had hinted that she didn't expect to finish the course.

Mr. Leblond, however, had understood her problems perfectly. "You want to be free from gardening chores as much as possible?" he had said. "In that case, we must replan your garden, get rid of flower-beds and lawn. We'll use plenty of paved areas, and evergreen plantings that need little upkeep."

Alida had nodded. "I—I'd like it done as soon as possible."

"We'll have a man at your place by Saturday," Mr. Leblond had promised. "He'll make sketches. Then we'll draw up some designs—and I'm sure you will be satisfied."

Heading for the bus that would take her to the class at the Botanical Gardens, Alida wished she had not told Miss Jenner she would finish the course. "Spring Planting Begins in the Greenhouse," it was called.

You went once a week; all spring you studied the mysteries of sowing seeds, "pricking out" seedlings, making "cuttings," "potting out," and "potting up." At the end of the course you had seedlings and cuttings in abundance to take home and plant in your own garden.

But before she was half through the course, Alida's suspicions were confirmed. She loved gardens—but she hated gardening. Grubbing in the soil was not for her! She would gladly have dropped out—but somehow she had been unable to resist Miss Jenner's gentle pleading.

"I agree you're not what we call a 'born gardener,'" the teacher had said. "But do finish the course. It will help you so much. And you do want to learn to take care of that beautiful garden of yours. Judging by the pictures you showed me your father made it a real little show piece!"

True enough, Alida knew. Father had been utterly absorbed in his garden. He had turned to it for solace after the death of her mother, ten years ago now. After his retirement he spent most of his time in it.

Then, last spring, John Warren had died, suddenly and unexpectedly, of a heart attack. Alida was alone now, a shy, reserved young woman of 35. The real estate men pounced on her almost at once. Did she want to sell? They could get her an excellent offer...

She had dispatched them gently but firmly. She loved it and had no intention of leaving it.

But the summer after her father's death was desperately lonely. Trying to follow his example, she had turned to his garden for comfort, giving it all the time she had free from her secretarial job and her household chores. But the garden worked no spell for Alida. On the contrary, it brought her nothing but frustration and worry. In spite of her efforts, it seemed bent on dying.

When spring came Alida signed up for the gardening course as a last resort—but it only confirmed her suspicions that she would never make a good gardener.

Now, arriving at the Botanical Gardens, Alida opened the door of the humid greenhouse. Everyone was busy.

I'll tell Miss Jenner as soon as I can get her aside, Alida thought. She'll be horrified, but I can't help it. I've done my best and it just isn't good enough.

But it was Miss Jenner who got in the first word, touching Alida lightly on the arm. "I've been thinking about your garden problem," she said, "and I—I think I may have some ideas for you. Anyway, I want you to come to lunch on Saturday at my home. We can talk gardens!"—her eyes shone—"and you can look through my gardening library!"

Alida started nervously. "Saturday! But on Saturday I—" She swallowed. Faced with Miss Jenner's confident blue gaze, she could not bring herself to say bluntly, "On Saturday the landscape architect is coming. I'm going to have a paved garden, with evergreens that don't need much care!" Weakly, she said, "I really can't let you go to so much trouble for me, Miss Jenner—"

The little teacher patted her arm. "It's a pleasure." Sighing, Alida decided she would have to postpone the landscape man until the next week. She could scarcely refuse Miss Jenner, who had been so kind.

But on Saturday, as she walked up the trim path to Miss Jenner's Cape Cod cottage, Alida's courage flagged. Maybe, when Miss Jenner heard, the little lady would not be so anxious to have her stay very long! Maybe she could make some excuse and get away soon after the meal...

Miss Jenner, opening the door, beamed a welcome. "We'll have lunch in five minutes!" she said. "My nephew will entertain you while I pop the rolls in the oven!" She led Alida into the flower-sweet living-room, where a tall man rose to meet her. "This is Edward Jenner, my nephew. He was transferred to New York City six weeks ago—and he's homesick for the garden back home!"

As the two shook hands, she went on: "Miss Warren has inherited the most beautiful garden, Edward—but I have a feeling she doesn't really want to garden. She—well, she's not exactly a born gardener!"

Edward Jenner's hand held Alida's quickly, warmly, and he looked down at her with genuine sympathy. "We can't all be born gardeners," he said. "I'm sure Miss Warren has lots of other interests—books, perhaps?"

Alida smiled, liking him. Then, before she could speak, Miss Jenner turned from the door. "You may like to have Edward putter in your garden," she said. "It would be heaven for him—and you would acquire a wonderful gardener!" and she hurried off triumphantly.

"You mustn't let my aunt bully you," he said. "There's nothing I'd like better than—well, help with your garden in my free time. But maybe you don't like the idea of a strange man clumping over your lawn!"

Alida smiled at him. (So this was Miss Jenner's solution to the garden problem!) She felt instinctively drawn to this tall man with the gentle smile. "I think it's a wonderful idea," she said simply. And—as his eyes met hers—she added happily, "When would you like to come and see my garden?"

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YOUNG SKIN



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CLEAR & LOVELY—specially formulated for oily and disturbed skins—heals as it conceals.

CLEAR & LOVELY—so glamorous you would not dream that it was medicated, too!

In six skin-toned shades.



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WRIGGLING WILLIE



WRIGGLING WILLIE, the Rock 'n' Roll King
Had just grabbed the mike and started to sing
When, horror of horrors, he coughed and he shook,
And cried "It's the flu, I really feel crook!"
"Here's the way to fix flu" cried the boys in the band,
"We're never without it ready at hand!"

Woods'

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The time tested treatment for influenza

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When Connie looked at
the sleeping child her
heart was full of love
and joyous hope...
an appealing short story

By **NANCY POPE
MAYORGA**

Illustrated by Boothroyd

THE BABY THE MOTHER LEFT BEHIND

THE doctor put Connie Woodruff in the hospital on Good Friday afternoon, because her blood pressure was going up. It was her first baby and already two weeks late. Woody was anxious and could not conceal it. "Don't worry, darling," Connie said to him. "My cousin Al was four weeks late, and was born okay on the Fourth of July."

He had to laugh: "Well, the firecrackers and all. But this is only Easter."

"Don't tease me. You know what I mean. It runs in the family having our babies late."

Anyway, she felt so secure. That was what this instrument of a body was for: to bear children. And later, this instrument of a mind was to rear and guide them, and this instrument of a heart was to love and cherish them. And no fear at all, because this human tool was in the hand of God.

That was how she felt. She had a strong belief in the basic good fortune of human beings and the benevolence of nature. She was twenty-three.

It is difficult to believe in the existence of someone like Connie Woodruff. Not only was she unbelievably pretty, with long black hair, a tender face, and the perfect skin, and the clear, clear eyes of a young child, but also she was so straightforward and above-board that she was usually suspected of having something

To page 62






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wonderful, knit the
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 1, 1964

SHAPED SHIFT IN ORANGE SHERBET

● Ever-popular shift shape, slightly contoured, is hand-knitted in softest mohair.

Materials: 19 (21, 22, 23) balls Woolworths Italian Mohair; 1 pr. each Woolworths Nos. 8 and 6 needles and 1 set each of 4 Nos. 8 and 9 needles; lining.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust (actual measurement will be 1 in. larger for easy fit); length from top of shoulder, 37½ (39, 39½, 39¾) in.; length of sleeve seam, 15 (15½, 15, 16) in.; hip measurement, 34 (36, 38, 40) in. (actual measurement).

Tension: 5 sts. to 1 in.

BACK

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 88 (92, 98, 102) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 6 rows. Change to No. 6 needles and work thus:

1st Row: K 14 (16, 18, 20), p 2, k 16, p 2, k 20 (20, 22, 22), p 2, k 16, p 2, k 14 (16, 18, 20).

2nd Row: P 14 (16, 18, 20), k 2, p 16, k 2, p 20 (20, 22, 22), k 2, p 16, k 2, p 14 (16, 18, 20). Rep. 1st and 2nd rows.

5th Row: K 14 (16, 18, 20), p 2, sl. 4 sts. on to spare needle and leave in front, k 4, knit sts. from spare needle, sl. 4 sts. on to spare needle and leave at back, k 4, knit sts. from spare needle, p 2, k 20 (20, 22, 22), p 2, sl. 4 sts. on to spare needle and leave in front, k 4, knit sts. from spare needle, sl. 4 sts. on to spare needle and leave at back, k 4, knit sts. from spare needle, p 2, k 14 (16, 18, 20).

6th Row: Rep. 2nd row.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice more.

These 10 rows complete patt. Cont. in patt. When work measures 15 (16, 16) in. or required length to hips, shape thus:

Next Row: K 11 (13, 15, 17), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, work 20 sts. in patt, k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 14 (14, 16, 16), k 2 tog., k 1, work 20 sts. in patt., k 1, k 2 tog., k 11 (13, 15, 17)—84 (88, 94, 98) sts.

Cont. in patt. on these sts.; when work measures 30½ (31½, 32, 32) in., shape for armholes by casting off 4 (4, 4, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of next 3 (3, 4, 4) rows. When armholes measure 5½ (5½, 5½, 6) in., shape neck thus:

Next Row: Work 23 (24, 25, 25) sts., leave rem. sts. on a spare needle. Cont. on these 23 (24, 25, 25) sts., casting off 2 (2, 2, 2) sts. at neck edge of next and every alt. row 6 times in all (all sizes). When armhole measures 7½ (7½, 7½, 8) in., shape shoulder by casting off 6 (7, 7, 7) sts. at armhole edge of next row. Cast off 7 (7, 8, 8) sts. at armhole edge on following alt. row. Join yarn at neck edge, cast off loosely 24 (26, 28, 30) sts. Work to end of row and work to correspond with other side.

FRONT

Work same as back until armholes measure 2½ (3½, 3½, 4) in., shape neck as follows:

Next Row: Work 25 (26, 27, 27), leave rem. sts. on spare needle. Cont. on these 25 (26, 27, 27) sts., casting off 2 (2, 2, 2) sts. at neck edge of next and every alt. row 6 times in all (all sizes). When armhole measures 7½ (7½, 7½, 8) in., shape shoulder by casting off 6 (7, 7, 7) sts. at armhole edge of next row. Cast off 7 (7, 8, 8) sts. at armhole edge on following alt. row.

Join yarn at neck edge, cast off loosely 20 (22, 24, 26) sts. Work to end of row and work to correspond with other side.

SLEEVES

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 40 (42, 44, 46) sts., work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 in. Change to No. 6 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 5th row until inc. to 66 (68, 70, 72) sts. When sleeve seam measures 15 (15½, 15½, 16) in. or required length, shape top by dec. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 60 (60, 60, 60) sts., then every row until dec. to 28 (28, 28, 28) sts. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work toward you, using 4 No. 8 needles, pick up and knit about 134 (138, 142, 146) sts. round neck. Work in rounds in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½ in. (all sizes). Change to 4 No. 9 needles and cont. in rib. When neckband measures 2½ in. (all sizes), cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth on wrong side of work. If lining, cut to shape of dress, allowing for seams. Stitch sleeves round armholes, sew up side and sleeve seams. Join shoulder seams. Stitch lining neatly into dress.

Another design overleaf

DOUBLE-CABLE trim and soft crew-neck are noteworthy features of this long-sleeved shift. The slim-fitting style gives warmth without bulk—it can be worn comfortably with a coat.

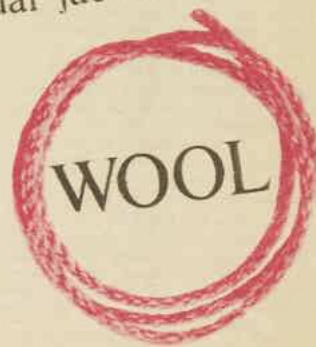


Sulky young
colours for
being a
devil in,
for being
adored in,
for being
perfectly
beastly in,
for being
pampered in,
for stopping
the traffic
in
etc



SULKY YOUNG COLOURS

For being warm all over in. Here are colours soft and gentle with a smouldering, sulky undercurrent that makes everybody look marvellous. Sulky young colours are in wool alone, see them in wool knitwear and handknitting yarn departments everywhere. Shown here: Two-piece suit by Verlaine Fashions and man's casual jacket by Jantzen



ROSE-RED BLOUSE



CROCHETED PICOT edging on neck and sleeves is a feminine addition to this neatly styled blouse.

● Double-life blouse for day or night is knitted in an easy-care yarn. Directions for long and short sleeves are given on this page.

Materials: 8 (9, 10) balls, short sleeves, 10 (11, 12) balls, long sleeves, Villawool Ban-Lon 5-ply; 1 pr. each Nos. 10 and 11 needles; 1 crochet hook; 2 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length, 21 (21½, 21¾) in.; short sleeves, 4½ in. (all sizes); long sleeves, 17 in. (all sizes).

Tension: 7 sts. to 1 in.

BACK

* Using No. 11 needles, cast on 109 (115, 123) sts. and work in st-st. for 6 rows, ending on purl row.

Next Row (for fold of hem row): K 1

* yarn forward, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end.

Change to No. 10 needles. * Cont. in st-st.

for 5 in. from fold of hem row. Inc. 1 st.

each end of next and every foll. 10th row

6 times (121, 127, 135) sts. Cont. until work

measures 14 in. from fold of hem row (or

length required).

To Shape Armholes: Cast off at beg. of

next and every row 3 (3, 4) sts. twice, 2 sts.

(all sizes) 8 times, 1 st. 4 (6, 8) times,

95 (99, 103) sts. rem. Cont. until armholes

measure 3¼ (4, 4½) in. on straight, ending

on purl row.

Next Row: K 6 sts., inc. 1 st. by knitting

into back of horizontal loop between next st.,

knit to last 6 sts., inc. 1 st. as before, k 6. Inc.

as before every 6th row until 105 (109, 113)

sts. and armhole measures 7½ (7½, 7½) in.

on straight, ending on purl row.

To Shape Shoulders and Neck—Next Row:

Cast off 6 sts. (all sizes), k 31 (32, 34) sts.,

cast off centre 31 (33, 33) sts., knit to end.

Cont. on last 37 (38, 40) sts., cast off

on next and every 2nd row 6 sts. 4 (3, 1)

times, 7 sts. 1 (2, 4) times, at same time,

on neck edge cast off 2 sts. 3 times. Return

to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge, and

finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

FRONT

Work as back until 95 (99, 103) sts. rem.,

ending on purl row.

Divide for Front Opening—Next Row:

K 51 (53, 55) sts., turn, leave rem. 44 (46,

48) sts. on holder.

Cont. until armhole measures 3¼ (4, 4½)

in., ending at armhole edge. K 6, inc. as

back, knit to end, at same time when arm-

hole measures 5 (5½, 5½) in., ending at

front edge.

Shape Neck: Cast off at beg. of next

and every 2nd row 7 (8, 8) sts. once, 2 sts.

7 times, 1 st. 4 times. Cont. until armhole

measures same as back and 31 (32, 34) sts.

rem., ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off on next and

every 2nd row 6 sts. 4 (3, 1) times, 7 sts.

1 (2, 4) times. Return to rem. sts., cast on

7 sts., knit rem. sts. from holder. Work to

correspond with other side in reverse, with

addition of 2 buttonholes, first one 1 in. above

opening and second ½ in. from neck shaping.

To Make Buttonhole: With right side of

work facing, k 3 sts., cast off 3 sts., knit

to end. **Next Row:** Cast on 3 sts. over cast-

off 3 sts.

SHORT SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 81 (85, 89)

sts. and work as back from * to *. Cont. in

st-st, inc. 1 st. each end of 5th and every

foll. 6th row thereafter until 93 (97, 101)

sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 4½ in. from

fold of hem row (or length required), end-

ing on purl row. Cast off at beg. of next

and every row 4 sts. twice, 3 sts. twice, 2 sts.

8 (10, 12) times, 1 st. 24 times, 4 sts. 4

times, 23 sts. once.

LONG SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 51 (53, 55)

sts. and work as back from * to *. Cont. in

st-st, inc. 1 st. each end of 13th and every

6th row thereafter until 93 (97, 101) sts.

Cont. until sleeve measures 17 in. from fold

of hem row (or length required), ending on

p row. Shape top as for short sleeves.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using small

back-stitch, sew up shoulder seams. Press

seams. With right side of work facing, using

crochet hook, work 1 row of double crochet

from front overlap and round neck edge.

Work 1 row of picot as follows:

* Make 3 chain, 1 d.c. into first of these

chains, miss next space, 1 d.c. into next

space, rep. from * to end.

Using small back-stitch, sew up side and

sleeve seams. Press seams. Set sleeves in

smoothly. Sew on buttons. Fold hems to

inside and slip-stitch down.

More designs overleaf

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"the best to you each morning"



*Registered Trade Mark

Page 32

K891

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 1, 1964

WARM COLORS TO BEAT THE COLD

● Relax by the fire in one of these light-as-a-feather sweaters hand-knitted in mohair in eye-catching designs and glowing colors. Directions begin on this page.

Pink polo pullover

Materials: 17 (19, 21) balls Mohair; 1 pr. each Nos. 6 and 8 knitting needles.
Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust; length, 25½ in. (all sizes); sleeves, 17½ in. (all sizes).

Tension: 5 sts. to 1 in. over st-st.

PATTERN FOR COLLAR

1st Row (wrong side of work): K 1, (p 2, k 1), rep. to end.
2nd Row: P 1, * yarn at back, sl. 1 purl-wise, knit into front and back of next st., pass sl-st. over double st., yarn forward, p 1, rep. from * to end.
Rep. 1st and 2nd rows inclusive.

BACK

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 88 (93, 98) sts. and work firmly in single rib for 1½ in. Change to No. 6 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of 8th, then every 20th row until 94 (99, 104) sts. Cont. until work measures 16 in. (or length required), ending on purl row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 3 (4, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until 78 (81, 84) sts. rem. Cont. until armholes measure 7½ in. on straight, ending on purl row.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off at beg. of next and every row 5 (5, 5) sts. 4 times, 6 (6, 7) sts. twice, 6 (7, 7) sts. twice, 34 (35, 36) sts. once.

FRONT

Work as back to *. Cont. until armholes measure 5½ in. on straight, ending on k row.

To Shape Neck—Next Row: P 28 (29, 30), cast off centre 22 (23, 24) sts., p 28 (29, 30) sts.

Cont. on last 28 (29, 30) sts. and dec. 1 st. on neck edge every 2nd row until 22 (23, 24) sts. rem. Cont. until armhole measures exactly as back armholes, ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off at beg. of next and every 2nd row 5 (5, 5) sts. twice, 6 (6, 7) sts. once, 6 (7, 7) sts. once. Return to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge, and finish to correspond with other side.

SLEEVES

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 52 (54, 56) sts. and work firmly in single rib for 2½ in. Change to No. 6 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of every 8th row thereafter until 72 (74, 76) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 17½ in. (or length required), ending on a purl row. Cast off at beg. of next and every row 3 (4, 5) sts. twice, 2 (2, 2) sts. 20 times, 3 (3, 3) sts. 4 times, 14 (14, 14) sts. once.

COLLAR

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 154 (157, 160) sts. and work in patt. for collar inclusive. Cont. until work measures 3 in. Change to No. 6 needles and cont. until 7 in. altogether. Change to No. 8 needles and cont. until 8½ in. altogether. Cast off loosely in patt.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using small back-stitch, sew up shoulder, side, and sleeve seams. Press seams. Neatly join collar ends in flat seam. Pin collar cast-off edge to neck edge with seam at centre back and attach firmly. Fold up hem of 3 in. on collar and sl-st. down.

Sunburst sweater

Materials: 13 (14) balls main color, 1 (1) ball contrast color Villawool Mohair; 1 pr. each Nos. 6 and 9 needles.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36) in. bust; length, 23 (23½) in.; sleeves, 16½ in. (both sizes).

Abbreviations: M.c., main color; c.c., contrast color.

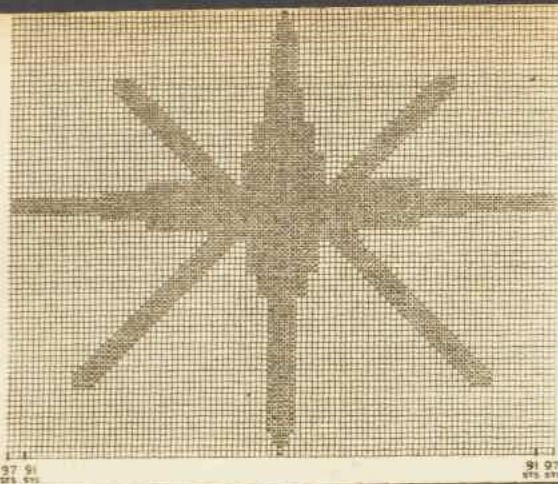
Tension: 5 sts. to 1 in.

BACK

*Using m.c. and No. 9 needles, cast on 90 (96) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½ in. Inc. 1 st. at end of last row to 91 (97) sts. * Change to No. 6 needles and st-st. Work 47 rows. Change to c.c. and work 3 rows. Change to m.c. and cont. until work measures 15 in. (or length required), ending on purl row.

Continued overleaf





SUNBURST SWEATER (Continued from previous page)

To Shape Raglans: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows.

Next Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.a.s.o., k to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

Next Row: Purl. Rep. last 2 rows until 37 (39) sts. rem. Cast off.

FRONT

Work as back from * to *. Change to No. 6 needles and st-st. Work 4 rows. Next work 79 rows from graph, joining in 3 separate balls of c.c., at same time, when work measures 15in., shape raglans as for back. Cont. until 49 (51) sts. rem., ending on k row.

To Shape Neck—Next Row: P 16

GRAPH shows diagram for knitting sunburst design.

sts., cast off centre 17 (19) sts., p to end. Cont. on last 16 sts. Cast off on every 2nd row on neck edge 2 sts. 3 times, 1 st. twice. Cont. raglan shaping until 2 sts. rem. K 2 tog. and fasten off. Return to rem. st., join in yarn at neck edge, and finish other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using m.c. and No. 9 needles, cast on 40 (42) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½in., inc. 1 st. each end of last row to 42 (44) sts. Change to No. 6 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of 7th and every 6th row thereafter until 64 (68) sts. Cont. until sleeves measure 16½in. (or length required), ending on purl row. Shape raglans

as back until 26 sts. (both sides rem., ending on purl row).

Next Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.a.s.o., knit until 11 sts. on needle, k 2 tog., knit to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

Next Row: Purl.

Cont. raglan shaping and dec. 1 st. in centre of work every 4th row until 6 sts. rem. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using small back-stitch, sew up 2 front and right back raglan seams.

NECKBAND

With right side of work facing and using No. 9 needles, evenly pick up and knit 90 (94) sts. round neck edge. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½in. Cast off loosely ribwise.

TO FINISH UP

Sew up rem. raglan and neckband ends. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams. Fold neckband to inside, slip-stitch down.

Half-diamond sweater

(Shown in color on page 33)

Materials: 9 (10, 11) balls main color, 2 (2, 2) balls first contrast color, 2 (2, 2) balls second contrast color Villawool Mohair; 1 pair each Nos. 6 and 7 needles.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length, 22in. (all sizes); sleeves, 14in. (all sizes).

Tension: 5 sts. to lin.

Abbreviations: M.c., main color; c.c.1, first contrast color; c.c.2, second contrast color.

BACK

Using c.c.1 and No. 7 needles, cast on 75 (81, 87) sts. and work 7 rows st-st.

Next Row: Knit for fold of hem row. Change to No. 6 needles. Cont. in st-st., beg. with knit row and work 6 rows. Proceed thus:

1st Row: K 3 (5, 6) m.c., 8 (71, 75) c.c.1, 3 (5, 6) m.c.

2nd Row: P 3 (5, 6) m.c., 8 (71, 75) c.c.1, 3 (5, 6) m.c.

3rd Row: K 4 (6, 7) m.c., 6 (69, 73) c.c.1, 4 (6, 7) m.c.

4th Row: P 4 (6, 7) m.c., 67 (73) c.c.1, 4 (6, 7) m.c.

5th Row: K 5 (7, 8) m.c., 67 (71) c.c.1, 5 (7, 8) m.c.

6th Row: P 5 (7, 8) m.c., 65 (71) c.c.1, 5 (7, 8) m.c.

Cont. in this way, working 1 more in m.c. on each side every 2nd row, at the same time inc. 1 st. each end of 9th and every 8th row thereafter 4 times and 85 (91, 97) sts. Cont. until 1 st. in c.c.1 rem. ending on purl row. Leave aside.

LEFT SLEEVE

Using m.c. and No. 6 needles, cast on 3 sts. and work in st-st. Proceed to shape both edges at same time as follows: Inc. 1 st. at beg. of every knit row 11 times; at same time cast on at beg. of every purl row 2 sts. 11 times (8 sts.), ending on purl row. Cont. to cast on for underarm edge at beg. of every purl row 2 sts. 6 times; 3 sts. 6 times, at same time shape upper arm by casting off 2 sts. at beg. of every knit row 12 times and 42 sts. rem. Leave aside.

RIGHT SLEEVE

Work to correspond with left sleeve in reverse.

Proceed to work left sleeve, back and right sleeve on to one needle. Return to left sleeve, cast off 2 sts. knit to end, knit in m.c. to centre st. of back, k 1 c.c.2, knit in m.c. to end, then across right sleeve in m.c. — 167 (173, 179) sts. Cont. to work 1 st. less in m.c. each side every 2nd row and inc. 1 st. each side of c.c.2 every 2nd row, at same time casting off 2 sts. at beg. of next and every row until 85 (89) sts. rem., ending on purl row.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off at beg. of every row 4 sts. 10 times and 45 (47, 49) sts. rem. Cont. in c.c.2 and k 3 rows. The 2nd row forms fold of hem row. Change to No. 7 needles, cont. in st-st. and inc. 1 st. each end of every row 4 times. Cast off loosely on next row.

FRONT

Work as back.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using small back-stitch, sew up upper arm and shoulder seams. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams. Fold hem on sleeves, lower edge and neck to inside, slip-stitch down.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

April 1, 1964

Teenagers'

WEEKLY



**18-YEAR-OLDS
IN AIR RACE
— page 3**

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately

Letters

Why not just be yourself?

WHAT has become of the individualist? Are surfies, rockers, socys, jazzers, and miscellaneous creeps such as Beatle-maniacs and zots scaring teenagers into anti-individualism?

"Belong!" is the cry of the cults. "Don't show the world you have a mind and ideas of your own."

Some people mistake individualists for exhibitionists. But an exhibitionist is way out in his habits, and he uses the pretext that he wants to be different when it's only attention he seeks.

An individualist acts differently from the run-of-the-mill cult members because he wants to be himself and have a bit of peace.

According to the laws of the cults, if you appreciate jazz or folk-songs, you are a jazzie; if you dress expensively and drive a white sports-car, you're a socy. If you drive a hot-rod car or ride a surfboard, you are branded as a rocker or surfer.

Those who don't dig any of these things are just plain square or socially unacceptable creeps.

When is all this rot going to end and teenagers become individuals instead of a lot of blind sheep following a cult?—Pennie Stanton, Epping, N.S.W.

Rebels v. squares

IF people don't want to be branded a square when they say they like both rock and jazz, they should say that they're rebels.

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

There's a difference between a square and a rebel, because the rebels are fast becoming a separate group all by themselves. They can buy what they want of rock, surf, and jazz records, clothes, etc., and turn rocker or jazzier whenever the occasion arises without a fuss.

They are admired for their individualism, and respected because of the freedom with which they buy just whatever takes their fancy—unlike the rockers and jazzers. —"Babs," Mount Waverley, Vic.

Original zot?

READING the letter from "A Zot" (T.W. 19/2/64) I wondered how and where the term zot could have originated as a group name for those who didn't bleach their hair, but liked surf, rock, and jazz music.

Because of my name, about two years ago I was nicknamed "Zot" by my friends at school. Could I have been the original? —Zoltan Fabo, Bathurst, N.S.W.

Mum swooned, too

I AM 16 years of age and (without any apologies) a real Beatle-maniac. My parents cannot understand my feelings and consider me verging on a state of delinquency.

Yet my grandmother has told me, not once but many times, that my

mother was the worry of her life 20-odd years ago when, as a bobbysoxer, she "threw decorum to the winds" and swooned whenever she heard a Frank Sinatra record. —A.D., Malvern, Vic.

Unfair on hair

NAPOLEON, Caesar, and other great men had strange haircuts like The Beatles. Yet prior to The Beatles' popularity nothing was said at school about boys who preferred long haircuts because these suited them.

But now these boys, who may have no desire to look like a Beatle, have the headmaster on their backs all the time. Any boy who has a hairstyle even approaching a Beatle-cut is made to have his hair cut. —"Longhair," Tas.

Best brother

COMING from his kid sister this might sound odd, but I think I have the nicest brother in the world.

I am too young to date boys, but occasionally go to socials and parties. This brother of mine has a girlfriend who is really terrific and we all get on well together.

My brother notices that I am sometimes lonely, as we lack teenagers in our neighborhood, and often offers to take me out. We go to the pictures, picnics, the beach, and just about everywhere.

Last week he asked me to go out with his girlfriend and himself. I've never enjoyed myself so much. He then decided to take me more often, and his girlfriend says she doesn't mind.

Do any other teenagers think so well of their brothers or sisters? —Joanne Tretmore, North Perth.

Against English

I AM concentrating on a science course, and I hope to study Pharmacy at a university in later years. I cannot see the value of English to the many students who, like me, are concentrating on other subjects.

I wish someone would tell me why English is compulsory for the Leaving.—Graeme Gaunt, Belmont, N.S.W.

Mats for pin-ups

WHEN we moved recently I was disappointed that I could not put up my pin-ups because we went into a house whose rooms had recently been painted.

However, I soon solved my problem by buying a couple of beach mats at a chainstore, sticking the photos on them and hanging the mats from the picture-rail.

This method also has another point in its favor. If we move again all I'll have to do is take the mats from the wall, roll them up, and rehang them.—"Elvis Fan," Too-woomba, Qld.

Giving up seats

WHY is it that students must give up their seats to people often little older than themselves? Certainly we are younger and upholding the honor of our schools, but I feel that in many cases we work as hard as the adults.

What do other teenagers think about giving up seats? —Sue Vincombe, North Adelaide.

Gay nails

HERE is a hint for girls on how to make their fingernails go gay for a party.

Paint your nails with polish (it can be clear or colored), and while it is still wet sprinkle them with silver glitter.

When they dry you have gleaming nails.—Margaret Brunton, Warwick, Qld.

Next week . . .

• A teenage girl who runs her own sheep stud gets a record price for her wool. • An art student's paintings of a cave-exploring expedition to the Nullarbor Plain. • The latest pin-up of Gerry Marsden, who, with his Pacemakers, will tour Australia in April.

French oral rule

THE French oral test in the L.C. examination carries a bonus of five marks and is supposed to be open to any student of French.

However, several high schools, including the one I attended for the Leaving, have adopted the practice of stopping all but the better students from sitting for the oral.

This is unfair in two ways.

It prevents students who may need the extra marks to make the difference between pass and failure from even attempting to gain them.

Furthermore, it automatically disqualifies many students from studying French at university, as Sydney University requires a pass in the oral.

Though it is possible that some of the debarred students would not pass the oral, anyway, it still remains that they have been unfairly deprived of a chance of extra marks.—*David Grant Reeve, Smithfield, N.S.W.*

Holiday pay-off

WITH the money I earned at a Christmas holiday job I have paid for my own driving lessons, bought a steam and dry iron, a new automatic sewing-machine, and all my clothes.

My brother bought a pop-up toaster and all his own clothes.

I think most teenagers are good savers and generous with their money. What did others do with their money? — "Saver," *Camp Hill, Qld.*

Cool idea

I WONDER if anyone has had this idea yet? To cool down a bit on a hot night I take a hot-water bottle to bed filled with iced water. It helps.—*L. Jantscher, Salisbury, S.A.*

Baby no more

THERE are eight children in our family and I am the youngest. The thing that annoys me most is that I am called "Bub." When I am introduced to people my brothers and sisters always say, "And this is the baby of the family."

Why can't they say that I'm the youngest, that's

what I'd like to know? Because I am called "Bub" my friends seem to think that I'm spoilt and really I'm not.

How do others who are the youngest of a family cope with this problem?—*Patricia Moore, Palm Beach, Qld.*

Missed homework

HAVING done my Leaving and left school I began to feel the pangs of nostalgia for the good old days of learning. So I have taken up Italian from a self-instructor book, doing a few exercises each evening just as I used to do my French homework.

I find it makes the time pass pleasantly, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that I am learning a new and interesting language.—*T. Polias, Mt. Gambier, S.A.*

BEATNIK



"Take me to your bondleader."

Girl pilots match clothes with plane for air race

● A girl should be as well dressed flying a plane as she is with her feet on the ground, according to two teenage pilots from Adelaide.

TO show what they mean, the girls—Sue Williams and Christine Henderson—are pictured on this week's cover.

Christine, wearing a pink light woollen skirt and top, and Sue, in a blue-and-white shift, were about to take off on a flight.

The girls, both 18-year-olds, will be flying a single-engine Cessna in the Brisbane to Adelaide air race next weekend.

Their aircraft is painted in two tones of blue, and for the race the girls have chosen smart outfits—a dark blue flared skirt, a pale blue high-necked blouse, and a dark blue hip-length jacket.

Sue will pilot the plane, with Christine as co-pilot and navigator.

Of the 170 planes in the race, seven will be piloted by women.

Christine was the youngest woman pilot in Australia when she won her private pilot's licence with the Royal Aero Club

of South Australia in 1962. Sue won hers a year later.

Both are keen to promote more private flying among Australian women.

"It's a wonderful sport," Sue said. "There are many women pilots in other countries, so why can't there be more in Australia?"

"Aero clubs here have a good social atmosphere, and, with all the modern light aircraft about, flying could have a tremendous appeal to women and girls."

"There are no open cockpits to worry about, like in the old days, with oil and grease everywhere. It's just like sitting in a car, and you dress casually and comfortably."

Sue is a full-time student at the University of Adelaide, with her sights set on the twin goals of a science degree and a commercial pilot's licence.

"To study hard at everything you can manage is what all young people

should do, at least until they are sure about their career," she said.

"I've still got a lot of things lined up to try before I decide exactly what my future will be. Flying and science are just two of them."

Christine has a secretarial job with South Australian Air Taxis at the Adelaide Airport and wants to make aviation her life.

Her target is to get a commercial pilot's licence and to become Australia's first woman helicopter pilot.

Christine comes from a flying family. Her elder brother has his own light aircraft, and her elder sister loves parachute jumping.

For Sue, the "flying urge" came about on a holiday a few years ago. She was watching crop-dusters working over a farm and immediately knew that here was something she must try herself.



Makings of a champion

● Within ten years the centre court at Wimbledon may feature 12-year-old Yvonne Goolong, of Barellan, N.S.W.—if tennis coach Vic Edwards' predictions come true.

YVONNE (pictured above) would be a fine representative for Australia—she is part aboriginal, pretty, and charming, and her tennis ability is already outstanding.

"I first saw Yvonne play when she was nine, at the War Memorial Tennis Club in Barellan," Mr. Ed-

wards said. "I could see she had the makings of a champion, and decided to help her to the top."

Since then Yvonne has spent most of her holidays living as one of the family with the Edwards' in their home in Roseville, Sydney. Mr. Edwards gives her intensive coaching, encouraging her to play as much as possible.

This is not hard. Yvonne loves tennis more than anything, and it's difficult to keep her away from the court behind the house.

She stayed with the Edwards' during the last school holidays, and won three State titles to take home to Barellan.

Yvonne won her first tournament when she was nine, and has held so many titles since then that she has lost count of them.

"She's a great little player," Mr. Edwards said. "She practises with my own daughter, Patricia, and together they won the N.S.W. Under 13 Doubles this season."

Yvonne lives next door to a tennis court in Barellan, and has loved the game as far back as she can remember.

"I started off just hitting against a brick wall," she said. "I think I was about four then."

Yvonne will live permanently with the Edwards' when she is 14, finishing off her schooling in Sydney.

She would like to pass her Leaving Certificate, but at present has no ambition other than becoming a champion tennis player.

How to make eggshells into gay

● A gay centre-piece of tulips for the Easter table, little Easter Chicken Carts that the children will love, and Easter Vases, filled with fresh flowers...

EASTER DECORATIONS

THEY are all easily made from eggshells, and very decorative.

You'll soon have as many shells as you need if you save them from eggs used for breakfast, lunch, or dinner.

Or if this isn't enough, suggest a special egg diet for the family for a few days.

Preparing shells

The shells should be broken carefully at the top so that as much shell as possible is retained.

After removing the white and yolk, carefully peel away the skin from inside the shell.

Soak the shells in bowls of water, each strongly colored with as many different food colorings as you require.

The longer you leave the shells soaking, the deeper will be the final color.

Stand the shells on a rack to drain and dry.

Here's how to make the novelties:

Chicken Carts

If there are small children in your family, make lots of these little carts.

Fill them with jelly beans or other gaily colored sweets, and tuck a small gift underneath the sweets.

You'll need: Prepared eggshells, buttons, plasticine, colored pipe-cleaners, small toy cotton chickens (or use small bunnies), coconut, jelly beans or other sweets.

With a little plasticine, place a button on each side of shell to represent wheels.

Place chicken in front of cart, and bend pipe-cleaner around it, with ends stuck into the plasticine.



Fill carts with shredded coconut and jelly beans.

Vases

For the base of the vases, serviette rings or egg-rings (these can be bought at most department stores) can be used; or they're simply made from cardboard, as we suggest below.

You'll need: Prepared eggshells, white cardboard, a few sequins, glue.

Make a stand or collar for each shell with strips of cardboard 1/2 in. wide, 4 in. long; glue ends together. Use glue to stick on a few sequins in decorative patterns.

Half fill shells with water, and place on stands.

Select small fresh flowers, and arrange in vases.

Tulips

Eggshell tulips make a nice centre-piece for the Easter table—and will "keep fresh" indefinitely.

You'll need: About 12 prepared eggshell halves, pipe-cleaners, 1 bunch artificial stamens, gummed tape, 1 roll green crepe paper, small box (about 4 by 3 in.), plasticine or flower clay, novelty Easter chicken (cut from Easter card or magazine).

Cut about a 4 in. strip of crepe paper right through end of roll, and cut a triangular frill along one end. Open out paper and wind around box with frill at top; secure with glue, and glue Easter novelty cut-out on front.

Fill inside of box with plasticine or flower clay.

Tape a small bunch of stamens to the end of each pipe-cleaner. With a hat-pin or skewer, make a small hole in bottom of the eggshell halves, and pull the pipe-cleaner through the hole until stamens are in place.

Wrap a little gummed tape around base, then cover with crepe paper strip (about 1/2 in. wide), rolling from top right down the stem. (This will keep "flower" in position.)

Make a few leaves by cutting long leaf shapes out of crepe paper and securing a pipe-cleaner to the back of each with sticky tape. Bend to desired shape.

Arrange "flowers" and leaves in plasticine or clay.

YOU can study better—part 8

This is the last of a series of articles by Peter O'Meara, Don Shirley, and R. D. Walshe, education experts and authors of "How to Study Better."*

Stop blaming your memory for the work you can't remember! Likely enough you never really learnt the work in the first place. It's your study methods you must examine. As you improve them, your ability to remember will increase steeply — and you will no longer blame your memory.

IMPROVE YOUR MEMORY

● If you have ever used the famous words, "I've got a memory like a sieve," you're on the wrong track.

YOUR ability to remember is probably as good as the next person's. You have been let down by your own faulty learning methods, not by your memory.

In fact, no such thing as a memory exists in the sense of a particular part of the brain that can be strengthened by special exercises.

The psychologists tell us that an ability to remember is the result of a process which has three parts:

- Learning — of new material.
- Retaining — what was learnt.
- Recalling — what is retained.

And psychologists have shown that we can't do much to strengthen the retaining and recalling parts of the process, but we certainly can directly improve our learning ability — we can learn to study better, and our ability to remember will improve accordingly.

Five steps

Here are five learning steps that guarantee efficient remembering:

1. **STRONGLY INTEND TO REMEMBER.** Don't take it for granted that you will remember.

It is essential that as you study you should intend strongly that you will remember — and remember for a lifetime, not just remember until the exam next Monday.

This intention will be

all the stronger if you have discovered an interest in your studies, and if you have made clear-cut goals to succeed.

2. **GET THE MEANING CLEAR.** Don't waste time trying to memorise things that aren't clear to you. They won't stick! Try to get accurate first impressions of a topic. Ask yourself thought-provoking questions.

And if you still don't understand a point, ask your teacher to explain it further. General meanings will stay in mind long after time has blotted out details.

3. **LEARN BY DOING.** Don't think your brain is a sponge that automatically soaks up and holds ideas. You learn best by active methods. Above all, don't just read! Read for a while, then actively recall what you have read.

Half or more of your study should be given to recalling. Other active methods include really looking, really listening, discussing with others, thinking tenaciously, making sketches, and organising good notes and summaries.

4. **ORGANISE GOOD NOTES.** Don't just slap notes into your book haphazardly. Your mind will flinch from scattered, poorly connected data, for the mind is a seeker of patterns.

Select your notes well, strip away all non-essentials, set them down clearly and neatly, and

summarise them several times before exams, making each new summary better than the last.

5. **REVISE! REVISE! REVISE!** Don't leave new work unrevised until the week before the exam. Regular revision makes remembering easy.

At first, the new work should be revised frequently; later, an occasional revision is enough. And remember to intersperse periods of reading with periods of active recall.

Other aids

Here are a number of other useful aids to memorising:

● Put ideas in your own words — don't keep to the words of a teacher or textbook.

● Some things, such as definitions and formulas, must be learnt by heart — write them in a pocket-book or on cards, and refer to them frequently.

● Try to recall a forgotten fact by associating — think of related facts, where you read it, and so on.

● Brush up near bedtime on something you want to memorise (provided you are still fresh) — for this is the proved time for retaining most of what you learn.

Solid revision

Assuming you have kept these articles, we suggest that you apply the methods in this way: read one article every night and decide to apply it consciously next day.

Do this three times over, so that in about a month you have solidly revised

the methods and begun to turn them into habits.

Let us now review the whole series:

1. Make clear goals. They will make your study and your life purposeful, and will keep you alert and eager to learn.

2. Programme your studies. A timetable will arrange each week in a businesslike way so that you will always know when to work and what to work at.

3. Secure good conditions. The right place and conditions will prompt you to start working at once.

4. Speed your reading. You have a lot to read, so learn to read efficiently.

5. Improve your listening. Your listening efficiency can be improved just as much as your reading efficiency.

6. Make better notes. Your note-making skill will largely determine how well you handle exams.

7. Improve your concentration. Do what you can to increase your interest in your studies and to reject distractions.

8. Improve your memory by improving your general study methods.

Don't worry if you can't put all the good ideas about study into operation at once. But do begin at once to apply some of them. You can't fail then to perform better than before at exams.

There is not the least doubt that YOU can study better!

* "How to Study Better," published by Martindale Press, 57 Woronora Crescent, West Como, N.S.W. Price 3/6, plus postage.

**Kerry Yates
joins . . .**

FAN CLUB FOR THE BEATLES

● I thought Beatlemania wasn't catching — until I was initiated as a member of the Australian Beatle Fan Club.

IT all happened so suddenly. Someone produced a huge pair of scissors and cut me a genuine Beatle fringe (I talked them out of a Beatle bob), while someone else pinned a Beatle badge on my new Beatle-neck jumper.

A Beatle boy yelled, "I Wanna Hold Your Hand," when I held out my hand to grab my autographed photo and copy of the "secret statistics" of The Beatles before one of my Beatle colleagues beat me to it. (Did you know that Ringo has a grey streak in

his hair? It's on his right side.)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, I DID want to keep my Beatle pin-up, I told the Beatle girl, who then admitted that she already had 854 pictures of The Beatles, anyway.

"Want to Beatle stomp?" asked a boy (and if he wasn't John Lennon's twin I'll volunteer for a Beatle bob). "It's just the old stomp, but you shake your head like mad so your hair falls all over your face."

All this happened at the

first meeting of the Australian Beatle Fan Club, at Beatle Village, a Sydney stomp hall.

It was attended by about 120 girls and 80 boys.

One of the boys was Beatle Paul McCartney's cousin, but as soon as the word got around he was mobbed—and ran for his life.

Many of the girls had true Beatle haircuts, and most had long Beatle fringes hanging down to their eyebrows.

Some girls wore Beatle shirts with "Yeah, Yeah, Yeah—The Beatles" or just a huge beetle painted on the back. Others wore black polo-neck Beatle jumpers, and some wore the Fan Club's uniform (pictured below).

BEATLE FANS do the Beatle Stomp at the first meeting of the club to the music of the D-Men, who wore Beatle wigs and black velvet jackets.

The fans are saving to buy long leather boots with Cuban heels for when The Beatles come to Sydney.

The boys wore anything from jeans and Beatle-jumpers to smart black trousers, polo-neck sweaters, and Beatle-cut jackets, and a couple added "Lennon" caps.

The band, The D-Men, who claimed to come from Liverpool (Sydney), were a sensation with the fans. They were really swinging and played Beatle hits non-stop. I must have

● Cont'd on page 11



FAN CLUB UNIFORMS worn at left by Marie Holmes (left), Angela Letchford (centre), and Cheri Gardiner, are blue denim Beatle-cut jackets and matching skirts (or shorts) with cotton emblems of Beatle pin-ups sewn all over them. ABOVE: To initiate Kerry Yates, Angela cuts her Beatle fringe while Marie pins on her badge.

Supplains, to The Australia, Woe

— April 1, 1964

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CLOTHES FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD

● Not many teenagers are lucky enough to own a genuine international wardrobe — but one of them is a pretty 18-year-old Sydney girl, Julie Zerky, of Rose Bay, whose mother and godmother bought the clothes in the world's fashion centres on recent trips. On these pages Julie is shown wearing her favorite garments just before she left to attend a finishing school in Switzerland.



FROM SYDNEY Julie took this easy-to-wear hessian dress with gold braid trim. With gold accessories and a gay scarf, Julie is all set for casual dates and parties. She prefers simplicity in clothes, and hates lots of fuss and frills.

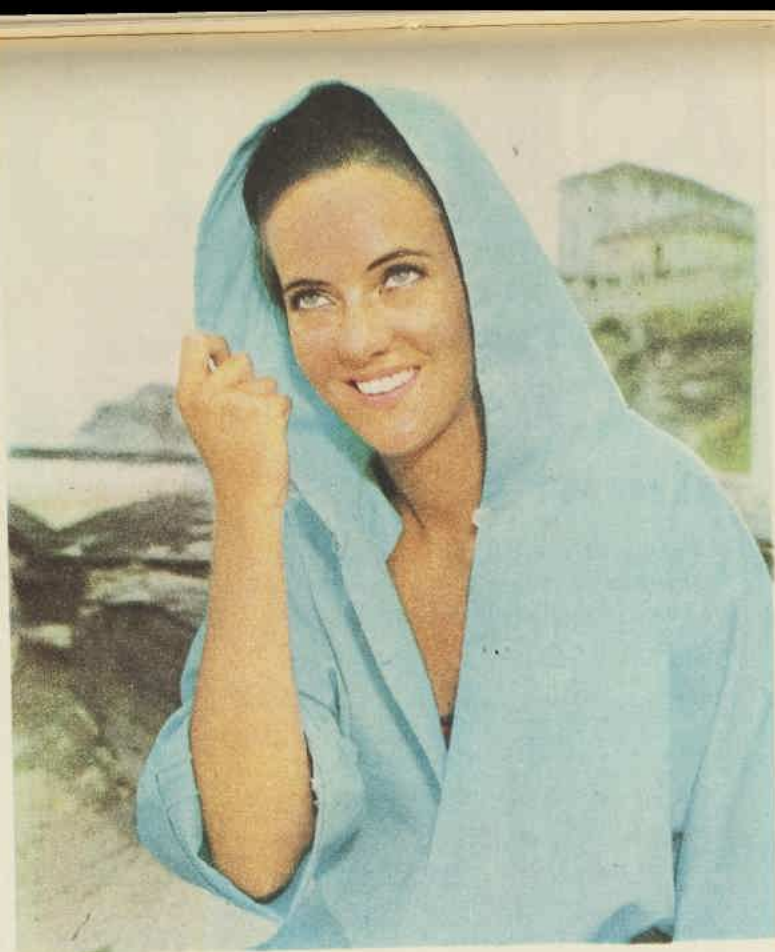
FROM PARIS, this simply styled dress relies on color and cut. Slim fitting, it has a tiny pleated top that blouses over a self-tie belt. Julie finds it ideal for day wear and also wears it on evening dates.

Pictures by staff photographer Barry Cullen.

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FROM SWITZERLAND, a "go anywhere" lightweight knitted suit (below) is washable and practically uncrushable. Julie teams it with a floral blouse that came from Paris.



and shoulder seams. Sew up side fold



FROM HONOLULU came this cute waterproof-hooded jacket. Julie finds it handy for the beach and over shorts and slacks. The hood buttons under the chin and keeps her hair out of the way on days when it's windy

FROM HONOLULU also came these colorful bermuda shorts and matching top. Her unusual medallion is made from a medal presented to her grandfather by Emperor Franz Josef, of Austria, for services to his country, and Julie had it hung on a long gold chain.

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Bob Rogers'

POPLINE

Pretty Tina was born to show biz

● One of the prettiest visitors to Australia in recent weeks was Tina Cole, a young lady with a big future.

TINA replaced Connie Stevens in the "Hawaiian Eye" TV series, and during a break in her Hollywood work flew out to Australia to appear at a Sydney hotel.

Tina was born to show business. Her father is Buddy Cole, the band-leader, and her mother is one of the famous King Sisters.

Previously Tina had only sung with this group, standing-in for her mother from time to time, and felt rather nervous about her first solo performance.

"However, it is good experience and that's just what I need," she confided.

"Working with Troy Donohue and the other stars of 'Hawaiian Eye' was great fun," she went on, "especially the six weeks' location shooting in Hawaii."

Tina said she would like to combine the acting experience she is gaining in television with her singing career to appear in film musicals. "But once I marry," she said, "I plan to give up my career and be a full-time wife and mother."

The entertainment world's loss will be some lucky man's gain, because Tina is a wonderful cook, specialising in French and American dishes.

Strangely enough for a girl of such a musical family, Tina has few friends in show business—

"When I'm at home in San Francisco I spend my spare time with my college friends."

Now that she is back in America Tina hopes to break into the record business. Her first disc will really be worth waiting for.

Roy Orbison coming back

HERE'S exciting news. A letter from Roy Orbison last week in-



TINA COLE

formed me that the star of the recent "Surfside Show" will be back here about the same time next year.

The fantastic reception Roy received at all his concerts completely overwhelmed him, and he is really looking forward to greeting all his fans again.

Folksinger's authentic album

BY far the most authentic folksinging album ever produced in this country is Gary Shearston's "Folk Songs and Ballads of Australia."

With the idea that perhaps the public may be just a little tired of hearing "Waltzing Matilda" and "Click Go the Shears," Gary has selected some lesser-known but equally fine Australian songs, among them "Jim Jones of Botany Bay" and "Reedy River."

One track, "Put a Light in Every Country Window," has been issued as a single with a tune Gary wrote himself, "Who Can Say," on the flipside.

This album is a refreshing change from the usual folk material. There are no phony Americanised backings, no trilling vocal group. It's simply and purely Australian.

WORTH HEARING

BEETHOVEN and SCHUBERT: Symphonies

BEETHOVEN'S fifth symphony and Schubert's "Unfinished" are probably the two main contenders for the title of the world's most popular symphony. So it is not altogether a surprising coincidence to find them paired on two currently available discs.

Both of these are low-price reissues: one, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Charles Munch, is in the R.C.A. Victrola series; the other is a Universal Record Club release, with Artur Rodzinsky conducting the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of London.

One of the chief reasons for the unflagging popularity of these two works is perhaps the fact that each shows the composer in his most characteristic mood—or at any rate the mood that we like to think is characteristic.

The Beethoven symphony is dramatic, defiant, and explosively emphatic, with interludes of tenderness and grotesque humor. The two surviving movements of the Schubert (it is possible that the later movements were completed but lost) show him in a romantic, lyrical vein, in which joy and melancholy seem to intermingle.

Both recordings have their virtues, but the Boston is hard to beat for richness and technical excellence.

— MARTIN LONG

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Funny name, fine record

THE most exciting new folk group to come along in several years is The Serendipity Singers—seven boys and two girls, all former students at Colorado, U.S., University.

They have an unusual name and an unusually fine record.

The name, Serendipity, means the art of making accidental and happy discoveries. The record is called "The Crooked Little Man."

It is the best novelty to come along since "Puff the Magic Dragon." The record is out now, on Philips.

Quietest Mersey disc

THE Mersey Beat, which was born in Britain several years ago in Liverpool's famous Cavern Club, is a driving, noisy sound.

Strangely enough, a new group on the Liverpool scene calling themselves The Mersey Beats has come up with a pretty ballad titled "I Think of You."

This must be the quietest record ever recorded by Liverpudlians. It is also one of the best.

The boys responsible for this new hit are Tony Crane, Aaron Williams, Billy Kinsley, and John Banks, all around 19.

Their disc is currently high on the English charts and is sure to repeat that success in Australia. Be listening for it!

Sure shots

"Cry For a Shadow," The Beatles; "Trapeze Waltz," Sydney Torch; "Since I Fell For You," Lenny Welch.



GARY SHEARSTON



THE MERSEY BEATS, who bring a quiet sound from Liverpool on their latest record. From left — Aaron Williams, John Banks, Billy Kinsley, and Tony Crane.

LOCAL BEATLE FAN CLUB

● From page 7

hummed "Twist and Shout" a dozen times.

The president of the club, 16-year-old Angela Letchford, told me she thought of forming the club "just for a joke" about two months ago. Now she has more than 3000 members.

She has received about 70 letters a day since the club was announced over the radio, television, and in magazines.

Angela came to Australia from Kent in England three years ago, but never heard of The Beatles until their recording "From Me To You" hit the charts here.

"Then I wrote to the Beatle Fan Club in England for permission to start one out here," she said, "and I got a letter back from The Beatles themselves wishing me good luck."

"Then I asked five of my friends to join a committee, and since we announced the club we've never stopped answering mail."

"Even Mum and Dad help opening the letters, and I've started a shorthand and typing course so I will be able to cope better."

Angela lives at a private home as the children's companion during the week and has only the weekends at home to answer her mail.

"We do get some funny requests," said Angela. "One girl sent a piece of paper, covered in kisses and perfume, and asked us to deliver it to The Beatles."

"My sister, who lives in England, sends me all the latest pictures and information on The Beatles."

"At the moment I'm just dying to receive the Beatle stockings (they have beetles embroidered all over them) she's sent me."

The club's address is 77 Ku-ring-gai Avenue, Turramurra, N.S.W., and it costs 7/- to join. Members receive an autographed Beatle pin-up, a special Beatle badge, and a copy of The Beatles' biography.

On behalf of the Fan Club, Angela sang "Happy Birthday" with 2SM disc jockey Mike Walshe on a special three-hour programme devoted to Beatle George Harrison's recent twenty-first.

And after they'd finished singing Mike asked her if there was anything she'd like to say, and Angela was so excited she said "Happy Christmas" instead of "Happy Birthday, George."

"We bought George a koala and we'll present it to him in Sydney," said Angela. "We plan to buy another to give Paul, who'll celebrate his twenty-first in Australia."

The recording company

for The Beatles in Sydney has promised Angela that she will meet The Beatles in Sydney, so she'll make the presentation then.

At the Beatle Village meeting Angela made a speech, giving fans the latest news on their idols, and she gave Beatle records as prizes.

"What a fabulously gorgeous photo of Paul on that record cover," I heard a girl nearby sigh — and then she whispered to me, "I really love Paul, but so does everyone else, so I pretend that I love George instead!"

I asked a few of the committee what they were before they were Beatle fans. "We were just normal girls," they replied.

And Cheri Gardiner added: "My mother doesn't mind. She has a Beatle fringe, too, and she's just as mad about them as I am."

I asked a group of fans if they had any special plans for when The Beatles come to Sydney in June.

"I just want to touch Ringo's hair," one said. Another sighed, "Oh, just to breathe the same air as Paul."

A Beatle-hobbed girl with a beetle-brooch and beetle-pendant on her beetle-embroidered jumper said, "I'm going to make the front line, even if I have to camp at the airport for four days before they arrive."

and shoulder teams. Sew up side

THREE BECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

TEENA *hills*



TOPS IN SPORT

Comeback after injury

BY CYNTHIA ROBINSON

● Dark horses are often the best bets, as Victoria's Brenda Jones proved in Rome in 1960 when she was the only Australian woman athlete to win an Olympic medal.

HER surprising success in streaking into second place in the 800-metres middle-distance running event provided a silver lining to the otherwise cloudy set of Australian performances.

It also provided Brenda with the inspiration to keep running faster, yet faster, in the hope that one day she might add some world records and gold medals to her silver award.

"Standing on the victory dais in Rome to receive my silver medal was the most thrilling moment in my life," tall 26-year-old Brenda said recently.

"Nobody expected me to get a place, least of all me. I'd expected to get into the finals, but if anyone had told me I'd win a silver medal I'd have laughed."

Brenda, a typist-clerk, decided to go to England soon after the Olympics to gain more experience.

Not long after she reached there, however, she tore an Achilles tendon, and had to hang up her running shoes until she arrived back home less than two years ago.

"Still, injuries are all part of sport," she said, "and you just have to overcome them and start winning races again."

And that's just what Brenda has been doing.

Though she was unable to regain form in time for last season she has been making up for it in no mean manner in this pre-Olympic season.

Her solid winter training first showed signs of paying off in Brisbane in September when she won the Australian women's cross-country championship of 1½ miles.

Brenda, whose training programme includes a five-mile run each night, started her sporting career at the Yallourn High School, where she was sprint champion.

She soon switched to middle-distance running, however. "I wasn't setting the world on fire as a sprinter," she explained. "And I realised that in sprinting you could run for a hundred years and not improve your times."

"Middle-distance running is different. If you're prepared to work at it and you're not dogged by injury, you can improve all the time."

Brenda's middle-distance career got off to a flying start when, in 1954, in her first year in competition, she set Australian and Victorian half-mile records.

She held these records right through till 1959



BRENDA JONES, who is training hard for selection as Australia's half-miler at the Tokyo Games.

when they were broken by Dixie Willis.

Today Brenda runs in 440yds., 880yds., and mile events, as well as the cross-country.

Her short-term ambition is to hit top form again, and to have the chance of beating the world's leading women half-milers at the Tokyo Olympics.

Her long-range ambition

is to compete in the 1968 Mexico City Olympics over twice that distance!

For Brenda enjoys running the mile distance more than any other, and she is hopeful that the magic mile for women will be introduced to the 1968 Games programme for the first time.

NEXT WEEK: Peter Macken.

Beauty in brief:

FIGURE BUILD-UP

IF you are truly a slender, string-bean figure type, you will know that your goal toward figure perfection will be to add a firm roundness to your lean lines — but in moderation, please.

One of the most slender actresses in motion pictures and the theatre is Audrey Hepburn, who has an enviable, super-slim figure for wearing clothes magnificently.

Audrey is excessively slim of hip and thigh and, in the considered opinion of some people, is a good deal too small in the bust. However, she certainly would not be such a striking fashion figure with more rounded curves.

There's no question that, in time, you can firm or slightly increase thin areas of the body by exercise, speci-

fically at the calves and inner thighs and upper arms. In my book, the waist, outer thighs, buttocks, and hips cannot be too slender.

Of course, slenderness is not to be confused with scrawniness.

Rounding out your figure proportions through correct exercise is essential. Gaining weight through increasing your food intake, the other "must," is comparatively simple.

With both actions put into practice, the problem of being skinny can eventually be overcome.

Include foods high in carbohydrates in your daily diet. Eat between meals. Enjoy desserts. Make a point of having complete meals in pleasant, tranquil surroundings. — CAROLYN EARLE.

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Marriage ban

TEN years ago my parents adopted a boy a year older than myself. Since then we have come to love each other very much. This is not just a brother-and-sister love but the real thing. I am now 20 and he is 21. We have tried to reason with our parents, but they only laugh at us. We have reached the point where we cannot stand it any longer. Would it be legally possible for us to marry if his adoption was annulled?

"Worried," Vic.

I'm afraid you have to face the fact that you can never marry each other. The Commonwealth Marriage Act states that "permission may not be granted for a brother to marry his adopted sister or a sister to marry her adopted brother."

An order to annul the adoption would make no difference whatsoever. As far as the application of the Marriage Act is concerned, "a person who has been adopted by another person shall be deemed to remain the adopted child of that person, notwithstanding any order . . . by which the adoption has been annulled."

You will probably find it difficult to be objective enough to understand the social and psychological purpose of the legislation that prohibits the marriage.

The purpose of adoption is to bring a child within a family as if he were a blood member of it and to govern his relationships with the other members accordingly.

So strong is this purpose that the adoption is regarded as incapable of annulment in so far as it prevents him from marrying an (adopted) parent or an (adopted) sister.

You must convince your parents that the situation is no laughing matter—that in the circumstances it is extremely unwise for you both to continue to live at home.

As your adopted brother is 21, it seems more reasonable that he should be the one to leave home, but you'll have to decide that, according to which of your careers would be most affected by a change of job—because the move

should be to another town at least. The more distance between you for the time being the easier it will be for both of you to blot out this romantic feeling for one another.

This might seem drastic action to take, but could save you a great deal of unhappiness in the long run.

Sentimental bloke

WHEN I was ten, since my parents had a business miles from nowhere in Victoria, my elder brother and I were sent to a Catholic College for five years, seeing our parents only three times a year. Naturally I missed home-life, but eventually became hardened to being away, I suppose. During this time I experienced no social life whatsoever, and didn't even learn to dance until I was 17. After college I matriculated at a co-educational school, and, of course, I was confused and bewildered at

even seeing a girl at close range. From school I went into Dad's business, but this did not work out, as I want to teach. During this time I met a very lovely girl, my first date—I am 21, she is 18. Now I have left home and am going teaching, with my former headmaster standing as surety, since my parents refused. My parents saw to it that the girl had no more to do with me. I just don't know how to get along with other girls. I just feel stupid and utterly confused. Along with this I am a big bloke, and pretty heavy, but not too fat. I'm not really good-looking, enjoy others' company, and love people in general. I still cannot dance too well, but am trying hard. I'm going to Teachers' College very soon and am bound to meet girls."

"R.B.," N.S.W.

Teachers' College is the best thing that could happen to you socially, as you are certain to meet any number of nice girls who are very likely to enjoy your company.

Sometimes men tend to think that looks and social graces are much more important to women than they really are. Most girls are just delighted to find a nice, good-natured boy who is good company — they aren't looking for Cary Grant or Cliff Richard.

As for the dancing, why not turn the handicaps into an asset? The fact that you can't dance well could be a conversation-starter. Teachers love to teach. A light-footed lass may decide you are just the lad she has been looking for to teach to dance!

A word from Debbie . . .

• Do you know how to "pack up and go" on a vacation without any trouble? It's really very easy once you know how.

THE first thing to remember is to take only essentials — so plan a basic wardrobe which will meet your needs for the most important occasions.

Put all the clothes you're taking on your bed before you start packing.

First, put the heavy or bulky items at the bottom of your case.

Pack your shoes heel to toe, and use the space inside them for small things like gloves, belts, sports socks, and jewellery. Pack each pair of shoes in a plastic bag so you won't spoil your other clothes.

Small garments such as jumpers, blouses, and swimsuits can be folded and placed on top of your shoes.

Those made of non-wrinkling fabric can be rolled to fill the gaps.

Try to get each layer of clothes to the same height so

that there are no bumpy mounds.

Dresses, suits, and coats go in last, but before folding them cover them with tissue paper and fold the paper with the garment. Saves many a wrinkle.

Take hair shampoo in bubble form, and pack creams, lotions, and other spillable items in tightly stoppered plastic containers.

Pack your toilet articles in a waterproof bag and tuck into a corner of your case where you'll be able to find it easily for a quick freshen-up on arrival.

Don't forget some rollers, pins, and hairspray for an occasional quick redo, and a couple of large, pretty scarves to protect your locks from the wind.

Add a couple of paperbacks for travel and bedtime reading, and you should be all set for a fabulous holiday.

Multiple crush

"WE are four very beautiful girls who are aged 16. Our problem is that we are very deeply in love with our French teacher, who is 31. He is a divorcee, but we do not think this is of any great importance. However, we don't know which one he really likes, but he pays more attention to us than to any other girls. Please tell us what to do, as we are certain that this is not infatuation."

"Young Hopefuls," Qld.

I would like to think your letter is just a joke, but in case you are actually serious I hasten to say that this multiple approach is enough to frighten even a Frenchman.

The poor man pays attention to your foursome because either you are good students or you need to improve drastically. When in French class, pay attention to the lesson and don't waste time mooning over the teacher.

P.S. Who decided you were beautiful?

Take your pick

"UNTIL recently I was going steady, but when this broke up I started going out with other boys. I have a girl-friend in Sydney whose boy-friend recently visited my town and took me out. As he is a very nice type of boy and appears to like me, I would like to see more of him. He says he is not going steady with my girl-friend, but he takes her out occasionally, and she is in love with him. When I mentioned him in a letter to her, she became upset. I'm sure she'll end our friendship if I don't stop seeing this boy. I like him too much to give him up, but don't want to lose my friend."

"Worried," N.S.W.

You'll just have to decide — carefully — which friendship you value most. You shouldn't need me to tell you that you can't have your cake and eat it, too.

Distant admirer

"I AM a rather shy boy of 16. A year ago I met a girl at school. I got to know her a little at school, and went to several parties where she was. I liked her very much and had reason to believe she liked me. I often noticed her looking at me in school, and at one party I went to she came and sat next to me. When I plucked up enough courage to ask her for a date, I was so nervous and shy that I didn't know what to talk about, and it was a flop. A week later I heard she was going with another boy, so I didn't ask her out again. After they broke up about a month later, she still seemed to like me. I asked her for another date, but I was still shy and it didn't go too

CLICK GO THE DEARS — BAA-H!

- The shears that go click should be handled also by she shearers.

YES, Senator Nancy Buttfield suggested in Parliament recently that woman should be employed to help counter a shortage of shearers.

"I'm sure they could do it," she said.

"Women have never failed to do any type of work when called upon."

(I know a few who won't do any work unless called upon!)

It's an interesting suggestion. Girls, of course, could do the job efficiently. They've been adept at pulling the wool over our eyes, and fleecing, for centuries.

And there's no reason why a lass should not be quite a dab at being a tar boy.

But I wonder how male shearers would react? And what about the sheep?

Fellow shearers (male ones) would have to take care to keep their hair on. Literally.

I mean, what would happen if a girl-shearer said, accidentally, to a bloke, "Be a lamb . . .?"

With women in the shearing-shed I suppose there would be new romantic pop songs.

Numbers like "Merin-O, You Beautiful Doll," "I Only Have Eyes for Ewe," "I've Got You Under My Skein," etc.

Actually, the lassies Senator Buttfield suggests are nothing new. There have been famous predecessors.

What about Norma Shearer?

Some girls, of course, would find the idea of shearing unacceptable.

A money-conscious girl would object to being in a clip-joint.

And a snobbish girl would not like to be in a shed with just male sheep.

All rather non-ewe, y'know.

— Robin Adair

well. So I decided to forget her, but when I went back to school after the holidays I found I liked her as much as ever. I think she still likes me, but I'm afraid she may be tired of my holding back."

"Confused," A.C.T.

I should think she would be! She must be very interested to give you all this encouragement. It's quite understandable to be nervous with a girl you're keen on but don't know too well.

For heaven's sake, ask her out again and this time get some topics set in your mind that you'll be able to bring up if conversation lags — women love to hear men talk about sport, politics, mechanical things, since it makes them feel very feminine and think you're terribly manly.

She's probably keen enough to help you along over the rough spots, so just keep asking her out, and if she keeps accepting you'll be right as soon as you relax, which is inevitable if you see her enough.

Tip for the future: Don't decide not to ask a girl out just because you've "heard she was going with another boy." Who knows—she may just be filling in time until you come round! Let her tell you herself if she won't go.

- Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

and shoulder seams. Sew up side.

THREE BECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

BRIAN POOLE and THE TREMELOES



Page 16 — Teenagers' Weekly

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — April 1, 1964

FOLD OUT AND FOLD ALONG THIS LINE



Feather Foundation, 11/9; Feather Finish, 10/6; Lipstick, refills, 9/11; Eye Shadow, 12/9; and 9/3; Eye Liner, 19/6 and 8/3.



it's young, it's sulky, it's Yardley!

Wool's sulky colours are sensational news. So are Yardley's equally new, equally devastating lip colours. There's Crazy Coral, Sulky Pink, Pink Bamboo, Tomboy . . . sixteen in all. They're moisturized, too, to keep your lips petal fresh all day long . . . and every shade is specially blended to compliment Wool's new "sulky" look. And, because the sulky look throws the spotlight

on your eyes, Yardley has created a completely new Eye Shadow Stick. It's magical! Softer, easier to apply. Yardley has an Eye Liner, too, complete with its own self sharpener, to add that touch of intrigue. *P.S.* To put your best face forward, start with Yardley Feather Foundation, a powder base as creamily textured as your own skin. Then add flower-soft Yardley Feather Finish.

Yardley

Hawaiian Meat Cakes



FRYMASTA 100% VEGETABLE

Fries food golden crisp . . .

MEAT CAKES: Serving for 5 to 6 people. 1½ lb. pork or hamburger mince. 1 egg. Salt and pepper. 1 tablespoon grated onion. ½ teaspoon mixed herbs. FRYMASTA for frying.

METHOD: Blend all ingredients together, mix well, shape into cakes with floured hands. Dip in plain flour, beaten egg and breadcrumbs. Fry in FRYMASTA until golden

brown. Serve on slightly fried pineapple slices with deep fried potato curls or chips. Garnish with grilled tomato halves, topped with grated cheese and parsley and celery curls.

SAUCE, if required: 1 tablespoon FRYMASTA. Medium onion, finely diced. 4 tablespoons Tomato Sauce. 4 tablespoons water. 1½ level tablespoons sugar. ½ teaspoons

Worcestershire Sauce. ¼ cup lemon juice. 1 level teaspoon prepared mustard. 1 level teaspoon salt. Pepper to taste.

METHOD: Heat FRYMASTA in saucepan, gently saute the onion until tender, add remaining ingredients and simmer gently for 10/15 minutes. Do not cover saucepan. Serve over Meat Cakes and Pineapple.



VEGETABLE OILS PTY. LTD. P.S. Ideal frying temperature 360-370 degrees.

Out of the frypan

● The frypan is possibly the most versatile of kitchen appliances, producing a range of delicious dishes from soups, to main-course meals, to glamorous desserts.

MODERN frypans are so attractive in design it is possible to serve food at the table out of the frypan on to serving plates.

It's an advantage, too, to be able to keep the main dish warm, right at the table, ready for second helpings.

You can dial the exact heat you want — so it's simple to turn out a range of dishes from golden-brown fried chicken to savory, slow-simmered stews. It can be used to saute for one-dish meals, for stewing, simmering, warming buns, or for hot desserts.

For special desserts, the frypan can be used as a chafing-dish; in front of your hungry family or guests, you can ladle the hot juices over the rich mellowness of Bananas Au Rhum or over a colorful Apricot-Orange Compote.

Here are some exciting recipes you may not have tasted before.

Quantities given will serve 4 to 6.

All spoon measurements are level and the eight-liquid-ounce measure has been used.

Where flour is an ingredient in recipes plain flour is used unless otherwise specified.



CHICKEN CHARWANA SAUTE

One frying chicken (about 3 to 3½ lb.), flour, 1 clove garlic (finely chopped), ¼ cup oil, ½ lb. fresh mushrooms (thinly sliced), ¼ cup chopped parsley, 1 cup dry white wine, salt, pepper.

Cut chicken into sections for serving, roll in flour. Fry garlic in the heated oil in frypan, add chicken pieces, and brown on all sides, turning frequently. Remove the chicken and keep hot. Saute mushrooms in remaining oil in frypan, add chopped parsley and wine. Season mixture, then replace chicken. Cover and simmer about 40 minutes or until chicken is tender, basting frequently. Serve hot.

HOT APRICOT-ORANGE COMPOTE

Half pound dried apricots, ½ lb. dessert prunes, brown sugar, 2 oranges (peeled and sliced), 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, pinch ground cloves, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 2 tablespoons port wine (optional).

Soak apricots overnight or for a few hours in water to cover. Cook with water in heated frypan until almost tender, sweetening to taste with brown sugar. Add oranges, orange peel, cloves, butter, and the 2 tablespoons brown sugar, and port wine. Heat together thoroughly, do not boil. Ladle while hot into sweets bowls. Sprinkle extra brown sugar on top of each serving if desired.

ALPINE STEAK

Half cup flour, 1 tablespoon dry mustard, salt, pepper, 2½ lb. round steak, 2 tablespoons oil, 1 lb. skinned and chopped tomatoes, 2 large sliced onions, ¼ cup sliced celery, 2 carrots (cut into thin rings), 1 cup stock or water, 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, hot cooked rice.

Cut the steak into individual size portions. Mix flour with mustard, salt and pepper, sprinkle meat with mixture and pound it into the steak with a meat pounder, a potato-masher, or rolling pin. Brown meat in hot oil in frypan. Add tomatoes, onion, celery, carrot, sauce, sugar, and stock; season with salt and pepper. Cover and cook very slowly about 1 to 1½ hours or until meat is tender. Stir occasionally while cooking. Garnish with slivered almonds. Serve with hot cooked rice.

CHINESE CELERY-BEEF

Half bunch celery, 1½ lb. rump steak, 2½ tablespoons soy sauce, 1 tablespoon sherry, 1 teaspoon sugar, 3 tablespoons oil, 1 teaspoon salt, hot cooked rice.

Cut meat into thin slices against the grain. Wash celery, cut into diagonal slices rather larger than meat. Heat 1 tablespoon oil in frypan. Add celery; cook, stirring, 2 to 3 minutes, remove from pan. Mix meat with 1½ tablespoons soy sauce, sherry, and sugar. Add remaining oil to pan and heat; add seasoned meat and cook, stirring, just until meat changes color. Add celery and remaining soy sauce, cook further 2 to 3 minutes. Serve with green sliced beans. Serve over hot rice.

PRAWN JAMBALAYA

Two large onions (finely chopped), 1 clove garlic (crushed), 1 green pepper (chopped), 1 cup diced cooked ham, 2oz. butter, 2 chicken bouillon cubes, 1½ cups boiling water, dash each cayenne, cloves, and nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon thyme, 1½ teaspoons salt, ¼ cup chopped parsley, 3 cups canned or chopped fresh tomatoes, 2 bottles oysters and liquid, 1 lb. cooked prawns (shelled), 2 cups cooked rice.

Saute onion, garlic, green pepper, and ham in butter in frypan. Cook until vegetables are just tender. Meanwhile dissolve bouillon cubes in hot water. Add to vegetables with seasonings, parsley, and tomatoes. Bring to boil, then simmer 10 minutes. Add oysters and liquid, and the prawns. Simmer 3 minutes. Then bring to boil, stir in rice. Cover, turn off heat, and let stand 5 minutes.

FROM PAN, or in pan, to table come Alpine Steak, Jiffy Fried Rice, Chicken Charwana, and Apricot-Orange Compote. Recipes are given below.

TOMATO EGG-DROP SOUP

Six chicken bouillon cubes, 5 cups water, 1 large can tomato puree, sprinkling garlic salt, sprinkling celery salt, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1½ teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ¼ cup cold water, 1 egg (beaten), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Dissolve bouillon cubes in boiling water in frypan. Add tomato puree, garlic and celery salts, and butter. Bring to a boil, then simmer about 10 minutes. Blend cornflour with sugar, salt, pepper, and cold water. Stir slowly into hot tomato mixture. Cook, stirring occasionally, until smooth and slightly thickened. Reduce heat, slowly pour in the beaten egg, stirring constantly until egg separates into shreds (about 1 or 2 minutes). Turn off heat. Sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serve at once.

JIFFY FRIED RICE

Six cups cooked rice, 4 tablespoons oil, 1 cup sauteed sliced mushrooms, 1 cup chopped shallots, 1 green or red pepper (finely chopped), 1 teaspoon fresh ginger, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, slivered almonds (optional).

Heat oil in frypan, add cooked rice and fry until lightly browned, turning constantly. Add mushrooms, shallots, green or red pepper, and ginger and cook for 3 minutes. Then break in eggs and continue to cook and stir until eggs are set. Season with soy sauce and salt if necessary. Add slivered almonds if you wish. Serve hot.

STRAWBERRIES FLAMBE

Rind of 1 lemon, rind of 2 oranges, juice of 2 oranges, 2 boxes strawberries, ¼ cup sugar, ¼ cup brandy, vanilla ice-cream (bought or home-made).

Add lemon and orange rind to sugar and juice. Cook slowly in frypan for 5 minutes, pressing rind with spoon to get all the flavor possible. Remove rind, add berries, carefully washed and dried. Spoon syrup gently over them until they are coated with it. Pour brandy over and set aflame. Serve over vanilla ice-cream.

Continued overleaf



CHINESE Celery-Beef is an exotic and impressive dish which can be cooked in minutes. Recipe is given on this page.

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

Out of the frypan *Continued*

ORCHARD PORK CHOPS

Six large shoulder or loin pork chops (cut about 1 in. thick), salt, pepper, 1 cup seedless raisins, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 cup chopped green pepper, 1 finely chopped onion, 1½ cups chopped apple, 1½ cups cider, paprika, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 tablespoons water.

Trim off excess fat from pork chops. Slit chops through from side to bone, so forming little pocket; season with salt and pepper. Prepare stuffing — combine raisins, celery, green pepper, onion, and apple; fill slits generously with this stuffing. Place chops in lightly greased and heated frypan, brown on both sides; sprinkle remaining stuffing over them, add cider. Cover and cook slowly about 30 minutes, turn chops, sprinkle with paprika, and continue cooking for an extra 20 minutes or until chops are tender. Remove chops from frypan and thicken liquor with the flour which has been blended with the water. Simmer 5 minutes, season to taste with salt and pepper. Serve the gravy over the chops or separately.

THATCHED COTTAGE PANGAKES

One cup cottage cheese (sieved), 3 eggs (well beaten), 2oz. butter, ½ cup sifted flour, pinch salt, jam, icing-sugar.

Blend cottage cheese with eggs one at a time, then mix in softened butter, sifted flour and salt. Drop by spoonfuls on to hot greased frypan and cook until browned underneath, then turn over and brown other side. Spread with jam or jelly and roll up. Sprinkle with sifted icing-sugar.

FISH FANTASY

One and a half pounds fish fillets, 2oz. butter, juice 1 lemon, salt, pepper, 1 can condensed oyster soup, ½ cup dry sherry, ½ cup tomato juice, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 finely chopped onion.

Season fish fillets with lemon juice, salt and pepper. Heat butter in frypan and brown fish lightly on both sides. Combine soup, sherry, and tomato juice; mix in parsley and onion, and season with salt and pepper. Pour over the fish. Cover and simmer gently about 15 minutes. Serve hot.

BEEFBURGERS BARBECUE-STYLE

One and a half pounds minced lean steak, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, ½ cup milk, salt, pepper, 3 tablespoons oil, 1 finely chopped onion, 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 cup tomato purée, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 6 hot toasted buns.

Combine minced steak, breadcrumbs, milk, salt and pepper; mix well and shape into six flat patties a little larger than size of buns. Heat oil in frypan, add patties, and brown well on both sides. Remove and drain. Sauté the onion in any oil left in frypan, then add sauces, vinegar, sugar, and tomato purée. Return meat patties to frypan, cover, and simmer gently 15 minutes. Serve with hot toasted buns.

PRAWN-FILLED FISH ROLLS

Six large fillets sole (or any other large flat fish desired), salt, pepper, paprika, 1 onion (finely chopped), 1lb. small prawns (shelled), 1 small can mushrooms (drained), or use 4oz. fresh mushrooms (sliced), 2oz. butter, 1 can cream of mushroom soup, ½ cup dry white wine, ½ cup shredded cheddar cheese.

Sprinkle fish fillets with salt, pepper, paprika, and chopped onion. Chop prawns and slice mushrooms, sauté in butter in frypan. Spread mixture over each fish fillet; roll up and fasten with cocktail sticks. Place in greased frypan. Mix together the soup and wine and pour over fish. Sprinkle with cheese. Cover and simmer gently 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot.

BANANAS AU RHUM

Six bananas, flour, 3oz. butter, sugar, ½ cup rum.

Peel bananas, cut in halves lengthwise, and again cut in halves crosswise. Sprinkle lightly with flour. Sauté in the heated butter in frypan until delicately brown. Sprinkle over the sugar and add rum. Allow to warm slightly and set a match to it and allow to flame. Baste bananas with the flaming syrup and serve the dessert at once with cream or ice-cream.

BRAISED VEAL PAPRIKA

Four onions, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 dessertspoon paprika, 2lb. veal steak, 1 green pepper, 1 cup stock or water, salt and pepper to taste.

Slice onions, seed and dice green pepper. Melt butter in frypan, add onions, sauté until light brown. Add veal, cut into 1 in. cubes, and paprika. Brown meat well on all sides. Add green pepper, cover and cook further 5 minutes. Add stock or water, simmer until meat is tender, about 1 to 1½ hours. Add more stock or water to frypan, as needed, to keep 1 cup of liquid in pan. Season to taste. Hot noodles are a good accompaniment.

CHICKEN LIVER RISOTTO

Two ounces butter, 1lb. chicken livers, 1 large onion, 1lb. mushrooms, 1 cup long-grain rice, 2½ cups chicken stock, finely chopped parsley, grated Parmesan cheese.

Chop chicken livers. Melt butter in frypan and brown the chicken livers; remove from pan. Add the onion to the frypan, sauté until transparent; add the chopped mushrooms, cook a few minutes longer. Add the raw rice and stir in. Cook for a few minutes, stirring. Add the hot stock, stir through the rice. Cover frypan and simmer gently until stock is absorbed and the rice is tender, approximately 20 minutes. If necessary, add a little more hot stock if liquid is absorbed before rice is cooked. Stir in the chicken livers and some finely chopped parsley. Serve sprinkled with grated Parmesan cheese.

AMERICAN GRIDDLE CAKES

One large egg, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1½ cups milk, 2 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon sugar.

Beat egg well, combine with milk and melted butter. Add to sifted dry ingredients; beat only until smooth. Pour by spoonfuls into hot, lightly greased frypan. Cook until bubbles appear and burst on top of griddle cakes, then turn and cook on other side.

Pineapple Griddle Cakes: Add 1 cup drained, crushed pineapple to batter. Bake at lower heat in frypan than for basic recipe.

Chocolate Griddle Cakes: Increase sugar to 1-3rd cup. Add 1oz. melted dark chocolate to liquid ingredients. Serve as a dessert, topped with sweetened whipped cream.

SNOW BALLS

Three ounces butter, ½ cup sugar, 3 egg-whites (slightly beaten), 1-3rd cup milk, 1½ cups flour, 1½ teaspoons baking-powder, pinch salt.

Cream butter and sugar together, add egg-whites, then mix in milk gradually. Fold in sifted flour, baking-powder, and salt. Fill into buttered custard cups and place in base of frypan in which has been placed about 2 in. hot water. Cover and cook gently (water just bubbling) until puddings are well risen and set. When cooked, remove from custard cups and roll in icing-sugar. Serve with chocolate sauce.

SAVORY LAMB'S FRY

One young lamb's fry, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, ½ cup flour, ½ cup butter or substitute, 2 cups peeled, chopped tomatoes, 2 green peppers (chopped), 6 small white onions (chopped), hot fluffy rice.

Cut liver into slices, dredge in seasoned flour. Melt butter or substitute in frypan, add liver and cook until well browned. Add tomatoes, onions, peppers. Cover and simmer approximately 20 minutes or until vegetables are cooked and meat is tender. Serve with hot, fluffy rice.

SPANISH BEEF WITH RICE

One pound hamburger steak, ½ cup chopped onions, ½ cup flour, ½ cup butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons oil, 2½ cups skinned, chopped tomatoes, 3 cups cooked rice, ½ teaspoon chilli powder, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper.

Heat oil in frypan, add meat, green pepper, and onions; cook, stirring, until meat is well browned. Add all remaining ingredients and stir well to combine. Set frypan temperature to moderate and cook 20 to 30 minutes. If mixture seems too dry, add a little stock or water during cooking time, stir through.

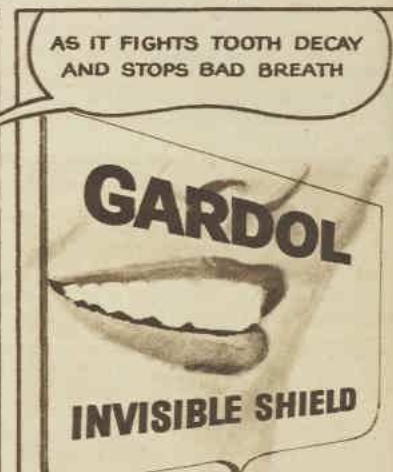
BAKED PEARS WITH MAPLE NUT SAUCE

Three medium-sized fresh pears, cut in halves and cored, ½ cup water, ½ cup maple syrup, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon rind (grated), 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ cup chopped walnuts, ice-cream.

Place pear halves, cut side up, close together in frypan. Combine water, syrup, sugar, lemon rind, and butter; pour over pears. Cover and simmer gently until pears are tender, about 20 minutes. While slightly warm, serve in sweet dishes with some of the syrup spooned over. Top with a scoop of ice-cream, sprinkle with nuts.



LUCKY THIS YOUNG COUPLE KNOW ABOUT COLGATE



New improved **COLGATE DENTAL CREAM** with **GARDOL** STOPS BAD BREATH FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY

Only new, improved Colgate Dental Cream has exclusive GARDOL to stop bad breath and fight tooth decay as no other toothpaste can. And, there's still the same minty flavour you've always liked.



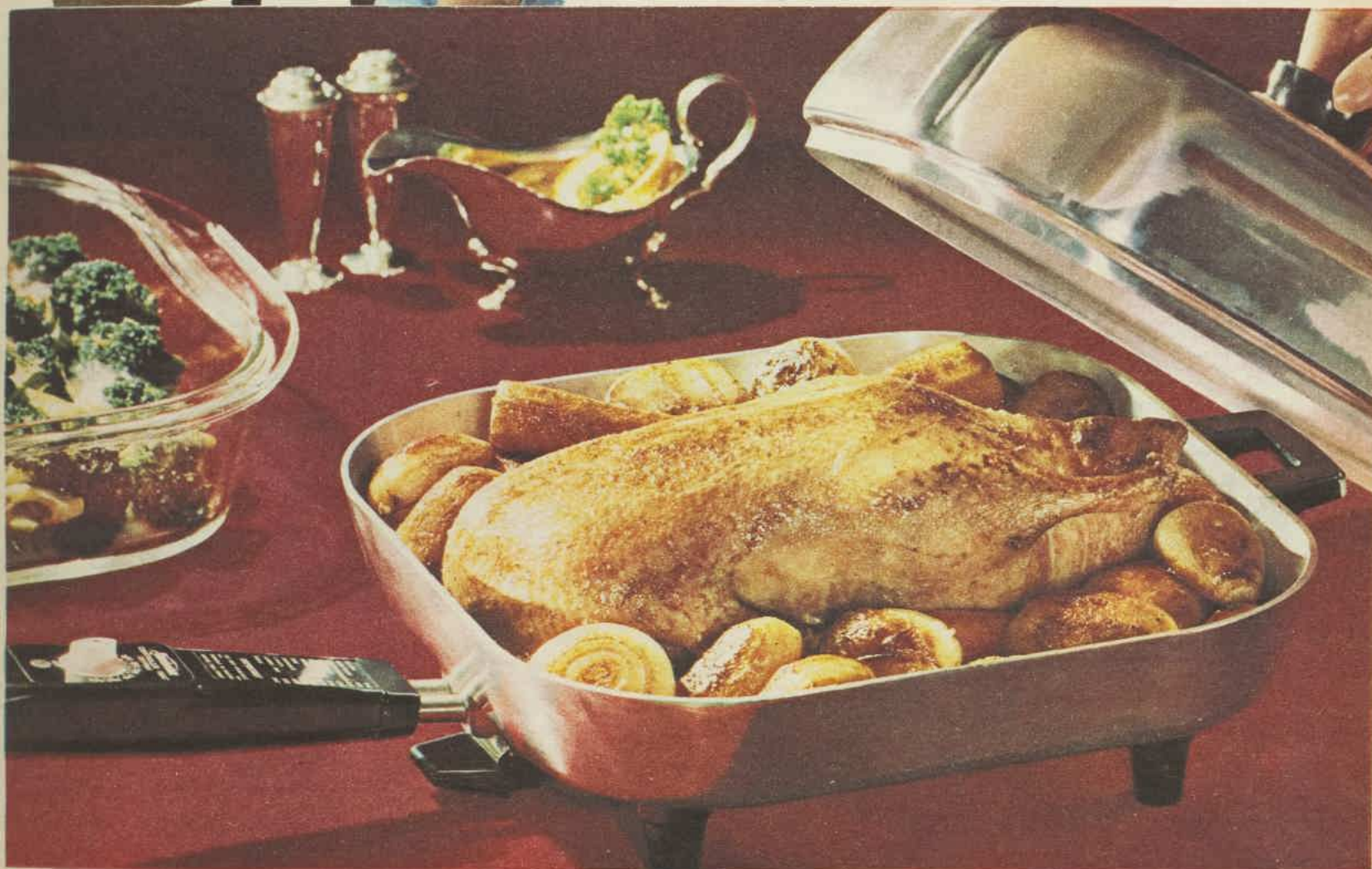
More people buy Colgate than any other Dental Cream

...for Mother's Day



Sunbeam GOURMET FRYPAN

FROM THE PEOPLE WHO MAKE FRYPANS BEST!



Here's a gift that will give her years and years of delicious cooking. This handsome Sunbeam Gourmet Frypan really does everything. It fries, roasts, casseroles, grills — even bakes a cake. And like every Sunbeam it has the Special Automatic Heat Control, the most accurate of them all. Or would she prefer a Frypan that also doubles as a handsome serving dish? Then ask for the Sunbeam Buffet-Gourmet Frypan with the removable heat control. Prices from £12.9.6.



SUNBEAM 2-SPEED BLENDER

It blends, purees, liquefies, grinds — in seconds! Makes all drinks, milk shakes to cocktails. £22.19.6.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 1, 1964



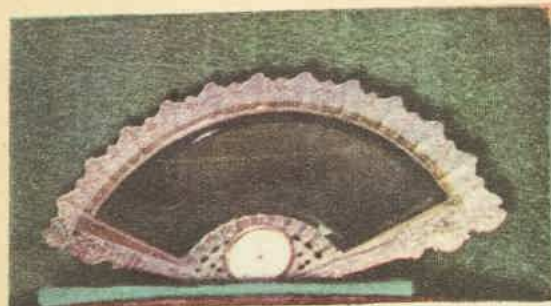
SUNBEAM ELECTRIC CLOCKS

Precision designed for split-second accuracy, with a model for every room in the home. Prices from £4.19.6.



SUNBEAM STEAM or dry IRON

It has special heat settings to let you iron nylon, terylene — all the new fabrics — immaculately and safely. £10.19.6.



● Delicate Victorian mirror clock.

Collectors' Corner

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, gives his opinion on two unusual clocks owned by readers.

Could you please tell me the age of my brass mirror clock which is fan-shaped? A bow and tassel form the stand and it has a brass support at the back. There are no markings.—Mrs. G. C. McHugh, Muttama, N.S.W.

Your mirror clock (left) was made about 1875-85 and is a most unusual example from the Victorian era.

I would appreciate any information you could give me about my clock which I believe is over 100 years old.—Mrs. N. Warren-Smith, East Brighton, S.E. Vic.

Your French clock (right) was made about 1855 (Napoleon III period), and the case is probably of alabaster.



● French clock

HOME HINTS

● Each of these helpful hints sent in by readers wins £1/1/-.

SAVE local and foreign stamps and pack them in cellophane envelopes. They make very good prizes for lucky dips at school and other fetes.—Mrs. A. Small, "Glendoral," 43 River Ave., Chatswood, N.S.W.

Use an ordinary salt-shaker when planting very small seeds such as pansy or poppy seeds, etc. It spreads them evenly and the flow can be regulated by tilting. A salt-shaker is also a good idea when decorating cakes, biscuits and trifles with "hundreds and thousands."—Mrs. E. T. Vertigan, 5 George St., Ulverstone, Tas.

Leather upholstered furniture which has become stained and greasy can be cleaned with a solution of one tablespoon of ammonia and one teaspoon of vinegar to one quart of water. After sponging, apply castor oil and rub in well. Finally, polish with a good cream.—Mrs. D. C. Radford, 42 Maitland St., Mitcham, S.A.

A simple, delicious sweet that makes use of leftover stewed apples: Drain apples, place in greased tin. Cover generously with breadcrumbs, dot with butter, drizzle honey lightly over surface. Brown in hot oven, taking care honey does not burn.—Valerie J. Pollard, Box 43, Terang, Vic.

Car polish is an excellent help in the house. Use it to clean the bath and hand-basin, tiles, and the refrigerator. It is more powerful than the ordinary detergents or cleaners and leaves a good gloss on the surface.—Mrs. M. Ferrara, 69 Redfern St., North Perth, W.A.

Iron-on Transfer



PRETTY CORNFLOWERS eye-catching motifs to decorate household linen. They are from Iron-on Transfer No. 201. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price of this transfer is only 2/-.

Page 40



"SPRING SONG" (No. B2046). As gay as Spring, this floral spread in wonderful washable Dacron, filled with Anmin Hi-look for feather-lightness and luxurious "deep-quilt" texture. The matching comforters have the same light beauty, and the soft, incomparable warmth of Anmin Hi-look. In blue, pink and lilac, about £16/19/6. Comforters to match in 6' x 4' and 6' x 5' sizes (about £6/15/- and £8/1/6).



Now in Jeldi quilted bedspreads and comforters
...the lightest, fluffiest filling ever created:
Anmin Hi-look...another first by **Jeldi**
...moth-proof, dust-proof, allergy-free,
moisture-resistant, flame-proof

Fish curry wins £5

● This week the main prize of £5 goes to an N.S.W. reader for South Indian fish curry served with fluffy rice.

CONSOLATION prizes of £1 each are awarded for recipes for a delicious rhubarb jam and miniature pizza pies.

All spoon measurements are level.

SOUTH INDIAN FISH CURRY

Three or 4 small whole bream, mullet, or any other type of fish available, curry powder, salt, oil or fat for frying (preferably deep), 2 onions, 1 or 2 cloves garlic, 1 in. fresh green ginger, extra

oil, 1 pint water, 1 cup tomato puree, 1 cup tomato paste, boiled rice, lemon wedges, and parsley.

Clean and scale fish, cut off fins and trim tail, remove eyes; wash in salted water. Rub curry powder and salt into fish skin. Fry in deep, hot oil or fat until golden brown and flesh is just soft. Stand aside. Chop one onion and mix with crushed garlic and chopped ginger; crush all with a heavy bottle until pulpy. Heat a little oil in large pan and fry pulp, adding a little extra curry powder and salt. Mix in water, tomato puree, paste, and sliced onion. Bring to boil and simmer 20 minutes. Add cooked fish, simmer further 10 minutes. Serve on bed of hot cooked rice, garnish with lemon wedges, parsley.

First prize of £5 to Rabiya Hanif, 83A Bedford Street, Newtown, N.S.W.

RHUBARB JAM

Eight pounds rhubarb, 8lb. sugar, 2lb. figs, 3 lemons, 2oz. preserved ginger.

Wash rhubarb and cut into pieces, put in large bowl. Cover with the sugar and leave to stand 24 hours. Chop figs roughly and slice lemons thinly into rings, put in large preserving pan with rhubarb and sugar. Lastly add chopped preserved ginger. Stir over low heat until sugar dissolves and mixture boils. Boil about 30 minutes or until mixture jells when tested. Fill into clean dry jars, seal and label when cold.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Matheson, 178 Cox Street, Windsor, N.S.W.

LUNCH-BOX PIZZA TARTS

Pastry: Half pound flour, pinch salt, 4oz. margarine, cold water, little lemon juice.

Filling: Two large chopped onions, 2oz. butter, 3 large tomatoes, 1 large can sardines, 1lb. packet cheddar cheese, salt, pepper.

Sift flour and salt into basin, rub in margarine and mix to stiff dough with little lemon juice and water. Roll out, fit into small pie-tins, pinch edges, brush with milk.

Saute chopped onion in melted butter and place an equal amount in each tart shell, cover with thick slice of tomato and couple of sardines. Season, top with cheese. Bake in moderate oven for 15 minutes or until golden brown.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Berry, 78 Peterswool Road, Elizabeth Park, S.A.

Low calorie recipe

VEAL GOULASH

One pound lean stewing veal, 1oz. butter, 1 onion (sliced), 1 tablespoon paprika, 4 tomatoes (peeled, seeded, and chopped), juice of half a lemon, 1 gill water, 1 bayleaf, salt and freshly ground pepper.

Cut veal into cubes and fry in the heated butter until golden brown. Remove and fry onion in remaining butter until soft. Add paprika and cook a further 5 minutes, then put in tomatoes, bayleaf, lemon juice, water, and seasoning. Return meat to pan, cover and simmer until tender. Remove bayleaf and check seasoning before serving. Serves 4, 233 calories per serving.

Serve the goulash with plain boiled potatoes (a medium sized boiled potato has 100 calories) and a cucumber or lettuce salad. This will give a nourishing meal of approximately 350 calories. Complete the meal with a piece of fresh fruit and a cup of black coffee.



CRUSTY fish, covered with a piquant sauce will be a sure favorite with curry-lovers.



"KILLARA" (No. 82047). Jeldi scoops the world with this rich Corelli-embroidered washable spread. As well as being beautiful, it's lighter and softer than any you've seen before—because of the miracle Anmin fillings. In wisteria, flamingo, straw, foam green, Copri blue, caramel, copra, festival pink, about £15/10/-. The warm, weightless comforters to match come in 6' x 4' and 6' x 5' sizes (about £6/15/- and £8/9/6).



It's exclusively Jeldi's—the miracle fibre Anmin Hi-look, the filling that gives "float-away" lightness to traditionally beautiful spreads and comforters. Moth-proof, dust-proof, flame-proof, moisture-resistant . . . you'll find Anmin Hi-look in Jeldi's quilted range and comforters, and in Jeldi pillows that are allergy-free and washable! (They're only about 29/6 each!)

The illustration at right shows the extraordinary lightness of marvellous Anmin . . . the "Hi-look" that means more feathery bulk per pound; more even than the newest syn-

thetics. Anmin Hi-look is versatile, light Polyvinyl Chloride fibre.

"Hi-look"—Low Price! Spreads and comforters with the famous Jeldi quality, styling and craftsmanship are still yours at a pleasant price. And the Anmin filling means they wear even longer, look even lovelier. Washable? Of course . . . and doesn't that make you think of the children's rooms right away?



Jeldi
FASHIONS IN FABRIC
For You and Your Home

Everything had seemed right for them, their tastes and temperaments, his twenty-nine years to her twenty-five. Cobb & Huxtable, a fifty-year successful law partnership started by their grandfathers, an augury for a love and marriage partnership between her and William. Why, they might have been married four years ago if she hadn't been such an imbecile as to fall for George Robins, a self-obsessed young actor who hadn't really wanted a wife but a mirror to reflect his own good looks and glamor — until he had finally walked out on her with a star bigger than himself to hitch his wagon to!

A fortnight ago, however, this sudden inexplicable frost had fallen between her and William. He hadn't come near her for days. Then she had met him in the street out-

Continued from page 21

side his office, and he had stopped — unwillingly, she could see — and stood talking for a few minutes with an unsmiling face.

Not able to keep back the words she had said: "What's come over you, William?"

"Me?" The cheap off-putting monosyllable froze her. "Yes, you seem so — so different," she stammered.

"What do you mean?" He looked back at her with a stiff, shut gaze.

"I don't know — sort of remote and formal. As though I was a complete stranger."

"No, no, not a bit. You imagine it. I don't know what you're talking about."

"I see, you're not, then. Just

weighed down by affairs of state. Good. Well, don't let me keep you." Smarting at the rebuff, she had hurried on. She wouldn't repeat that naive manoeuvre ever again.

Now here he was coming up the path.

Catching sight of her at the verandah's edge, he lifted the long envelope he was carrying. "This is for your mother," he said. "A share transfer for her to sign. I thought you might know better than the office just where they are this week."

How carefully he made it clear that the object of his dropping in wasn't herself.

He came up the steps and held

out the envelope — not exactly at arm's length — and she took it and turned it over, looking down at it, not at him.

"They'll be at Kobe in a day or two; I'll address it. You could've given me a ring, though, you shouldn't've bothered to bring it yourself." If he was determined to be a stranger, so was she.

"No bother at all. I was coming by. I had to come up this way to see a client on business," he told her, and his eyes in passing from her to the creeper beside her showed as little interest in her as in the lavender trumpet flowers.

What had she done to make William Huxtable look — or not look — at her like this?

"Won't you come in?" she said perfunctorily.

"No, I won't stop, I'm pretty busy this morning, and I know you and Mrs. Berry are just leaving. Wednesday is your play-reading circle, or whatever it is, isn't it?"

To fill the uncomfortable pause that followed, she found herself actually talking about the garden, drawing his attention to the bed of wallflowers, cloth of gold and brown, to the white stocks, coming on so well, that against all the experts' advice she had planted in that shady corner.

"So you see how exciting life in a small town can be," she jibed.

"Oh, yes, you'll find lots of little things to do in Corramundi. We have our own teeny-weeny little lives and interests, you see. Still, it must be pretty grim for you to be pitchforked into this backwater after the great world."

"Oh, not at all, not at all, it's a wonderful rest. And, anyhow, it's not for ever."

"No, naturally not, no, of course."

"Such a pleasure to see all the old faces again." The Squire's lady at a tenants' ball! "And everyone's so kind and welcoming."

"And so unsophisticated, no doubt, they hardly notice your boredom when you go slumming among them."

"Oh, you're too absurd to talk to," she said with a laugh, and took up a tendrill of the creeper and twined it in and out the vine. But inside she was bleakly miserable and only wanted him to go — go away and end this uncomely farce.

William Huxtable stood a moment watching her, but with no expression in his eyes to show that they were resting on so sense-stirring a picture; Sarah Robins as she looked at that moment, with her gold hair, her dark eyes, and the silky sheen on her cheek and neck and her hands as they deftly twined the green spray, and above her head the shower of blossoms alive with bees and pierced with shafts of brilliant light.

MR. THEDA BERRY appeared in the doorway, carrying a tray with coffee and little hot cakes.

Sarah turned to the table and pushed aside the seed catalogues, and gardening gloves and clippers.

"Good morning, Mrs. Berry," William said.

"Good morning, Mr. Huxtable. I've brought two cups, I heard your voice."

"You'll have some coffee, won't you, William?" Sarah lifted the pot.

"Thank you, I won't really. I've got a lot of work waiting for me. I must push on."

As she watched him go down the path and out the gate Sarah said to herself: "Damn you . . . damn you!" and took up the secateurs and started to snip dead flowers off the creeper. Snip, snip — they were dead, done. No more of you. Unspoken words for his retreating back.

Theda Berry had also watched William's exit. "Goodness!" she said with a deploring click of the tongue. "Not many men'd say no to a nice cup of coffee out here on a lovely morning like this."

Sarah got Mrs. Berry's veiled sneer. What a poor thing you are that you couldn't hold him! she seemed to be saying.

Straightening the things on the tray, Theda Berry said: "Now, don't you get too involved with the secateurs, Mrs. Robins."

"I'm not involved, Mrs. Berry, I'm all ready to leave." There was a retaliatory sharpness in Sarah's tone.

"Well, I never know when you get into the garden." She gave a little laugh, deceptively indulgent. "You're a great one for gardening, aren't you? It's nice to see someone stay home so much."

Sarah didn't answer this jab, either, which seemed to relegate her to the rank of a dear old maid with her cats and her plants. She just lifted her coffee and sipped for a moment, her eyes on Mrs. Berry over the rim of the cup.

Imperturbably, Theda Berry said:

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Question: What's a pie shell waiting for?

Answer: Rosella Mira Plum— because Rosella's got the flavour.



Rosella Mira Plum Jam is lovingly made from only the juiciest, ripest plums and best cane sugar. That's why **ROSELLA'S GOT THE FLAVOUR.**



Rosella's got the flavour
... the flavour of goodness!

"It's nearly ten-thirty, and you said you wanted to leave at that time."
"Thereabouts, no hurry. I'm going in next door to see Miss Wakefield first."

Mrs. Berry's eyes dropped to the tray. "Very well, Mrs. Robins. I'll lock up while you're in there. I'm all ready, you see."

Rigid punctuality was one of Mrs. Berry's most daunting virtues. If Sarah suggested a time for anything, a meal, a going out, a coming in from the garden, she found herself ineluctably pinned to that time. No give or take a minute with Theda Berry!

Trim and grey-haired, in a blue-and-white floral silk suit, Theda Berry was a motherly enough figure, but what a stepmotherly aura surrounded her! The smile that was never far from her lips only seemed to draw the corners down into a distasteful droop. Defensively, her big, flat eyes looked out on a world in which she seemed ever watchful for a hostile act or word, and ever ready to repay either with interest. Wednesday was Mrs. Berry's day and night off, and Sarah always drove her to her niece's, not far from the friend's house where she herself went.

When Sarah had drunk her coffee and gone in next door, Theda Berry, as good as her word, went round the house locking up. Upstairs and down—window catches and doors—turning keys, turning handles, to make doubly sure.

At last the house was sealed and safe, and standing at the front door with the knob in her hand ready to pull it shut behind her she glanced back once into the empty house, and on her face was an expression of achievement at odds with so commonplace a routine. The sharp click of the lock was like an unspoken syllable of triumph.

THEN she seated herself patiently on a chair on the verandah, hands folded over her capacious tapestry bag, to await the toot of the car-horn at the gate.

The width of the two big gardens separated the Wakefields' house from the Cobbs'. The families had been neighbors for at least two generations, and Sarah went in the gate, scooped up the mail that bulged out of the letterbox, and ran up the path and in at the open front door as into a second home.

Guided by voices, she went through the sitting-room on to the side verandah where Katie and Hubert Wakefield and their daughter Deborah had called a halt in the morning's activities for tea.

This week no day was long enough for the Wakefield family, for Debbie's marriage to Conrad Appleton was only a fortnight away.

The wedding was to be a big one, and was exciting rather more local comment than reached the Wakefields' ears. At twenty-four, Debbie had been around quite some little time and had refused many a mother's son. In Corramundi the question was, was she good enough for Conrad? What the question really propounded was whether any girl was good enough to reap the harvest of the Appleton properties and money and position. It was all very well to be as pretty as Debbie and play a first-rate game of tennis and look a perfect dream on horseback and be so gay and popular, but . . .

That "but" was what Conrad's mother in her heart was mourning. Conrad was her only child, was a model son, affectionate, handsome, and since his father's death had shouldered his responsibilities magnificently. With nearly unseen skill she had managed up to now to put a blight on at least three of his love-beginnings. But Conrad, grown wiser by the time he was twenty-five, had concealed his passion for Debbie Wakefield until he had asked her to marry him and been accepted and could hand his mother the accomplished fact.

So, a little frigidly but politely, Mrs. Appleton prepared to receive her as a daughter-in-law.

Sarah dropped the letters on to

the seat beside Hubert Wakefield. "Here, don't you ever collect your mail? Look what I've brought you."

Hubert, massive in shorts and shirt and gardening boots, put a whole small scone into his mouth and poured himself more tea. "Not if I can help it," he mumbled. "Not these days. Not till our little pet's bills are going to Conrad instead of me."

Debbie and her mother exchanged swift glances of felicitation on the nearness of that blissful state.

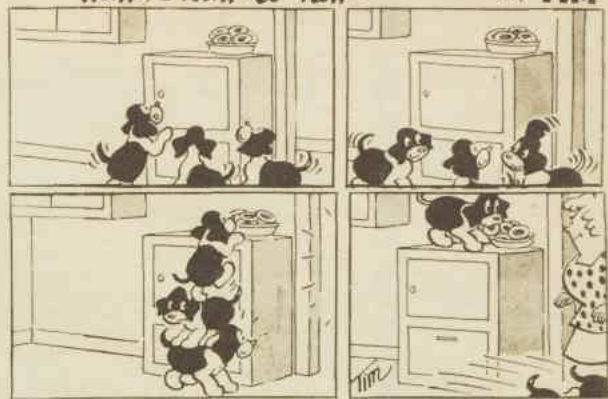
A hundred years ago Hubert Wakefield's family had owned most of the township of Corramundi, but these possessions had sadly dwindled and all that now remained to

Hubert were two or three shops in Maple Street, the main shopping street, and a few cottages that straggled away at the end of it. On these rents the Wakefields had once lived in moderate comfort, but Debbie, since she was eighteen, had stretched their finances to the utmost. Debbie's clothes, Debbie's return hospitalities, Debbie's endless small expenses—Katie had refused to economise on any of them. She knew where they were going. She knew that a girl, to compete with other girls in the district, must—"But she simply must, Hubert"—do all the things the others did and be seen everywhere and join

To page 44

FOR THE CHILDREN
Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

By TIM



make it Mornay this Lent Cape Cod Mornay



There's more goodness to give them with KRAFT® Cheddar in this Lenten meal

Treat the family tonight . . . make perfect Cape Cod Mornay with KRAFT Cheddar, the cheese that melts and blends best of all.

CAPE COD MORNAY

Mornay Sauce:

Ingredients: ½ small onion, cut in half; ¼ teaspoon salt; 2 peppercorns or pinch pepper; small piece bay leaf; ½ oz. butter; 1 tablespoon flour; 1 cup milk; 3 oz. KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, shredded.

Method: Heat milk, onion and seasonings in a saucepan. Cover and allow to stand for 10 minutes. Melt butter, add flour, and cook a few minutes. Strain milk, and add gradually, stirring until sauce boils. Add shredded KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, and stir until cheese melts.

Fish: Place 1 lb. smoked fish, cut in half, in a pan and cover with water. Bring to the boil and drain. Cover fish with fresh water, and simmer gently for approximately 10 minutes. Strain. Pour over Mornay sauce, and reheat. 2 servings.

All spoon and cup measures are level. An 8 fluid oz. measuring cup is used.



*Registered Trade Mark

gallon of creamy milk to make every pound of this fine cheese. KRAFT Cheddar is a bargain in nutrition. Available in 8-oz., 1 lb. and 2 lb. packs.

KRAFT

for good food and good food ideas

VARICOSE VEINS

How to be sure of positive relief

Don't waste money trying to relieve varicose veins with ordinary, heavy-weight stretch nylons. These cannot give proper support and control. You must have a correctly-made surgical stocking.

Scholl Surgical Stockings will bring you positive relief. Correct surgical tension ensures firm, smoothing support. Exclusive Scholl soft-grip top and instep give complete wearing comfort. These stockings actually improve leg beauty—hide unsightly veins and, being supple and seamless, cannot be detected under ordinary nylons.

Get complete relief from varicose veins with Scholl Surgical Hosiery. Either nylon or elastic yarn. All sizes from Chemists, Surgical Suppliers and Scholl Depots.

Scholl

parties to Hayman Island and go skiing at Kosciusko and that sort of thing.

And the reward! How irresistibly lovely Debbie had looked at the dance three months ago when she and Conrad Appleton had become engaged. Her dress had taken mother and daughter three days in Sydney to shop for, a costly model, but worth every penny that was still owed for it.

Sarah went over to the table where Debbie was scribbling a note and Katie was whipping lace on to a slip and drinking tea and nibbling a biscuit. "I take it you're not coming today, Debbie," she said.

"Not coming!" Katie answered for her. "You surely can take that, darling. Look at our list."

Katie herself was clearly the source from which Debbie got her vitality. She was energetic, capable, bustling, liked and feared, sharp of tongue, iron-willed. Her greying auburn hair and dryish freckled skin showed all

Continued from page 43

of her forty-five years, but her gusto for life blazed as fiercely as ever. The wedding, the wedding. She and Sarah were soon plunged in talk of it.

Hubert was tearing open envelopes and circulars to an accompaniment of sotto voce rumblings and curses. There was rarely much bite in Hubert's profanities, though they fell with frequency from his full, rather womanish mouth. He was a lusty swearer and beer drinker, and spent most of his days working out of doors in his cherished garden.

Suddenly Sarah was aware of a stillness in his corner, like the ceasing of the hum of traffic after a steady flow, and, glancing his way, she saw that he was staring down at a letter he had opened.

Still, indeed! More than still, transfixed, though his face was an expressionless wall as he gazed at the sheet

of cheap lined paper in his hand.

The envelope from which he had taken the letter was on the seat beside him, and instinctively Sarah glanced at it. At the same moment Hubert's hand closed over it. He folded the letter, pushed it back into the envelope, and thrust it into the pocket of his shorts.

Not, however, before Sarah had seen that it was addressed to him in Theda Berry's handwriting.

Hubert Wakefield's quick pocketing of the letter also caught his wife's attention, for the rest of the mail was tossed down at his feet, letters open and wrappers scattered.

Biting off a length of thread, Katie asked: "Anything interesting in the mail, Hubert?"

"No, no." His tone was studiously casual. He picked up his pipe and started to fill it. "That fool Parkes

says the old lawnmower's had it. Says it's a new one at last, blast him."

It seemed to Sarah a long time before Katie's eyes dropped back to her sewing, while Hubert belched forth smoke in wreathing clouds.

Steps sounded on the gravel and Conrad Appleton appeared round the side of the house, a tall, indolent-looking young man whose cool ease of manner hid a fervent temperament. Whatever he engaged in, polo, tennis, cricket, love, he played to win. Every day now his car ate up the forty miles from his homestead to the Wakefields' house.

He came up the verandah steps and greeted them collectively: "Morning, everyone. What a smashing day!" He lifted his wrist. "Thirty minutes from door to door."

"Well, you're a very naughty boy I'm going to

give you a good scolding, and I'm sure your mother would, too."

"Don't be cross, Katie, I've only got an hour or so. I've got to get back to see a bloke about some crop spraying. You just leaving, Sarah?"

Though he spoke to Sarah his eyes sought Debbie where she sat at the table, pen dropped, head turned to greet him.

"Hullo, Deb." He went across with his long easy stride and put a hand on her shoulder and stood looking down with near-rapture on his face at the sight of her, the nearness of her, at the very sound of her small name on his own lips.

"Hullo, darling." Debbie laid her hand on his.

Her lifted face was aglow with shifting morning light that shot her dark chestnut hair through with red and fiery strands and showed the embellishment of a few tiny freckles on the milk-white skin. The smile in her green-gold eyes flashed her welcome to him. Their glances fused.

A pang of envy seized Sarah at the sight of a love that had suffered no blight. It had been like that with her and William only a little while ago, that same intoxicating confidence in loving and being loved. Being robbed of it, suddenly she felt impoverished, not sure of herself any more.

Cutting across this jaundiced thought, she heard Katie ask: "How are you getting on with the old Gorgon, Sarah?"

To page 47

COME SEE ME DIE

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words: short short stories, 1150 to 1600 words, articles up to 1000 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection. Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4068W, G.P.O., Sydney.

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting March 25.

- ARIES**
MAR. 21 - APR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, lilac, blue.
* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
 - TAURUS**
APR. 21 - MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, black, red.
* Lucky days, Fri., Monday.
 - GEMINI**
MAY 21 - JUNE 21
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, tricolors, red.
* Lucky days, Fri., Monday.
 - CANCER**
JUNE 22 - JULY 22
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, lilac, green.
* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
 - LEO**
JULY 23 - AUG. 22
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, red, lilac.
* Lucky days, Sun., Monday.
 - VIRGO**
AUG. 23 - SEPT. 22
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, rose, blue.
* Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.
 - LIBRA**
SEPT. 24 - OCT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, lilac, grey.
* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
 - SCORPIO**
OCT. 24 - NOV. 22
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, cerise, green.
* Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.
 - SAGITTARIUS**
NOV. 23 - DEC. 22
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, green, blue.
* Lucky days, Fri., Monday.
 - CAPRICORN**
DEC. 23 - JAN. 19
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, lilac, grey.
* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
 - AQUARIUS**
JAN. 20 - FEB. 19
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, yellow, pink.
* Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.
 - PISCES**
FEB. 20 - MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, black, cerise.
* Lucky days, Sun., Monday.
- [The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

TWO-IN-ONE PATTERN

DRESS SENSE



2869. — Two-in-one pattern for night and day in sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 2869, price 5/9 includes postage. A dress order to Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W.



She finished a party dress today

Speedy 158 gave her the time. See how 158 cleanser/polish cuts floor-care time down! The dirt comes off as the polish goes on. No water — no scrubbing — no kneeling.

TIME-SAVING TABLE		
	Old Way	158 Way
Sweeping	3 min.	3 min.
Removing black marks	2 min.	2 min.
Cleaning or scrubbing	21 min.	—
Drying after scrubbing	15 min.	—
Applying	6 min.	6 min.
Buffing	10 min.	10 min.
	57 min.	21 min.



● This easy-to-make two-in-one pattern was chosen for a young reader whose request was for a simple full-skirted day frock and a floor-length evening outfit. Part of the reader's letter and my reply is published below.

"I wish to make two frocks for which I will be needing patterns. I want a wool day frock with a full skirt and a floor-length outfit for the evenings. The climate is cold here so I want them nice and cosy. I am SSW."

The designs I have chosen in answer to your query are illustrated above. Both garments are included in a special two-in-one pattern. You will find the designs answer all the requirements listed in your letter. See lines beside sketch for further details and how to order.

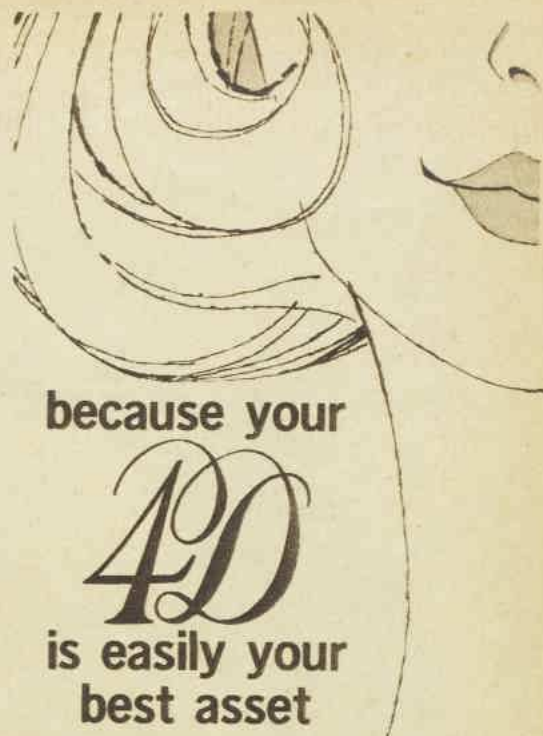
"My girl-friend and I have booked into Surfers' Paradise for two weeks during the coming winter. As we have no idea what sort of clothes would be suitable and correct, we would like your advice."

The north is very informal and so are the clothes you need to take. During the day slacks or shorts or a skirt worn with a shirt or sweater are quite adequate. Take golf or tennis clothes if you intend to play either. Bathing suits, of course, and be sure to pack some type of beach cover-up, as out of the sun the breeze can be very chilly. Bikinis are worn and accepted. The temperature drops at night, so pack a light wool coat or cardigan.

At several of the more formal night spots, a late-day dress is needed — nothing too elaborate. Actually at 90 per cent. of the eating places slacks are acceptable. Don't forget a raincoat or at least an umbrella, as the north can be very wet.

"Are any shades besides pale pink and pale blue suitable for lingerie?"

Flowery prints in quite bright colors look new in lingerie fashions. So do all shades of lilac from light to dark purple.



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Tahitian Hues — a sun-drenched coral and a wild, native red

Now, the glow of the tropic sun brings a lovely, radiant warmth to your lips. It's a wonderful way to look, especially as Tahitian Hues are colour-cued to Autumn's fashion shades. And, the joy of it is, that Angel Face Lipsticks really stay lastingly lovely, creamy-smooth thanks to a completely new formula. See Angel Face Lipsticks today — in 12 tantalising shades (particularly the Tahitian Hues — they're news.) Angel Face Lipsticks still only 7/11.

BURNT CORAL



WILD MANGO

NEW! from
Angel Face
LIPSTICKS



Sarah came back with difficulty. What made Theda Berry flash into Katie's mind at this moment? Had she, too, seen the envelope?

"Oh . . . all right," she answered.

"You sound enthusiastic."

"She makes a very toothsome chiffon pie, doesn't she?" Hubert drawled, getting up and reaching for his hat.

"Very. Would you like her back?"

"No, you don't!" Katie jabbed her needle into the slip and took off her thimble.

"Your mother was hovering between installing burglar alarms or Theda Berry, and I assured her that Theda would be the more efficient repellent. Is she still on visiting terms with the niece of hers?"

"Evidently."

"She still spends her day and night off with her, does she?"

"Yes. We're leaving in a few minutes. Poor Theda Berry. She's had a rather unfortunate life, hasn't she?"

Katie rolled up and bundled away Theda's fate with the garment.

"I know, I know. A husband who ran off with another woman, two daughters who won't speak to her, some oil shares she nearly bought that went sky-high. And we've all got to pay for these disasters! Talk of the seven deadly virtues! She has at least seventy-seven. If only she weren't always so impeccably right, so scrupulously honest, so monumentally patient, so fanatically punctual!"

And all that was true, Sarah thought, when a few minutes later she brought the car round to the gate and saw Mrs. Theda Berry standing just outside it, one hand over her forehead shielding her eyes from the sun, the other clasping her bag, her feet

Continued from page 44

square on the grassy verge as though planted for a long wait.

Sarah leant across and opened the door, finding herself slightly apologetic for keeping Mrs. Berry so long in the sun.

Arrived in Maple Street, they left the car and separated, each with some shopping to do before proceeding on their way. Sarah bought some sweets for her friend's

cosmetic shop—all innovations themselves since Sarah went away.

Roly Lovat's business was a stock and station and real estate agency, and for such a togetherness-demanding job Lovat was truly a round peg in a round hole, fitting in snugly with ease and rightness. He was dynamic, amiable, generally liked, athletic and good-looking. Being unmarried, he was doubly ac-

Wednesday. I've got a dozen people to see this afternoon, I've got to be here, there, and everywhere. What the hell do you want to do?"

"Well . . ." Kerrigan murmured, "it mightn't be a full half-hour."

"Eh? No, I see. Still. Couldn't you make it tomorrow, Norm? I don't want to block you, but Wednesday . . . Wouldn't Thursday do?"

He even supported a wife on it, though among the more popular rumors of the town was one that his wife beat him. They lived in one of Hubert Wakefield's cottages at the far end of Maple Street, the end at which the paddocks and open country began.

Lovat said again: "Wednesday . . ." Six long draws had reduced the cigarette by half, and he jabbed it out.

"I'd rather hoped to get along to the club before dinner for a game of tennis, but I don't see the smallest chance of that now. They talk about a business recession, but by heaven I wouldn't mind seeing a spot of it round here, would you? Not much sense working like a dog to make money if you haven't got time to enjoy it, is there?"

Roly enlarged on this theme for a minute or two, his voice between sentences pausing expectantly for answers which never came.

At last: "Well, look, don't make it more than half an hour—whatever it is that's so urgent you've got to do."

Kerrigan buttoned his coat and turned to leave. "Thanks, Mr. Lovat. No, I won't. It's just a small matter my aunt wants me to see to."

"Well, why didn't you say so?" Lovat threw himself back in his chair with a laugh.

"I know you mustn't offend your aunt Mrs. Theda Berry, on any account!"

This last remark it was that Sarah, being shown in by Roly's typist, overheard.

Kerrigan passed her with a murmured greeting and went out.

She stared after him in surprise.

Roly got up and came round the desk. "Hullo,

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COME SEE ME DIE

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



two small daughters and left an order at the store. Then she remembered that she had promised to let Roly Lovat know the name of the man she had engaged to cut the lawns, and she turned into the small arcade on the corner of which Roly had his office.

The arcade was an innovation in the old street. There were only four or five shops on each side of it: an espresso cafe, a smart little hat bar, the O'Haras' contemporarily decorated circulating library, a tiny glittering gift boutique, a blouse shop, a perfume and

ceptable in the social life of the town. His father was a much-looked-up-to old doctor, which somewhat compensated for the lowlier status of Roly's calling.

Just then he and his clerk, Norm Kerrigan, were debating a small matter in Lovat's inner office.

Roly lit a cigarette and tossed away the match. "Oh, I don't know about this, Norm," he demurred. "Wednesday. Just about the busiest day of the week."

"An extra half-hour for lunch? It isn't too easy on a

Tall, pale, unhealthy-looking, Norm stood silent at the end of the desk, the fingertips of one lank hand resting on it, the other languidly jingling a few coins in his trouser pocket. He made no reply to Lovat's spurts of protest, but just stood unmoving, unblinking. By great economy of speech he had learnt that you could, on most occasions, wear down your opponent's opposition, force him to give ground and concede.

In all situations silence was Norm Kerrigan's trump card.

DAVIS BEAUTY CLINIC



Dear Miss Harper, People are always accusing me of biting my fingernails. This is not true. However, my nails are very brittle and are often broken and look ugly. Why is this so? L.D.J., Manly.

Answer: Brittle nails are often caused by lack of protein. If yours tend to break or flake you should try the Davis Gelatine protein treatment. Davis Gelatine is a high-protein food and the results of the course have been proved by extensive practical and medical tests in Great Britain and U.S.A. Simply stir two teaspoons of Davis Gelatine briskly into half a glass of cold fruit juice or soft drink and drink it at once. Be sure to repeat this treatment daily for at least six weeks. Your nails should soon respond to treatment but remember new nail growth takes several weeks. Sincerely, Helen Harper.

P.S.: If you write to Dept. "B," DAVIS GELATINE (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Box 3583, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W., they will send you complete details of Davis Gelatine Beauty Care.

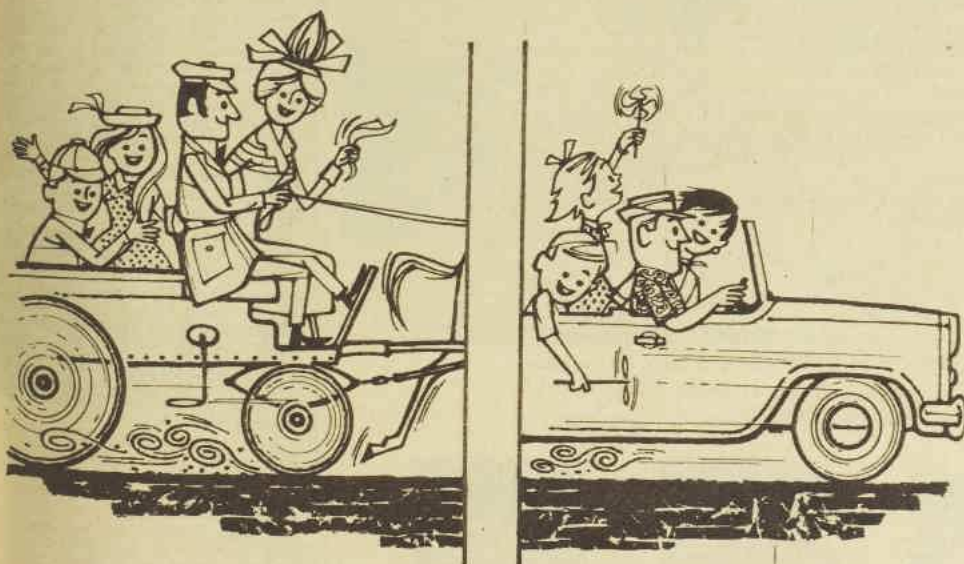
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Everything changes-nothing remains the same

Times change — incomes change — property values change — money values change — family needs change. Even though you may not be aware of it at the time, laws change — income tax laws, death duty laws, social service laws.

Few, if any of us can keep pace with all the changes and quickly make the adjustments necessary to keep our affairs in the best possible order. We need some help.

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Your A.M.P. man knows, from training and experience, how to help you—

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An A.M.P. Family Security Check-Up costs you nothing but a little of your time—involves you in no obligation except to those you love. All you have to do is to call in your A.M.P. man or call the nearest A.M.P. Office.

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Sarah. This is a nice morning break."

"Hullo, Roly." She turned back to him. "I didn't know Norm Kerrigan was Theda Berry's nephew."

"Didn't you? Did you have to?" "No, but I've known them both, of course, for years. She's with me at present, while mother and father are away."

"So I believe. Norm's the white-headed boy at the moment, since she quarrelled with her family."

"There's a white-headed girl, too, a niece. I'm driving her out there now, for her day and night off."

Roly's aspect had changed when Sarah came in. In the presence of a woman, and a pretty one at that, everything about him seemed to lighten; his eyes, his expression, the tone of his voice, as though suddenly a curtain had been drawn back

Continued from page 47

from a window, letting out a surge of warmth.

Sarah recalled how, when she and Debbie were teenagers, they had competed for the then twenty-five-year-old Roly's attentions at dances and parties. No doubt, she thought, seeing how little changed he was after all this time, young girls were still in a flutter when he approached with his insinuating glance and flattering manner.

That glance rested on her now. "Lovely," he murmured. "Lovely as ever."

She found difficulty in responding to his old-hat flattery. "How nice you are, Roly. You never go in for half-truths."

"Only in business, darling, where

a whole one might come as too much of a shock."

She told him what had brought her in, and gave him the lawn-cutter's name and address; and Roly thanked heaven that his old dad would no longer be giving himself coronaries or wishing them on to his son.

Sarah refused his cigarette, his suggestion of coffee across at the espresso, his invitation to dinner tonight, all his morale-building attentions. Nothing availed her now since she had failed so signally with the one man she wanted to please. Out of conceit with the world this morning, she was unjustly irritated by Roly's determination to charm. Its patency de-

stroyed its effect for her. Every woman who crossed his path was exposed to it; every new secretary he engaged confidently expected him to propose within the week; Katie Wakefield had an added sparkle when he appeared; Laurette O'Hara across the arcade watched his comings and goings with tender interest.

It was to the library that Sarah, on leaving Roly, now went; the Book Bowl Library with its window of avant garde plays and poetry and, inside, its shelves stocked with popular romances and crime fiction and Westerns.

The Book Bowl was always pleasant to visit, but had been more so before Laurette married Paul

O'Hara. Laurette was a cousin of Hubert Wakefield's. Ten years ago she had started the library, and it had soon become a centre in the small town where people, driving in from the surrounding district to shop or visit or see a film, met to exchange news and gossip with their books.

Then Laurette, returning from a quick trip to England five years ago, had met on board ship Paul O'Hara, himself returning disgruntled with his unsuccessful writing career and his exalted opinion of himself. Ship-board magic hadn't let Laurette down. Paul O'Hara, remote and interesting-looking, had submitted to her slavish wooing, accepting the fact that if fame wasn't to be won a safe living must be made to serve instead.

It was unfortunate, however, that the living had to be by way of books, for too often they reminded Paul of his own still-born masterpiece tucked away in the desk in the flat above. When approached by a customer for his advice he would flip over the pages of the latest book with belittling fingers.

"Oh, take it, take it," he would say with a shrug. "You may like it."

Laurette, long since out of love with her husband, over-compensated for his arrogance with a gushing sweetness, with eyes always crinkled into a smile and cheeks flushed from a too-emotional reaction to people and things, and most of all to Paul himself. In a little library in a little country town Laurette lived at full stretch.

AS Sarah stepped over the doorway, Laurette's voice reached out to embrace her.

"Hullo, Sarah. I half thought you'd be in this morning. How're your mother and father, darling? Kobe tomorrow? I wish I were. I expect they're having a lovely time. But aren't you frightfully lonely without them? You must drop in here and have a bite of dinner with Paul and me any evening you feel like it."

Sarah, stopping to smell the sweet-peas on the desk, said she'd love to, and might have meant it but for the fact that the "bite" was too often supplied by Paul's vinegary comments on the town and its habits and inhabitants.

"But, anyhow, I suppose you're not so fearfully lonely with the Wakefields just across the garden," Laurette went on. "Katie's such a pet, and dear old Hubert was my first love. Still is, if the truth were known! Only don't tell Paul!" she said, raising her voice playfully. "By the way, what are you going to give Debbie for a wedding present? I've thought and thought."

Emerging from the inner room, "The trouble is she'll have everything," Paul said, mimicking the local patter. "Except," he bit off between his teeth, "a husband who, culturally speaking, knows B from a bull's foot." He had a pair of scissors in one hand and a sheet of plastic in the other, being painfully occupied in preserving with neat covers works of fiction better consigned in his opinion to the municipal rubbish tip.

He walked across and turned over the books Sarah had brought back. "Just the two," he commented.

Laurette shot a speedy glance at him and held up one of the books. "Didn't you think this was awfully good, Sarah?"

Sarah agreed about the merit of the book, and idly wondered why Laurette should be so obviously shutting Paul up.

Paul returned Laurette's glance with a cold stare, as he stood on the other side of the table, his rumpled, crumpled face and figure confronting his wife's fine-drawn prettiness, holding the big shears open in his hand as though about to hack something to pieces with the sharp blades.

A quick change of subject followed, too.

"Oh, dear," Laurette moaned: "Wednesday afternoon with the library shut is always my worst day. Paul's going fishing, but I've got to turn out the kitchen. Isn't this

COME SEE ME DIE



PEACH TROPICANA

- 1 Can (29 oz.) Letona Sliced Peaches
- 1 Cup Sunwhite Rice
- 6 Glace Cherries diced
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1 Teaspoon salt
- 1 cup whipping cream
- 1 cup diced marshmallows

Drain peaches, measuring syrup. Add water to syrup to make 2½ cups; bring to boil. Stir in rice and salt, return to boil then lower heat, cover and simmer gently for 15 minutes stirring occasionally during first 5 minutes of cooking time. Turn off heat and allow to stand, covered, 5 to 10 minutes to allow rice to absorb all liquid. Add peaches and cherries. Chill thoroughly. Combine cream and sugar; whip. Fold whipped cream and marshmallows into rice. Serves 8.

Focus on Fruit

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Letona

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your play-reading day at Edna Foster's?"

"It is, and I never felt less like it," Sarah said languidly.

"What a shame! The heat, I suppose. When I saw that heavy dew this morning I knew it was going to be a scorcher. But you won't be driving back till the cool of the evening."

"No — if any."

"And, of course, you always drive Mrs. Berry over there, too, don't you? I suppose you can't very well disappoint her. A difficult woman to have in the house, I'd think. She nearly drove Katie up the wall." Laurette's troubled blue eyes crinkled without amusement.

Sarah sighed. "Oh, well . . . I've been driven up too many walls, I suppose, to care much."

"Do you think she's quite—quite normal?"

"Perfectly, alas. All too normal." Out in the arcade, Sarah thought: Why did damned old Mrs. Berry have to come popping into everyone's talk? Like the witch popping out of a box of puppets! She'd declared just now she'd thought her normal, but some part of her mind felt her to be quite otherwise, felt there was a suicidal streak somewhere in Theda Berry's make-up, for by what other means could you explain the destructiveness in her that killed in other people every impulse of kindness toward herself?

OTHER people suffered reverses and all sorts of misfortunes in life, but where had you ever met anyone who reacted to them with such a savage desire to hit back? Yes, each time she came popping up into a conversation, which she always seemed to be doing, Sarah was reminded of that witch in the puppet show jig-jigging across the darkened stage.

Sarah went along to where she had parked her car, passing on the way the building where Cobb & Huxtable had their offices and keeping her head averted in an instinctive effort not further to disharmonise her day by a possible sight of William.

As she passed the doorway, William's father, Henry Huxtable, appeared in it and came across the pavement to speak to her, with no lack of his old warmth, she noted. So, whatever the trouble was between her and William, it hadn't blasted her reputation with his father!

At fifty-nine, Henry Huxtable was beginning to delegate more and more of the work to his son, hinting at failing powers and creaking joints, a ruse, she suspected, to enable him to give more and more of his time to the horses he bred and rode with such ease and mastery at the old home, "Two Creeks," about ten miles outside Corramundi. William now lived in a bachelor flat in a new block at the lower end of Maple Street.

Theda Berry was already at the car when Sarah reached it. She made no move, however, to get in when Sarah took out her keys and opened the door.

"Oh, Mrs. Robins," she said, "I just came along to tell you not to wait for me. I'll take the bus today."

Surprised, Sarah turned. "Why, Mrs. Berry? I'm in no hurry, if

Continued from page 48

you've got other things to do. I don't mind waiting."

"No, no, thanks a lot, but I've got a few things to see to. I've got to have my tonic made up, and Parkes are sharpening my scissors. I'm going to cut out a blouse for my niece this afternoon."

"Well, all right, that's quite all right. Mrs. Foster doesn't expect me at any special time. Go along and do the things you want to do and I'll sit in the car or go in and have an ice-cream or something."

Theda Berry widened the space between the car and herself. "I wouldn't dream of it, Mrs. Robins, not for a minute. There's nothing I'm more anti than having anyone kept hanging about waiting for me."

COME SEE ME DIE

No one thanks you for that!" She drew quite away now. "I'll get the bus when I'm finished; there's one before lunch."

Surprise growing in her, Sarah was forced to say, "Oh, very well," and, again, that she wouldn't mind waiting, etc., etc.

Theda Berry, however, reiterating her refusal to allow that to be, was retreating across the pavement toward the door of Parkes' ironmongery shop, her face as inflexible as the iron buckets and steel tools in the window behind her, her hair as colorless as the hanks of cord.

Sarah got into the car and drove off, her mood unaccountably exacerbated rather than relieved by Theda Berry's defection.

Slowly through the busy morning street her car nosed along, passing old shops and new, super-markets that rubbed shoulders with little bakery and sweet and saddlery shops, these last here since the days of horse-troughs and hitching-posts. To left and right, two more streets branched off with their shops, but shops lacking bustle or self-assurance. So, on leaving the shopping streets behind, and past the thinly spaced weatherboard cottages and out on to the almost deserted road that stretched ahead between fenced paddocks.

Rich, fertile country all this, yet to the eye flatly desolate, and giving off a scent of dry earth and drying grasses. Rare clumps of grey trees

shaded motionless animals, a few browsing cows or dun-colored sheep, black and bone-white burnt gum trees stood starkly here and there, and here and there was the glint of dam or waterhole. Overhead, the sky was palely blue and vastly empty, and all around was a dazzle of heat and an eternity of silence. Often in her years abroad, Sarah had longed for all this with an aching homesickness; today it gave her nothing.

After lunch that afternoon, before the first of the play readers was due to arrive, Sarah found herself suddenly unable to go forward with it. Her head ached, her spirits sagged, she positively could not gear herself to interest or enthusiasm, and making her excuses she got into her

To page 50

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car and drove swiftly the twenty miles home again through the even hotter afternoon in oppressive, wearisome stillness.

Arrived, she jumped out and hurried across to the gate. Home. A relief, anyhow, the sight of the high gate in the dense plumbago hedge that bloomed as whitely blue as the sun-drenched afternoon sky; and the quiet road sloping to the river bank that was always green under the never-leafless trees, and the gently flowing river itself.

But she turned from it all now, glancing at her watch. Exactly three o'clock — she was getting time-conscious from Theda Berry's example! — and her one aim was to shut herself into the house and let its coolness and emptiness console her, to give way. Give way to what?

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Continued from page 49

Depression and disappointment. It looked as though she was going to be one of those women whose love affairs always went awry. She'd met them—more than enough of them!—complaining about the way men had let them down. Complaining, whining, repining. Well, she wouldn't do that, not if she had to bite her tongue out.

She gave the gate a shove and went in and banged it shut.

With the graceful old colonial house behind him and the crimson oleanders on either side, William was coming down the path.

Furious with herself for the readiness with which her heart leapt and her spirits rocketed at sight of him, Sarah's face hardened. Her head went back a little and she gave him no greeting as he drew nearer. Then he

saw her and came on more quickly.

"Good gracious, another document for mother to sign!" she said as he stopped in front of her.

He dropped his cigarette butt and trod on it, looking back at her with no change in expression.

Dark-brown hair and pale, cool skin, cool eyes. Never hot or worried looking, while she was dragged and flushed from the heat in the car and the surprise of coming upon him so unexpectedly. As soon as she had spoken she regretted her silly jibe.

The garden around them lay as though under a spell, stretching greenly away with its trees and shrubs and bright banks of flowers, the reward of the weeks when she, too, had planted and watered and dug, the first weeks after her return when

every enthusiasm had come to life in her again.

His eyes dropped to the basket and parcels she was hugging to herself awkwardly, with her unshut bag hanging over her arm. "Good heavens, you're loaded; let me take some of that."

"Oh, it's nothing; don't bother, it's only a lot of stuff Edna Foster insisted on giving me—fruit and eggs and stuff."

"Well, give me this, and this." He reached out for the basket and a bag and followed her up the path to the house.

Sarah groped for her key, and as she put it into the lock heard herself say, weakly, forgivingly: "You'll come in, won't you, and have some tea or a drink?"

"No, I won't stay, Sarah." He was pushing some bulging apples back into the splitting bag.

A dry tone, a dry refusal—not even a pretence at an excuse!

"For heaven's sake!" she burst out. "What's wrong with the house that you've put a black ban on it? This morning and now this afternoon!"

They stood on the doormat facing each other, antagonism like a clenched fist between them.

"I thought—well, I mean—perhaps you're expecting someone," he said.

"Expecting someone! What are you talking about?"

"You said this morning you'd be out all day, and here you are at home."

"Well, I'm not out all day. I wasn't in the humor for Brecht and babble, babble, babble!"

"You don't seem much in the humor for anything," he said dryly. "I daresay you're overtired and want to get in."

"And, for that matter, if you thought I'd be out all day, what are you doing here?"

"Look, don't let's stand here debating." His hand went over her shoulder, turned the key in the lock and pushed open the door. "Go in and I'll take these into the kitchen for you."

"Thank you very much, I'll take them myself. Here, give them to me." She made a move to them; the bag gave and apples spilled at their feet and rolled about the verandah. Stiffly, she stood watching him dive after them.

Unruffled, he gathered them up and said: "That's all right, go ahead."

They stepped into the hall and were met by a cool dimness that was like a refreshing hand laid on a fevered forehead. To keep this restoring coolness inviolate, Sarah shut the door behind them.

As the sound of the door shutting died away, another sound in the house came to them. Sarah couldn't quite think where it came from, nor exactly what it sounded like. An undefined bump or knock. Somewhere upstairs, she thought. She stood a moment trying to place it.

The square hall, carpeted in dark green, ended at the stairs, green-carpeted, too, and on either side of the wide shallow treads was a span of polished cedar. To the left the hall branched at right-angles into the kitchen passage. Nearer, on the left, were the drawing-room and dining-room, and on the right her father's study, a morning-room, and a guest washroom.

Everything in the hall contrived to give a feeling of permanence and peace. It would have pained her mother not to have had garden cushions and rugs folded in the rug-box, and, on the table, the Meissen vase filled with spiroea or roses or chrysanthemums or scarlet leaves—the offerings of spring, summer, autumn, winter, in their orderly progression.

Sarah said: "Mrs. Berry must've come home, too," and went toward the foot of the stairs and called: "Mrs. Berry . . . Are you in, Mrs. Berry?"

There wasn't any answer. William said: "I don't think that sound was in the house." "Wasn't it?"

"No. I thought it came from outside, somewhere on the river."

"Yes, it could've been; perhaps you're right. Noises carried over the water sound awfully near." She led the way down to the kitchen.

William dumped the basket and fruit on the table.

Scrubbed table, gleaming

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RHODODENDRONS

● Rhododendrons add lasting beauty to gardens. There are hundreds of species, from 80ft. trees to rockery dwarfs, of every color except clear blue.



HEDGE of rhododendrons, contrasted by the bank of blue lobelia, at Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Farquer's garden at Mt. Macedon, Vic. The variety is Broughton.

Gardening Book — page 287



MAUVE-BLOOMING variety Ponticum, which is often used for stock, with a cerise sport on the same tree in Mr. and Mrs. T. Dea's garden at Hampton, Vic.

Gardening Book — page 289

IN Australia rhododendrons reach the height of their splendor in Tasmania and Victoria and in the cooler districts in other States. They are not recommended for growing north of Toowoomba, Queensland.

In most locations it will be found that shade from the midday sun and protection from strong cold southerlies and westerlies are advisable.

Rhododendrons thrive in natural conditions where the soil is acid. They are lime-haters.

Soils should be cool with plenty of humus or leafmould and should be loosened to a depth of three feet before planting.

Avoid cold, heavy clay soils, lime, ashes, and most artificial manures, also areas that get very dry in the summer.

Some of the roots of rhododendrons are small and fibrous, and feed close to the surface. Don't disturb these by hoeing and digging, but give food and protection by mulching in summer with well-rotted cow manure, leafmould, or other cool humus.

Planting method

Move established plants in autumn or spring. New plants obtained from nurseries should have a good ball of soil all round.

Dig holes big enough to take the ball and drop in so that the top of the soil is level with the surrounding ground. Don't tramp or tread heavily

all round; merely firm the soil enough to keep the plants from wobbling; then water well.

Mulch the surface with 2in. or more of peat-moss or leafmould to prevent drying out and heating of the ground. The mulch feeds the roots as it ages, and should not be dug in or disturbed.

In very cold and frosty districts double or treble the depth of the mulch in early June.

Flowering periods vary according to the species, but most flower from about May to early December. When the flower clusters die break them off with your fingers, removing only the dead wood or any tops that appear to be diseased.

The rhododendron family is allergic to attack by various insect pests. Lacebugs should be sprayed repeatedly with Malathion or D.D.T. emulsion, which also kills thrips. Red spider mites should be sprayed with Malathion.

Pruning rhododendrons is tricky.

If the shrubs indicate that they require cutting back by throwing out tall, lanky wood, do this in early spring; if the shrubs are healthy but show much dead wood, do this after flowering ends.

Tall, over-vigorous shrubs can be cut back fairly severely in early spring, but it is usual with this family to thin out only to preserve shape. Few of them need pruning until they reach an advanced age.

Consult your nurseryman as to the rhododendron variety which would be most suitable for your soil and the position of your garden and climate.



VARIETY ORIUM, grown in the garden of Lady Grimwade, Melbourne. Rhododendrons belong to a very large family, which includes azaleas.

Gardening Book — page 290

Gardening Book — page 288



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969

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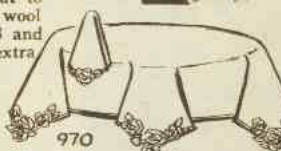
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968



970

COME SEE ME DIE

Continued from page 50

taps and pans, window-box of nasturtiums, and beyond it the strong trunk and lower branches of the pear tree that grew out of a ring of earth in the flagstones.

He put down the last apple.

"Thank you," she said stiffly, and stood in silence waiting to go back to the front door with him.

This silence was suddenly broken, and now the sound that came to them was unequivocally in the house: a sound not only difficult to locate but not like any she had ever heard before.

Clump, clump, clump. Down the stairs? Yes, down the stairs. A menacing, heavy, regular thump that was like a footstep. But a footstep of who, or what? No footstep on earth had ever sounded like this one, drawing nearer and nearer with no change in its rhythm.

Fear like a stifling wave swept over Sarah; she felt the goose-flesh creep in her hair. Primitive non-comprehension was telling her that this sound, so unnatural, must have an unnatural agent. She saw that William's listening face was vacant with amazement. Then he turned quickly and ran out of the kitchen and up the passage to the hall.

She followed, afraid to go, yet more afraid to stay.

In the hall there was no one — no one at all — but the noise was still coming down the stairs . . . midway . . . nearer the bottom.

The big crystal ball from the landing table was dropping step by step on the polished cedar at the side of the graceful, cream-painted stairway. As it reached the bottom step and before it hit the carpet, William ran forward and, stooping, fished it in his cupped hands.

He turned and faced her with it. "Well, I'm damned . . ."

Pale and trembling, she shook her head, staring up the empty stairs.

Still holding the ball, he started to go up, and again nervously she followed at his heels.

What she had expected to find up there as they went from room to room she couldn't have said, but certainly not this undisturbed order with which each room greeted them; the small sitting-room, her own bedroom, her mother's big bedroom opposite, her father's dressing-room, the spare bedrooms and bathrooms. The spacious house built over a century ago had never looked more sealed and safe. They opened wardrobes and cupboards and peered under beds and sofas with rising confidence of finding no one.

From the tour of inspection they came back to the landing.

Half serious, half in jest, Sarah murmured in a voice still unsteady after the incident. "A poltergeist!"

"Clearly! What else have we got?" He weighed the heavy ball on his palm. "A poltergeist with a fondness for indoor bowls."

"And with an uncannily accurate pitch."

"Well — once started on the polished boards, it'd naturally carry on there."

"And what did once start it?"

"Yes, what? After that, of course, the law of gravity

took over — which I understand poltergeists frequently defy." He went across to the table under the window. "I remember this ball when I was a boy. I used to ask your mother to read my future in it, and she always saw me getting a hundred not out in the next match."

He placed the ball back on its pad of black velvet and tested its security there with an exploratory finger. "Something dislodged it, the question is what. Somebody dusting this morning? Somebody house cleaning?"

"Mrs. Berry shut the window, I suppose, locking up before we left. She could've knocked against it, reaching over, and just tipped it off its pad."

"That's it, that's what must've happened. And when you banged the front door when we came in the vibration made it fall off the table — that was that first sound we heard — and started it rolling. It's a solid old house, but the floors might have developed a slight incline, sloping towards the river."

"Of course. Yes. Yes," she agreed, and pushed the hair back from her forehead with a hand that was still far from steady.

"Sorry it gave you a fright," he said, glancing at her as though she'd been a stranger he had rescued from some minor mishap.

"Oh, nothing, it was nothing, just for the moment."

"These things always have a simple explanation, though at the time you think some fearful fiend's going to leap out and pounce on you."

HIS

tone was brisk. The brief interlude of togetherness over the mystery was at an end. She looked back at him, William, whom everyone in this place where he'd been born liked and trusted. William, whom everyone called solid and dependable, words people didn't usually use for a man so wonderfully attractive and good-looking. Well, that was nothing to her any more. Let him go.

And going he was, without further parley. Down the stairs he went. A few empty words at the door, and she stood, hearing the familiar creak of the gate as he pulled it shut behind him.

Alone, suddenly she stood still, struck by a mystery odder than that of the crystal ball.

What had William Huxtable been doing here? He hadn't answered that question when she'd flung it at him as they stood on the mat. Yet he knew she and Mrs. Berry were to be out all day. What did it mean? He knew the house would be shut up. What could be the answer? He'd purposely evaded her question, had sidetracked her by opening the door and almost propelling her into the hall.

At last, giving up the maddening puzzle, she turned and went along to the kitchen. There she put away the things she had brought home, fruit and eggs and honey in the comb.

She threw up the window, made herself tea, and drank it sitting at the table.

Nasturtiums nodded on the windowsill, fragile trumpets of gold, flat pale green leaves. Grass and trees up the slight rise at the back to the yellow jasmine hedge. Piebald sun.

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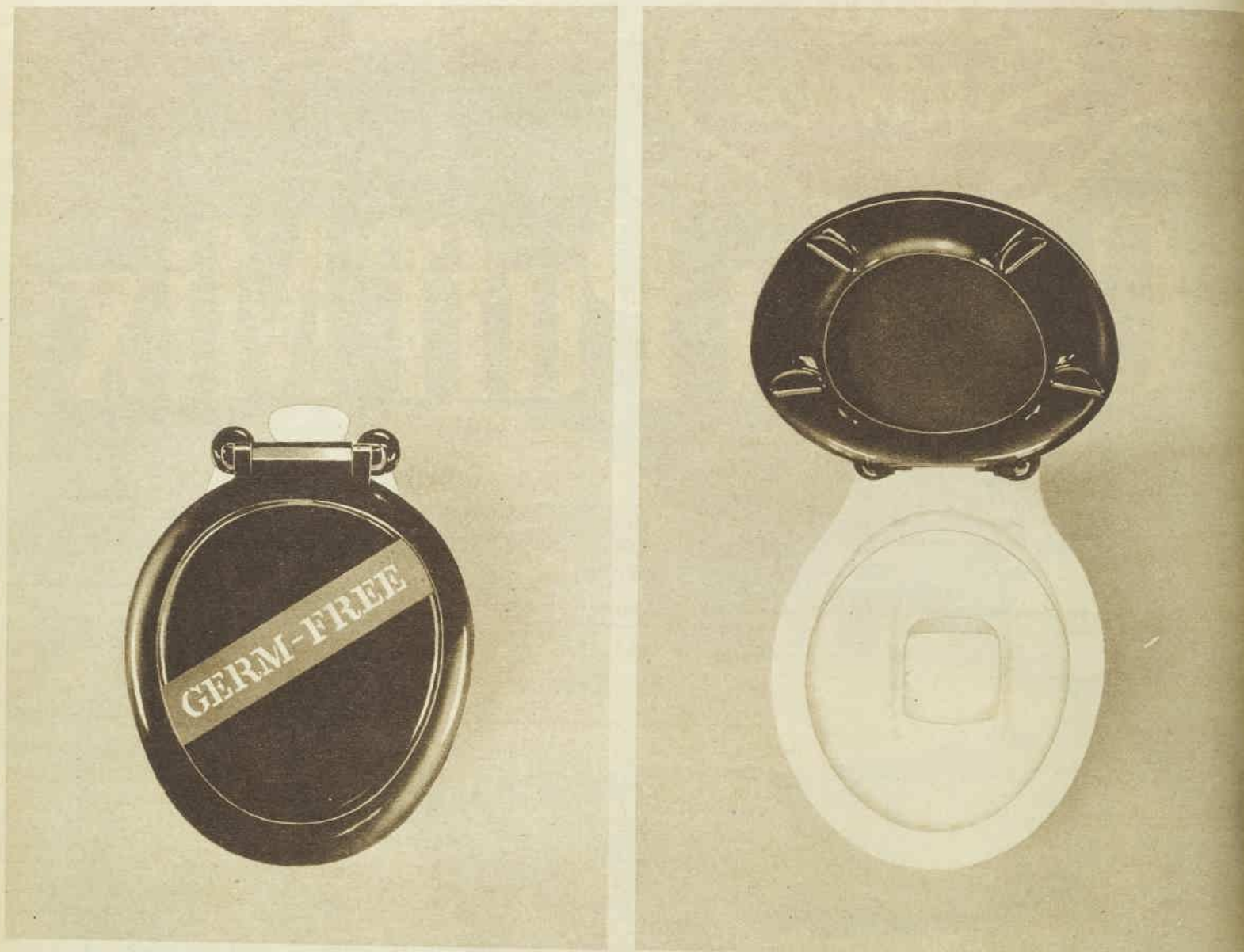
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Every sandwich tells a story...

A mother tells how Peter, from Italy, became an Australian—with a difference

A READER'S STORY
by Santina Stransky

I AM a young housewife living in Perth. I have two small boys, Peter, aged seven, and William, aged five, and my husband works in a bank.

In many ways we are typical of thousands of other young families living in Australia today, who, like us, are coping with the mumps and measles cycles, the hire purchase commitments on a small car, and a modest house in the suburbs.

But in one way we are different. We are Italians, naturalised Australians, but Italians nevertheless.

I came to Australia 10 years ago and my husband 11 years ago. Our two little boys have grown up speaking Italian as well as English, although most of our friends are Australians and we are the only Italians in our street.

Much as we love our new country we still nevertheless love the old one, too.

It therefore came as a shock to us to discover when Peter started school that he was rather ashamed of his Italian parents.

What disturbed him was

not so much that we were Italian but that we were "different."

I first learnt this the day he came home with his morning lunch uneaten and unwrapped.

I couldn't understand this because I had made guffoli as a special treat.

Guffoli is an Italian biscuit made with raisins, walnuts, and dates and normally a great favorite with Peter.

When I asked him why he hadn't eaten it, he looked embarrassed and said, "But Mummy, none of the others have guffoli."

A day later much the same fate befell the mortadella sandwiches.

"Please don't give me mortadella sandwiches. Could I please have peanut paste or beef sandwiches like all the others? And please in a brown paper-bag and not a plastic container?" he begged. (Incidentally plastic containers have since become quite fashionable.)

Then he demanded a pair of rubber thong sandals — because that was what all the others wore.

He confessed that he never told anyone at school that he could speak Italian as

"gee, none of the others can speak Italian."

When his grandmother in Italy sent him a magnificent little winter coat lined in white astrakhan he refused to wear it because "none of the others have a coat like that."

I decided it was time for action and started a be-proud-to-be-different campaign.

It started with a new batch of guffoli. That afternoon

when one of Peter's little friends came round to play with him I offered him some.

He thought it was "just great" so I told him I'd wrap a piece for him too, when I prepared Peter's lunch the next day.

The next day they both happily ate guffoli.

I pointed out to Peter that the world would be a very dull place if everyone was exactly the same.

Why should he try too hard to be like Billy Jones next door and Jimmy Smith across the street?

After all, he was Peter Stransky, a very special individual person with his own special, individual personality.

And I added that far from being ashamed because he could speak Italian he should be proud to speak two languages instead of one.

I tried to convince him that being different meant being special — and it was better to be special than just like everyone else.

Gradually Peter's attitude changed. He began to feel

sorry for the non-guffoli-eating people in the world.

He declared that peanut paste sandwiches just couldn't compete with mortadella ones.

He took pleasure in correcting my pronunciation of English words, and last Christmas he was very proud of himself for being able to say "Happy Christmas" in six different languages.

He even took to wearing his Italian coat (though this I suspect was mainly because two others in his class were given similar-style coats).

He hasn't become a wild non-conformist, mind you, but he no longer has the feverish desire (which incidentally seems to grip half the world) to be exactly the same as everyone else.

I am happy to say he is no longer ashamed of having Italian parents.

There came a day when I knew that he had really learnt the be-proud-to-be-different lesson.

I had severely scolded him for some now-forgotten crime by saying: "You're a naughty boy, Peter. Now you don't catch Billy Jones next door doing that, do you?"

Quick as a flash came back the reply. "But Mummy, I'm Peter Stransky, I'm special. You wouldn't want me to be just the same as everyone else, would you?"

And he looked as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. Bless him.

Send for free leaflet on baby's progress

WEIGHT alone is not always the all-important factor in a baby's progress, although the average mother often thinks so, and is frequently most upset if her baby is not as big and fat as her neighbor's baby of the same age.

A baby has the biggest weekly gains in the first three months, and the baby of average birthweight usually doubles that weight in the sixth month.

However, there is quite a big variation in this. Very big babies do not make such great gains after birth, and so do not double their birthweight at this age, while a small baby will often double his or her birthweight at three months.

Some babies gain less than the average six to eight ounces in their early weeks but are quite healthy. Sometimes, often during the four to six months period, a baby who has had big and steady gains since birth has a period of smaller weekly gains or even remains at a stationary weight for a time.

There is no need to worry about any of these tendencies provided the baby is healthy.

Family and racial characteristics also have to be considered in regard to the weight and height of babies and toddlers, and other physical signs of good nutrition must be recognised.

A free leaflet about baby's weight and development can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. (Please note that a stamped, self-addressed envelope MUST be enclosed when requesting a leaflet.)



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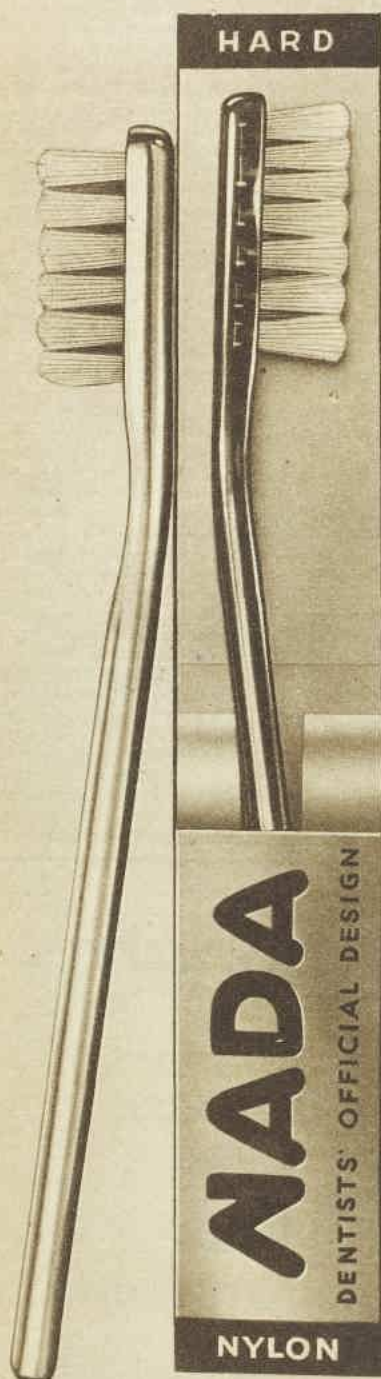
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AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● I was fascinated while collecting the family's dry-cleaning today by a machine — new to me, but probably old-hat to thousands of more observant people — for putting a covering over newly cleaned clothes.

THE frocks were hung on their hangers on a hook in the machine, a tube of thin clear plastic was pulled over them and down an inch or two below the hemlines. Then a gadget came down over the hangers to cut and seal off the top of the plastic, turning it into a bag.

Ingenious? Certainly. Wasteful? I'm still trying to work that one out, and thinking about it made me remember what a devil I felt, soon after we were married, when I bought my first ball of string.

I don't know whether stringlessness was general among households run by the generation before ours, or whether it was just a family peculiarity; but I'm certain we never had a ball of string when I was a child. As far as I knew, shops had balls of string and families had string-bags or string-boxes pushed away in a kitchen drawer.

There was more to opening a parcel than just grabbing the nearest cutting instrument and hacking the string.

I can remember hopping impatiently from foot to foot while some well-meaning adult, having said, "Would you like me to help you with the string?" untied the knots with agonising patience so that the salvaged string could be wound round the fingers into a figure-eight and put away in the string-bag for future use.

Now why? Was string really comparatively much more expensive then? Or was it just one of those strange economies of one generation which seem meaningless to the next?

My mother's generation dug into the string-bag and perhaps took out and unwound three or four different pieces before they chose the right one for the parcel they wanted to tie up. But they threw away candle-ends with gay abandon, shocking grandmother's generation into fits.

The high cost of living in a plastic-bag age

STRING means nothing to me (or would candle-ends, if I had any), but I have a sneaking feeling that it's "wasteful" to throw plastic away, which leads to hoarding that is just as incomprehensible to my children as my mother's string-saving was to me.

Kay, having had a rush of virtue and cleaned the stove for me, unasked, last weekend, announced in the same breath that she had found "a million and a half old plastic bags in the bottom drawer in the kitchen," and that she'd thrown away all but half a dozen.

I still think that we are madly wasteful today with our wrappers and our containers and our special packs which all cost money.

But then I have to remind myself that nowadays—in what the TV comics have all suddenly started calling The Flatulent Society—most people have clothes to wear and food to eat, whereas in our mothers' and grandmothers' day that was by no means the general rule, even in this country.

The economics of it are beyond me. Maybe we've got to have people spending their working lives making things which will be used for an hour and then thrown away, in order to have something approaching full employment.

Talking of wrappings, funniest story about them I've read for a long time came from an American magazine which reported the rebellion of a chainstore manager.

Suddenly he saw red. He was fed to the teeth with everything having to be plastic-wrapped to attract customers. So as a wry sort of joke he took some hairy, husky coconuts (their outsides nature's maximum-security wrapping for the inside food), wrapped them in sheets of plastic, and labelled the display "hygienically wrapped for your protection."

The joke misfired. Sales of coconuts shot up to five times what they had been formerly, and he had to go on, day after day, wrapping more and more of them.

A three-handed "housemaid" with a built-in memory

IN London, the Professor of Fuel Technology and Chemical Engineering from Sheffield University has announced that a housework robot is being developed.

It will be capable of doing any of the normal household chores—washing, washing-up, making beds, setting the table, sweeping floors.

It will be able to move itself up and down stairs and along passageways, and when its day's work is done it will quietly return itself to its cupboard and plug itself in so that its batteries can be recharged.

Models of various parts of the robot are being developed separately. It will have hands, feeling devices, a drive mechanism, and a memory chamber.

And (guess what) it's almost certain the scientists will find it necessary to give the robot three hands.

So housewives will retain their superiority, after all. They will remain the only device in the world which can cope with the full horrors of housewifery with nothing but their own two hands!

LATEST suggestion for coping with drunken and dangerous driving comes from a British Member of Parliament who suggests that drivers twice convicted of drunken driving should be forced "to carry a massive D plate, colored very offensively and exhibited conspicuously," on their cars. Those convicted of dangerous driving should be forced to carry an "M" for maniac.

It's basically a marvellous idea. But all cars are not necessarily one-driver affairs.

How horribly embarrassing for a housewife, using the car to do the family shopping, if she had to sport a 'D' earned by some other member of the family; and embarrassing for grandpa, too, if he had to wear an M for maniac, which rightfully belonged to his teenage grandson.



Fragile... handle with Johnson's

Johnson's Baby Powder is the softest, purest powder in the world... specially made *absorbent* to keep Baby's tender skin smooth and chafe-free. What a wonderful, happy time for Baby... the caress of Johnson's Baby Powder along with pure rich Johnson's Baby Cream that helps prevent chapping and dryness.

Johnson's Baby Needs

For skin so delicate, only the gentlest care will do: Johnson's Baby Powder... Baby Soap... Baby Oil... Baby Cream... Baby Shampoo and Johnson's Cotton Buds.



BEST FOR BABY... BEST FOR YOU

and shade. Piebald, too, a willy-wagtail fantastically gyrating, feeding on the wing. Her eyes observed it all with unloving gaze. A sour mood for a sweet world.

She got up and went upstairs. On the landing, again she stopped and looked fixedly at the crystal ball. The sun coming through the window struck blue and rose-colored prisms through its clear depths. Idly, she took a corner of the dark curtain and draped it round the ball and stooped and gazed into it. No visions of the future formed as they were reputed to do; instead, lost in a moment's reverie, she saw a scene of barely six weeks ago, the day after her return.

A polo match, William, with Conrad Appleton, after the last chukker, coming up to the car where she and Debbie were sitting. It had

Continued from page 52

been one of those moments in time that are stamped so vividly on the memory, that hold a mixture of perfect rightness, of sun and warmth and carefree happiness, and the absolute assurance of going forward to something even better. She remembered his voice as he came up to the side of the car and gave her an old-time's-sake kiss on the cheek — the smell of leather and hot skin and dust and the feel of his lips on her cheek—saying how good it was to see her again, and how she'd better stay at home now; no more running around Europe.

In an instant the picture was gone, and there he was as a few minutes ago, as cold as a fish and only eager to get away from her.

She dropped the curtain back into place.

Throwing off her clothes, she went into the bathroom and had a shower. The stinging cold drops of water on her skin were briskly tonic, preaching sense, not sensibility. Then she put on a thin wrap, and back in her room lay down on the bed.

The afternoon was still, not a sound came in through the open window, except the occasional chirp of an indolent bird, or the half-hearted note of a cicada tuning up and stopping. The room swam in shade, green shade growing greener, deeper, behind her closed lids; and presently all sensations — and why had the day been so stupidly full of

them?—lifted, floated away, leaving her miraculously detached from irritation and conflict, from pain, pleasure, puzzlement, fear, frustration; and leaving her, at last, asleep.

When she woke it was already dusk. She had been so deeply asleep that in the first moment of waking her wits, astray, couldn't draw back to herself the place, the hour, the circumstances. Twilight — was it morning or evening? Evening, yes.

And what was the dream that had woken her, leaving her with this sense of depression. Theda Berry, the dream had been something about her, as though she'd been trying to tell her something. What had it been, so vivid in the dream, yet now the scraps of it,

vanishing as she tried to grasp at them, were like scraps of mist in her brain, elusive, maddening. How tormenting a dream could be, with everything gone except the aftermath of its emotional content. And in this one, that was surely and purely horrid. As usual, poor old Theda Berry had had nothing nice to say!

Struggling up, Sarah got dressed, combed her hair, and began to think about dinner. On these Wednesdays Mrs. Berry always left a cold meal ready prepared for her, recounting each tasty item with much self-approbation. She opened her door and crossed to the stairs and started to go down. Reaching the turn, she pulled up short.

Someone — a man — was on the stairs, had paused at sight of her, one hand on the banister, one foot on the next step, head raised, looking up at her.

Dumb with surprise, Sarah peered forward at the tall figure just below her in the half light. And then, with added surprise, she saw that it was Paul O'Hara.

"Paul!" Her voice betrayed the mixture of surprise and annoyance that she felt.

He apparently wasn't too comfortable himself at her sudden appearance, for he half turned away and then back again. He said in a particularly casual tone: "Oh, hullo, Sarah. There you are. You sound quite startled."

"Yes, I was a bit, thinking the house was empty." She went on down and switched on the lights in the hall.

All very well—the front door was standing open, as she'd left it when William went away—but she hardly knew Paul O'Hara, and for him to come marching up the stairs without so much as a call or a knock was a bit cool. Just that stealthy progress upwards, for that was what it looked like when she'd come upon him. Her back was a little straighter than usual when she turned from the light-switch.

HE was standing in the hall, blinking in the sudden light. He fingered the knot of his tie and smoothed his rough, dusty-looking hair.

"I did give a knock," he said with a little laugh.

"Did you?"

"Yes, but the stately home of Larchwood was plunged in its usual stately hush." The hint of a sneer. "I couldn't see the bell."

"It lives in the usual place, just outside the door," she said, and herself managed to raise a little laugh not much more genuine than his.

"I thought maybe you were in next door with the Wakefields."

It was time now for a direct question, but she asked it in a bantering tone: "Then what in the world were you coming upstairs for, if it wasn't to pay a nice, friendly visit on me?"

"Oh, quite, yes. That does sound a bit of a puzzler, I see. Well, I was taking a stroll along the river bank and I suddenly remembered that your Mrs. Berry's got a couple of the library books. They're rather overdue, and in big demand, too, so I thought I'd drop in and get them. People ought to realise that in these little tinpot towns we can't afford to have many copies of a book."

"No, of course not, I see." The calm effrontery of his explanation made matters no better. She thought: Then he was actually making for Mrs. Berry's bedroom—if he knew where that was!

"Do you know if she's finished with them?" she asked.

"I do. She told Laurette so some days ago."

"And forgot to take them back?"

"Obviously."

Again that dry little laugh and a quick look at her from under his dry-looking eyelids. A square figure, square shoulders held rather high, and unusually long legs.

She said: "It's too bad, Paul, her keeping them all this time. I can imagine what a headache it must be for you and Laurette, everyone clamoring for a book and someone just sitting on it. I'll go and get them for you."

"If you would."

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Just Pears? Just Perfect!

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COME SEE ME DIE

She ran up the stairs. When she reached the landing she found he'd followed her. This again gave her a moment's surprise, and she began to suspect that there was more here than met the eye. Was it only a couple of overdue library books he'd come creeping up the stairs for?

And yet what else could it be?

She turned on the lights in the small sitting-room and, leaving him there, went along to Mrs. Berry's room.

A comfortable room originally it had been, but Theda Berry's uncomfortable soul had managed to sterilise it. The bed was made and smoothed as though with a foot rule, the bedside objects seemed to be lined up with it, too; the dressing-table was dotted with exactly equidistant pink plastic brushes, hair-tidy, and pin-tray; and over all was the scent of moss-rose, not unlike the essence that Theda Berry sometimes used in her pink icings.

But no sign of library books. Sarah could see that at a glance. She went back to the sitting-room.

"I'm so sorry, Paul," she said. "I can't find them. I can only think she's put them away somewhere."

Standing with bent head, Paul didn't speak for a minute. Then he shut the book he'd taken up and dropped it back on the table.

"Ah," he said, a dry note, like the sound of a door creaking. "Ah... I suppose you wouldn't know where?"

"I'm afraid I wouldn't. I'm afraid I'll just have to tell her in the morning when she gets back and ask her to let you have them at once."

He nodded, silently now, and looked from her around the room, seeming to take in and discard in one disdainful glance its old-fashioned prettiness.

The glance came back to her face. "Well, I'll be off."

"Won't you stay and have a drink, Paul?"

"No, I won't, no, thank you."

FEELING that she'd been hardly the perfect hostess, she pressed: "Oh, do; I was just going to have a glass of sherry."

"No, thank you very much, Sarah. I must get back. Don't bother to come down," and with a slight air of injury—the tables expertly and most unfairly turned on her!—he hurried down the stairs and out of the house.

Still mystified by Paul O'Hara's odd behaviour, she stood in the middle of the room, a room so familiar since her earliest childhood that nothing in it was ever consciously looked at any more; the blue velvet curtains, the rosewood tables, the chairs and sofa that took you in and embraced you, the book-case, the Sheraton desk.

It was on this desk that something unfamiliar caught her eye: something long and bright and arresting.

A few minutes later Sarah was hurrying through the garden and into the Wakefields'. She didn't go to the front door but slipped up the drive on to which Debbie's window faced. She had seen a light there. It was a lifelong habit for her and Debbie to run to each other for aid and comfort. As schoolgirl inseparables, it was Debbie who always knew the way out of any trouble, Debbie who could juggle with the truth and avert the consequences of youthful misdemeanors. Her daring inventiveness was dashing and reliable on all occasions.

As Sarah reached the window, Debbie had just entered the room, had shut the door behind her, and come forward to pull down the blind.

Sarah spoke softly: "Debbie... Debbie."

Debbie gave a little scream at the sound of a voice so close to her coming out of the darkness. Then she saw who it was.

"Sarah! What is it?" She had caught the urgent note in Sarah's voice and her own was little more than a whisper.

"Debbie—do you mind? Come back with me for a minute."

"What is it? Is there something

wrong? You startled the life out of me."

"I'll tell you in a minute. Come in. Don't say anything to anyone, to Hubert or Katie. Just say you're coming in to see me."

"All right, I'll be with you."

Sarah didn't wait, but ran back into the house, and soon from the upstairs sitting-room she heard Debbie calling in the hall.

She went to the top of the stairs. "Come up here, I'm here."

Debbie ran up, eyes alight and auburn hair aglow, bringing with her that air of supercharged vitality which she shared with her mother. The lime-green dress gave her a look of spring-like youth that was

somehow belied by the extreme assurance of her manner.

"What is it?" she asked as she entered: "What is it, Sarah?"

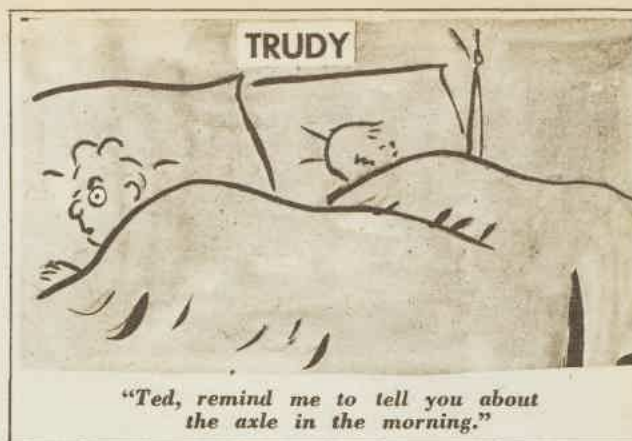
Sarah, standing by the desk, said: "Debbie, what do you think? All that gold jewellery of mother's—the lock's been forced and it's gone."

"Oh, no! Not that lovely old necklace and the bracelets and things?"

"Everything, my dear, everything."

"Oh, what a shame! I often said to your mother how mad it was to leave it lying about in that drawer."

To page 60



Antiseptic needed quickly.

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SKETCH shows access to carport.

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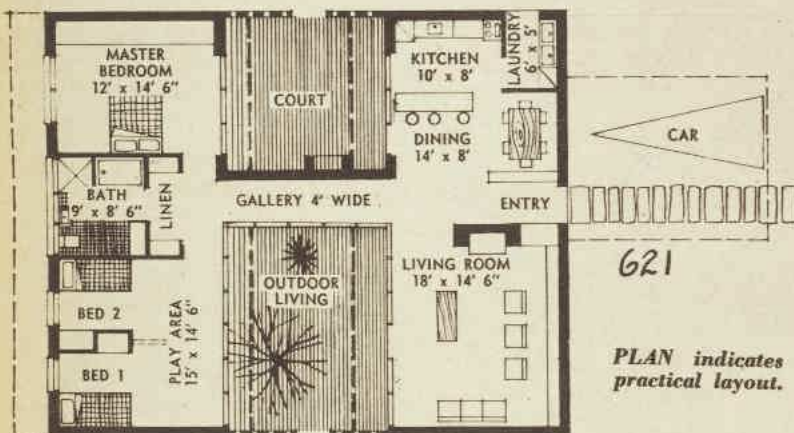
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PLAN indicates practical layout.

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Continued from page 59

"Yes, I know. It should never've been left there, I know. Mother spoke of putting it in the bank before she went away, and then she forgot about it and just turned the key on it and left it."

Sarah stood looking down into the drawer with the open case that had held the jewellery, the set of heavy ornaments which had belonged to her grandmother: a necklace of entwined gold ropes secured by gold tassels, bracelets of the same, earrings whose weight must have wearied the lobe of an ear, and a monster brooch. Its value, no doubt, had risen and risen over the years with the rising price of gold alone.

Debbie gave a whistle. "Burglars! What a scoop for them!"

Sarah shook her head slowly. "No — at least, there's no sign of anyone breaking in."

"What do you mean no sign of anyone breaking in?" Debbie's gold-green eyes opened wide at Sarah's face of mystery.

"Don't ask me what I mean, or what anything means. It's not so much the loss of the things that's troubling me as — as — Look, as I was standing in here a minute ago I suddenly noticed these." She held up a pair of big scissors, long, newly sharpened and set, black-japaned handles, one blade pointed, one rounded, a pair of cutting-out scissors. She said: "Mrs. Berry's."

Still unenlightened, Debbie waited for more without speaking, and Sarah told her how this morning Mrs. Berry had refused to drive with her because, she said, she had several things to do in the street, one of which was to pick up these scissors at Parkes', where they were being sharpened. She had said that then she would catch the midday bus out to her niece's, where she always spent the day and night, as Debbie knew.

"But now it's clear," Sarah ended, "that some time during the day she came back here, because here the scissors are." She put them down where they'd been lying and moved away from the desk and walked about the room, ruffling her hair with a distracted hand.

DEBBIE was in no two minds as to what had happened. She went over and took a cigarette, lit it, and blew smoke in clouds, fanning it from her with her shapely little hand.

"Mrs. Berry, of course," she pronounced. "It's her, all right. She's gone round the bend at last."

Sarah turned on her sharply. "What on earth are you talking about?"

"Right round the bend."

"Oh, don't be silly, Deb. You're not suggesting that Mrs. Berry stole these things?"

"What do you think, then? Who else? And why not? Why not?"

"Because it's too perfectly idiotic. She wouldn't do such a thing."

"Wouldn't she? I don't think you realise that she's been getting steadily more and more crazy for a long time. And when I say crazy I mean crazy."

"What nonsense! It's one thing to be a sour old cat and quite another to go breaking open people's desks and looting their jewellery."

"You don't know her, Sarah — you've only lived with her for a few weeks. We had her for over a year." Debbie sat down on the sofa and held

up imploring arms. "Sweetie, can't we have a drink?"

Sarah ran downstairs and was back in a minute with the tray. She poured two gins and tonic.

Taking hers, Debbie said: "Mum won't be surprised to hear this. Not an atom. She's been prophesying something of the sort for a long time."

"We had absolute hell with her toward the end. She fought with everyone — the tradespeople, the postman, everyone — and then planned wretched little acts of revenge to get back on them. When she'd had some imagined slight she simply couldn't rest until she got back on them."

Sitting on the arm of the sofa sipping her drink, Sarah nodded, calling to mind all Theda Berry's woes, real and imaginary, and the mixture of pity and fury she aroused in you, so that all the time you were doing battle with yourself, your better nature excusing her, your worse wanting to clout her over the head.

"The day Mum told her to go," Debbie was saying: "I'll never forget that day. It all began by Mum asking her if she would mind not opening the boxes and parcels when they arrived and laying out my trousseau things. Well! She reared back and glared at Mum as though she'd been a black snake. For anyone to suggest she wasn't perfect — 'Certainly, Mrs. Wakefield,' she said. 'And I won't open the bills and reminders, either. That'd keep me too busy!'"

Sarah gasped. "What a nerve! Well, I'm blown."

"I tell you she's not all there. Conrad and I were on the verandah. I didn't give a damn, but he jumped up in a rage and bundled her out of the room."

"I still think that all that's very different from this, though," Sarah gestured with her glass at the broken lock and scratched desk.

"Not if you remember the business of the oil shares. I'll bet that's been calling for a really smashing get-back on your mother, and this is it."

"I can't believe it. It's not possible." Gazing down into her empty glass, Sarah still struggled against Debbie's ready explanation of the incident.

One day shortly before her mother went away, Theda Berry had said something to her about buying a hundred pounds worth of some oil shares, and her mother, herself an amateur speculator, had put her off them, had said that in her opinion they weren't much good.

Unfortunately, soon after, the shares had soared clean out of Theda Berry's reach, and had stayed at those dizzy heights, since when not a day passed but Theda Berry could be seen — would be seen! — poring over the share page of the morning paper, her missed hundreds burning her up with bitterness. Was it possible, Sarah wondered, that she was really so aberrated as to break open the desk and walk off with something of comparable value as an act of revenge?

"No," Sarah said at last. "I can't believe it. It's just beyond belief. To begin with, what would she be doing stealing a lot of stuff she wouldn't have the faintest idea how to dispose of?"

"Look, you keep talking as though she was rational. I tell you, she's not. She may have come back here for something and then suddenly had a mad impulse to do this thing. Or she may've been planning it when she wouldn't

go in the car with you this morning."

"But the scissors, the scissors! To leave her scissors right there afterwards so that everyone'd know she'd been back!"

"Darling, the woman in the loony bin who claims she's Queen Elizabeth doesn't worry because she can't show them the crown." Debbie reached forward and poured herself another gin and lifted it to her mouth with the glass that she brought to the smallest sensual act.

"Where is she now, I wonder?" Sarah said, increasingly troubled. Debbie's airy way of accepting Mrs. Berry's lunacy was beyond her. "If only her niece was on the telephone I'd ring her."

"Did she go there at all?" Debbie lowered her glass to ask. "Or light out for Sydney, or Timbuctoo, or throw herself into the river?"

"No, no, no."

THOUGHTFUL

now, Debbie's long white lips lowered, long darkened lashes a shadow on her plumply moulded cheekbones. "What sort of a person is she, this niece?" she said in a minute. "Norm Kerrigan's sister."

"Oh, she seems all right. I've met her once or twice when I've dropped old Theda there."

"Well, look, I'll drive out and see if she's with her. We can't sit here all night adding our brains over what's become of her."

"Why you? If anyone goes it should be me."

"No, no, I'll go. It's nothing to me. I'll just hop in the car and be back in no time."

"Well, Deb—if you would. It's very big-hearted of you."

"The only thing is, what about you? It'll be a bit creepy for you, all alone here if she should come back picking straw out of her hair. Go in and wait with Mum and Dad."

"No. I don't want anyone to know what's happened till we find out something more."

"Well, don't tell them, don't say anything. You can say I've hopped along to talk bouquets with Joyce or something."

An easy story to put over, Sarah knew. Debbie and her bridesmaids conferred daily over such details of her wedding.

"You can tell Mum I had a bite to eat with you."

"All right. Maybe you're right." Sarah got up and put her glass down on the tray. "It would be a bit drear sitting it out alone waiting for you. Come down and we'll have something to eat."

In the kitchen, Debbie, eager to be off, wouldn't sit down, but stood at the end of the table, the leg of a chicken held in her fingers, ripping the tender flesh off it with her little white teeth.

"Heavenly chicken, darling. Old Theda sure can cook." She dropped the bone on to a plate, rinsed her fingers under the tap, devoured a plate of lemon meringue and cream — "No, I won't wait for coffee," and a minute later the front door shut behind her and Sarah heard the car start and fade into the distance.

Left alone — and very uncomfortable — Sarah couldn't help feeling — she started to make coffee before going in next door.

Suddenly the front door bell rang.

To be continued



1.

BRUSH OUTER SIDES OF ALL YOUR TEETH

Hold the brush with the sides of the bristles pressed against the gums. Teeth should be brushed (in a circular action) in the direction they grow — down on the upper teeth, up on the lower teeth. Brushing correctly — with Nyal Fluoride — can really cut down on the number of cavities.



2.

BRUSH INSIDE YOUR BACK TEETH

Use the same brushing action as for the outside. Brush from the gums. You will find this awkward at first, but with practice it becomes easy.

How to Brush your Teeth...

Correct Brushing Helps to Keep Teeth and Gums Healthy



3.

BRUSH BEHIND YOUR FRONT TEETH

Holding the brush vertically, pull it upwards over the gums and backs of your lower front teeth. For the upper front teeth, pull the brush downwards and forwards over the palate and the backs of the teeth.



4.

BRUSH THE CHEWING SURFACES OF YOUR BACK TEETH

Brush these surfaces with a backwards and forwards action. Two golden rules for dental health: (1) Brush after every meal or snack. (2) Have a regular check-up with your dentist every six months.

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hidden up her sleeve. Moreover, she judged people by herself and gave everyone the benefit of the doubt.

If someone snubbed her, she surmised it was a matter of shyness. If someone was rude to her, she would puzzle a bit and then conclude, "Probably I misunderstood."

Her outspoken honesty was frequently mistaken for wit, because, for most people, to hear the truth spoken is very unexpected and funny. Connie would laugh good-naturedly when the others did; but secretly she was always a little surprised at her success.

For example, the first time she met Woody's boss, she said, "I'm certainly glad to meet you. Woody says you taught him everything he knows, and he knows such an awful lot that I've been dying to meet you." It was the truth.

But Woody's boss said admiringly, "Clever girl!"

And that remark was a big surprise to Connie.

Anyway, sometimes a real wit doesn't make friends easily, and Connie Woodruff always made friends wherever she went. Not excluding the maternity ward of the West-side Hospital.

The nurses said, "Walk." So she walked. All Friday afternoon and all day Saturday, in her prettiest bathrobe, bought for the occasion, she walked the corridor of the maternity ward. She was not bored. She loved the hospital. There was the long nursery window, with the tiny bundles of new life behind it, sleeping or crying or yawning and stretching, endlessly fascinating.

She peeked into the other rooms and sometimes got invited in to visit. Four times a day she watched the babies

Continued from page 27

loaded on to a three-tier cart—something like a smorgasbord table, she thought, or a rolling tea-cart full of screaming confections—and delivered one by one to waiting mothers in their rooms.

Then the doors of the rooms would be closed, quiet would settle down, and Connie would go back to her room and think that in another few hours she, too, would be closed in with her prize package. In the late afternoons she went to the balcony at the end of the corridor to watch for Woody and wave to him after he had parked the car.

She had her first far-spaced pains Saturday afternoon, as she was visiting along the corridor. When one came she would double over and say, "Ow!" and then laugh, and the others would laugh with her. They couldn't help it; she was so little and pretty and gay.

The nurses said, "Walk." So she walked. And she thought happily, as she walked, that if she could hold off just a few hours it would be an Easter baby. That seemed a most desirable thing.

Well, as it happened, there were going to be two babies born in the hospital that Easter morning. The other mother arrived as Connie was passing the elevator on one of her obedient walks. The door opened to let out the brusque nurse who was in charge of the floor and three other people.

One was a beautiful young girl, a little heavy, of course, on account of her burden—dark and dramatic, and beautiful in spite of an obvious, sullen unhappiness. Connie greeted her with a

THE BABY THE MOTHER LEFT BEHIND

sisterly smile and a "Welcome!" All she got in reply was a brief, cold glance from dark, unseeing eyes.

She's afraid, Connie thought, excusing her. But she was mistaken. Because life is never as simple as that.

After the girl came her mother, plump and out of breath and worried. And then the husband, anxious, anxious like Woody, and much younger than Woody, nearer Connie's age. She guessed twenty-five or twenty-six. He was very tall and thin, and he betrayed their strained circumstances by the scantiness of his cheap suit. He smiled at Connie, silently apologising for his wife's unfriendliness.

HIS eyes were deep-set in his thin face, deep-set under heavy brows, and deep-set in his spirit, as it were. They rested on her with a sort of burning kindness, and Connie jumped a bit at that look. She watched the little group disappear into a room at the end of the corridor. Her imagination was so impressed with them that she told Woody every detail about them when he arrived that night.

That girl's baby was born just after midnight, three hours before Connie's.

By midnight, Connie was having pains that surprised her considerably and sometimes turned her face white. Woody was simply miserable. She said to him, matter-of-factly, "Why don't you go out and get yourself a cup of coffee, walk a little in the fresh air? This will go on for a couple of hours yet."

So he went, half relieved, and also half guilty.

The nursery window was just opposite the door of her room. She saw the girl's husband standing, very still, gazing through the glass. Connie was eager to see that baby. Between pains she got off the bed and went across. The little thing lay peacefully, so pathetic, slightly tipped upside down, and she had quantities of light brown hair, unruly and lovable. The tall thin boy stood devouring that baby with his intense eyes.

"A girl or a boy?" asked Connie.

"A little girl."
"Is her mother all right?"
"Fine."

"Then why aren't you happier?" She had never asked such an impertinent question before in her life. And as a matter of fact she didn't get it answered, because at that moment, benevolent nature took over with her implacable hand. An astonishingly strong spasm caused Connie to forget everything else. Her knees gave out; she sank toward the floor, clutching futilely at the glass of the nursery window.

The young man caught her under her arms and set her back on her feet. He helped her across the hall and on to her bed. "I'll get a nurse," he said, bending over her, speaking clearly.

The sorrow, compassion, and extraordinary love in his deep eyes pierced the blur of her pain, and the memory of that surprising look would stay with her the rest of her life.

Through the whole thing, Connie was never unconscious. They helped her with a little ether; that's all. So she knew the moment her boy

was born, heard him yell, heard the doctor say he was a perfect boy, said, "How wonderful! Where is my husband?" And then they put her under.

She awoke the next morning with a feeling of enormous well-being, in the most beautiful sunny room, to the most beautiful morning she ever remembered. She thought joyfully, it is Easter Sunday. I have a boy. And I'm beautifully flat in front again. Then she thought, I stood it. It was nothing. I'll have another one next year. A girl. Life was easy.

Woody came early. He kissed her tenderly, and she cried with joy, her emotions were so near the surface. "That lovely, dark-haired girl, Woody, she had her baby just after midnight. I know how she feels this morning."

But she was quite mistaken. She didn't have the least idea.

"Go, Woody, and look at him through the glass. Tell me how her baby is, too. It'll be the other one hanging upside down. A little girl."

She watched Woody across the hall, standing at the window, gazing and gazing, just as that young man had.

After the longest time he came back to the room. His face looked white and strained. "Life catches hold of you," he said. "No doubt, life catches hold of you."

She laughed at him. "Would you want it any other way?" Then she added, "You can never deny him, Woody Woodruff. He's the spitting image of you."

The color came back to his face.

"Did you see the little girl?" she asked.

"The what?"

"The other Easter baby."

"Oh! I forgot to look." He went across again and came back. "Biggest mop of brown hair I ever saw. The nurse have it parted and brushed back, but it's way down in her neck. Tiny little thing smaller than Butch."

"Don't start calling him Butch!" But she laughed again with pleasure.

All was joy again then, friends coming to admire and congratulate and bring presents.

Even the sad young man came to the door of her room, smiling his grave smile. "You have a fine boy," he said.

"You have a beautiful daughter," replied Connie, beaming.

"Yes. A dear little girl."

"What do you call her?"

"We haven't given her a name."

"Oh?" She felt so maternal. "How long have you kids been married?"

He hesitated and then answered. "Three months."

Connie felt a shock of surprise, but she smiled still.

Then he said gently, "She is not my baby. I wish she were. I love her very much." After another pause, "I want to thank you. For everything."

"Thank me?"

"For just — just being the way you are. It's — reassuring. Goodbye." He turned, crossed the corridor, and stood looking through the nursery window. After a long, still time, he went away.

Connie asked herself, "How could he know about the way I am?" And she shook her head in puzzlement.

Then came delightful lessons in caring for her baby, learning to feed and bathe him. Connie had not the

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 1, 1964

THE BABY THE MOTHER LEFT BEHIND

Continued from page 62

slightest apprehension. She felt as though she had been handling babies all her life.

In the nursery, behind the glass, the little baby with the brown hair cried a great deal. She had a funny, high-pitched wail that was distinctive and touching.

"What's the matter with that little girl?" Connie asked the head nurse.

"She needs a mother's love, that's all," the nurse answered briefly.

"But — but — where is her mother?" She realised suddenly that she had not seen the dark-haired girl at the lessons.

"She's gone home."

"Without her baby?"

"She didn't want the baby. It was not her husband's, you see. She wouldn't even look at it. He wanted it very badly, and he thought if he could get her to look at it she would love it, too. But she wouldn't."

"Oh!" Connie felt desolation.

She thought it over. "Maybe her first husband died, and maybe she was afraid the baby would look like him and she wouldn't be able to stand it."

The nurse turned around then, took Connie's chin in her strong, smooth hand, and looked soberly into her face. "Maybe," she said gently. "Most people look for a more — complicated explanation. But maybe you're right."

"And what about that little girl?"

"She's up for adoption. She's going to make some couple very happy."

"Oh, I hope so!" Connie thought she would always hear with her heart that funny high wail in the nursery.

When Woody arrived that night he was startled to find her depressed. "What is it, baby?" he asked.

"I'm not your baby," she corrected him. "I'm your wife."

Then she told him the story of the abandoned child. "I feel so old, Woody. Is there anything sadder than an unwanted baby? And I've been thinking — Oh, Woody, can't we take her?"

"You mean adopt her?"

"Yes."

"Honey, you know what our budget is. And you know how close we planned so we could have Butch."

"But in the long run it would be a saving. We'd have our little girl without another hospital and doctor expense."

IF there was one thing Woody knew, it was when to laugh at Connie and when not to. He leaned forward, took her hand in his, looked seriously into her face, and said, "No, dear."

She accepted, and began to find reasons for him. "I guess you're right. If Butch turns out to be a prodigy, it will take quite a bit of money to educate him."

"Yes."

"It might even be selfish of us. We would be getting twice the pleasure and depriving some childless couple of their happiness."

He kissed her.

Well, benevolent Providence, which gave Connie Woodruff all her happy endings, was not going to deprive her of this one. She was to go home on Wednesday, and Woody was going to take the afternoon off. But it was not her imminent departure that set up a sort of undercurrent of excitement in the maternity ward that morning.

One of the younger nurses dropped into Connie's room that morning and tipped her off. "Your little girl has got herself a family."

"Oh!" breathed Connie with joy.

"I saw them yesterday. Rich! They just oozed money. They're coming this morning to get her — with a special nurse, no less!"

"Leave my door open," said Connie. "I'll see them."

She saw it all — the new father, very Ivy League; the new young mother in a tailored suit with a magnificent fur thrown carelessly over her shoulder; the starched nurse, carrying a satin-bordered blanket and a cashmere shawl you could pull through a wedding ring. She could hardly wait for Woody to come.

"They took the baby away," she

said. "The little brown-haired girl. The unwanted baby. Someone wanted her very much." Then she described the scene. "And the girl had a sable neckpiece, Woody. One of the nurses said it was dyed marten, but I'm sure it was sable."

"That nurse was teasing you. Of course it was sable. And, anyway, she can't overlook the baby nurse in the white uniform."

"That's right! Well, the nurse had the baby and the baby was crying. You know that high little wail she has. I'll never forget it. So her mother — the one in the sable — said, 'Here, give her to me.'"

She took her. And, you know, Woody, that little thing understood. She did. As soon as she felt her mother's arms around her she stopped crying. They were just outside my door and the woman looked up at me, and, Woody, you should have seen the triumphant look on her face!"

Woody laughed. "You should see the triumphant look on your own."

"Don't tease me."

He shook his head and regarded her with enormous fondness. "Lucky girl," he said. "Life is full of happy endings for you, isn't it?"

"But, of course!" she sang out gaily, and then grew suddenly thoughtful.

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NEW MEDICATED REXONA TOILET SOAP for natural loveliness



Continued from page 15

CHANDELIERS illuminate the salon at the Palazzo Pucci, where the designer shows his collections. The salon was formerly the ballroom in the 1000-year-old palace, which is filled with works of art, including Botticelli, Raphael, and da Vinci portraits of Pucci ancestors.

entirely gilded baroque. You need some transitional stage between the comfort of a man's home and the dreariness of a jet plane.

"I'd also like to design factories — as beautiful, in their way, as my palazzo — and as baroque.

"The 500 girls who work for me are 10 times happier working in the palazzo — and work much better, incidentally — than if they were in some grim, modern, streamlined workshop looking like an abattoir.

"In this functional age, it does one good to be surrounded by beautiful, if useless, things like paintings, good furniture, gilded painted ceilings.

"Design is very simple, really," he explained. "Real elegance is above all understatement and style, a matter of uncluttered lines."

He has unbounded energy and vitality. The centre of his universe is his office, one of the smaller rooms of the palazzo, about half the size of the adjoining room allotted to his secretary.

Impatient

There is only one phone and it rings in his office as well as in his secretary's, for Pucci can't bear to waste time waiting for anybody else to answer it.

He has no means of summoning a secretary when he needs one. When Pucci needs

secretarial attention, he bounds out of his chair, pulls open the high, heavy doors himself to ask for it.

"I'm not a good businessman," he says. "When I want something, I just can't stand waiting, doing nothing for the 60 seconds it would take for my girl to come in. I can't stand it, that's all."

"People like myself belong to a class which works and grinds away, day after day, without ever having time to use the money we earn. So money ceases to be significant."

"Last year an American firm offered me half a million dollars a year (£A250,000) for 20 designs — anything with my name to

them. I refused. They cabled back, offering me stock in the company as well. I still turned it down."

"I literally haven't got enough time to eat and sleep even now, so why do any more? People are always wanting things from us and we spend our time making demands so outrageous they just have to leave us alone."

"All I really want to do is design 1000 things a year and then I'm happy."

His business today has a booming export turnover of more than £A750,000 a year in 59 countries.

Pucci clothes can be very, very expensive, with silk shirts ranging from £A15 to £A21, ski pants from £A38 to £A43, "Palazzo pyjamas" for home entertaining starting at £A100, while his beautiful beaded tunic shirts can cost up to £A300 each.

An American store director saw these expensive tunic shirts in Florence in January, 1963, and was delighted — despite the price. He placed a large order and re-ordered within two months.

Not for fatties

(The second order included tunic shirts size 18, even though Pucci once said, "I do not design for fat ladies. Fat ladies should design for fat ladies because they know what they want. I design for model girls or for women who look like model girls. Or for women who want to look like model girls.")

Some years ago Pucci hired 25-year-old Anna Pintucci as his private secretary.

Twelve months later he put Anna — a pretty blonde with every figure of the business in her head — in complete charge of his export trade. In three years, turnover with the U.S. has risen from £A100,000 a year to over £A350,000.

Pucci chooses his models instinctively, preferring them without any experience. "I

MODEL wearing a Pucci costume is one of his 1000 employees — all of whom are women. "I'm much better off without men," he says.

have the best models in the world," he says flatly.

Olda Willes, blonde, 21-year-old daughter of a London stockbroker, is a perfect example.

Pucci saw her at the Corveglia Ski Club in St. Moritz in February last year, took one look and asked her "Would you like to work for me as a model in Florence?"

"I was flabbergasted!" Olda told me. "I'd never done a day's work in my life. What would my parents say? I was scared, but my mother said I could, and I started work in Florence almost immediately."

It's easy to see why the half dozen permanent models all adore Pucci, who is known throughout his business simply as "Marchese."

He is very strict ("You have to be when you're employing 500 women!") but he never bullies them, and takes a personal interest in each member of the staff.

"I never choose flappers," said Pucci. "I like my models to have dignity, to be ladies. I try never to upset them. Abuse never helps."

"I'm strict, especially with the rules of the house, and I know they're scared of me."

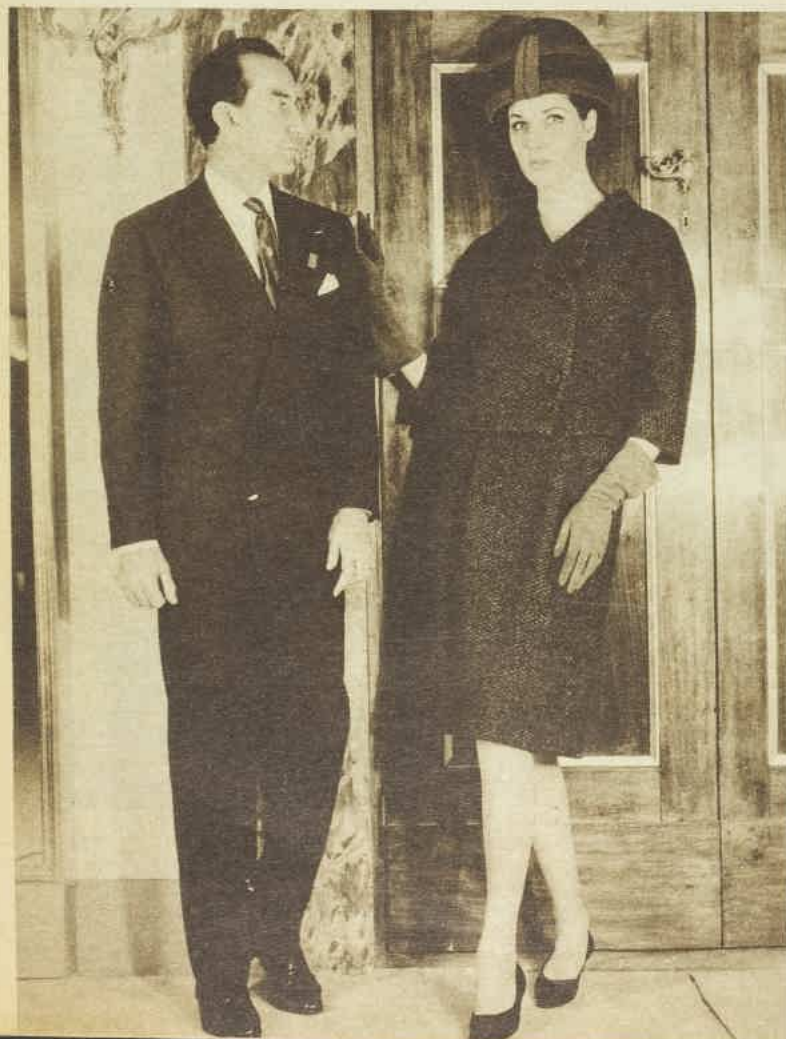
"But I can take a girl, often plain and badly dressed and with no professional experience, and I know, if she works, I can turn her into a perfect model."

Even when things go badly wrong Emilio keeps his temper, as when catastrophe struck at Taormina last year. Four models went down to prepare for a show. Emilio was to follow, as usual cutting it fine.

Arriving an hour before the first show, he was met with blank terror. A suitcase, containing every single pair of shoes the models were to wear, was missing.

As Pucci puts it: "I hope I didn't show it, but I was furious. The whole show was ruined!"

But as one model said: "We were terrified. The whole show was ruined. Then Marchese braced himself and said, 'Now! Let's plan how to show the dresses without shoes.'"



'Legendary' reputation

And the shoeless show was a sell-out.

Despite the luxurious surroundings, Emilio makes tough rules for his models and expects to be obeyed to the letter. Working hours for the entire Pucci staff are 8.30 to 12.30 and 3 to 7.30, Monday to Friday, and 8 to 1 on Saturday. Punctuality is a must.

"I hate firing girls," Pucci admitted, "but I must have my models ready for work at 8.30."

"And I make no exceptions. I got rid of a girl last week—she was delightful, but never on time. And she's engaged to one of my best friends."

Other strict rules: No smoking, no drinking, and no eating at work.

"I keep a stock of precious fabrics worth £A1,500,000 in the palazzo," he says. "I'm not going to have sticky fingers touching them and holes burned in the corners."

"The food in Tuscany is the best in the world, and when a new foreign model arrives and I design something for her, I expect her to be the same size when we show."

Another rule on which Emilio insists: Girls are forbidden to receive or make telephone calls at work.

"I don't expect to employ models who aren't attractive enough to have men phoning them," says Emilio, "but that's no reason why I should run a public telephone service."

His personal interest in every member of his staff is incredible.

One night I dined with Oida, who had a streaming cold. Emilio noticed it. The next morning when she arrived for work at 8.30 a package was waiting for her.

It was filled with pills—and meticulous instructions. All sent by Pucci. He had gone out after dinner, found an all-night pharmacy, and bought the pills himself.

No wonder the models

adore him, but then, all the women seem to adore him. Emilio's reputation with the ladies before he married Christina was legendary.

By chance I know several ladies who were in love with Pucci. Two, particularly, are still today delicious, charming, and intelligent women, and still married as they were the moment—and I mean the moment—they first set eyes on Emilio Pucci and were happily prepared to leave everything—husband, home, children—for him.

"He doesn't try anything—but he looks at you with those deep eyes of his—and you just melt," said one.

"You are completely dominated by him. He is a wonderful, completely insane egotist who recognises no conventions," said another.

Other comments:

"He's a dynamo. He's a genius. He works at such a pace he's literally burning himself out. But he always

adore him permanently. I still do. He's the sweetest man in the world."

It's not easy to talk to Emilio about this sort of thing. He comes from a type that prefers not to discuss love affairs. But he did say this:

"Men who are aggressive to life, interested in life, men with vitality are always favorites with women. Looks don't matter—but if you have this vitality, women by intuition are physically attracted to you."

"It would be silly of me to deny that I'm aggressive, full of life, full of ideas. That's all there is to it. I don't do anything about it."

Though it is only proper to skip over the delicate matter of old love affairs, there is one exception and that is Edda Ciano, wife of Mussolini's Foreign Minister and daughter of Mussolini.

The scandal it created in the gossip columns of Italian newspapers nearly 20 years

In fact, last April he flew twice from Italy to New York in four days.

On the Tuesday he made a political speech in Florence. He flew to New York on Wednesday for a show of his sports clothes, flew back to Milan through the night, drove his charcoal-grey Maserati from Milan to Florence (a good 200 miles) in an hour and a half, worked all day, made another speech that evening, and on the Thursday morning drove back to Milan, flew to London for a show, caught a night plane to New York, was guest of honor on Friday at a party given by Montgomery Ward, cabled his models in Florence that he would need them to work all Saturday, was back fitting in Florence by Saturday noon.

"I'll fly anywhere on business," says Pucci, adding, "so long as I am allowed to return quickly. I've flown to Bali for a weekend, California for dinner, Japan for a couple of days!"

Last year Pucci turned to politics, as a Liberal.

"I campaigned for 27 days," he said. "And came in second out of 16. This means that if the man who beat me—and he is 73—falls really sick, I would take his place."

Tuscany has a strong Communist element, and Pucci's way of getting the Communist crowds to listen to his political speeches was typical.

On one occasion he rented a large disused garage, staged a fashion show in it, and put his political points across between the appearances of attractive models. There wasn't a vacant place in the garage.

All this success has tended to produce—inside Italy anyway—a wrong image of Pucci. Several Florentines with whom I spoke called him "a terrific snob" and "utterly ruthless."

"I'm not a social type, nor am I a businessman," he says. "I'm just a salesman of enchantment."

'He looks at you—and you melt'

makes you feel that no woman counted before he met you, and there could never be another."

And:

"He is incredibly demanding. But you get so much back that you will do anything he wants."

And:

"Demanding! He's crazy. He rang me up at two o'clock one morning and suggested that we go to Capri. Sleepily I said I would love to and, if we left after breakfast, we could be there for lunch."

"After breakfast?" He was horrified. "No, now!" And at three o'clock we were at the station. The fact that there were no passenger trains never deterred Emilio. He bought some sandwiches and we made our way south in a goods train.

"All his girl-friends always

ago shook the Italian nobility.

As World War II drew to its end and the Germans grabbed Ciano, Pucci helped his wife to escape with her children to neutral Switzerland.

Disguised, they made their way to the frontier. Ciano's secret diaries were cut into sections and tied round Edda's waist under her clothes.

Pucci got Edda, the children, and the diaries across the frontier. He returned, was badly treated by the Gestapo, then managed to get to Switzerland to see Edda and was interned for the last months of the war.

All that was long ago, and today the Marchese Pucci is the proud father of two children, and a businessman who will fly round the world for dinner if need be.



MARCHESE EMILIO PUCCI DI BARZENTO with his wife, the former Baroness Christina Nannini, and their children—boy and girl.



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PUCCI uses a "color shorthand" to dictate to his secretary (left) the colors to be used in his scarf designs. Models paint in the colors; he doesn't see them until the scarves are complete (above).

at it distastefully — was a very youthful confection of murder and violence.

On the whole he wasn't favorably impressed, but as a producer he was fair-minded and experienced and he realised that at this stage of the boy's career everything depended on his mind and personality. If this was the best he would ever do, better show him the door at once. But perhaps this was just a beginning, and in that case there was a promise about the piece, a hint of wild poetry —

He decided gloomily that probably the boy was hopeless. Wasn't he one of Richard's appalling cronies?

He heard old Tom greet his visitor, and a moment later after his barked "Come in!" the young man entered.

Continued from page 22

"I'm sorry to be late, sir," he said, "there's a traffic jam in the city. Everyone's out to welcome the Queen back from her journey, you can scarcely move —"

The Great Man scarcely heard him. Just as I expected, he was thinking as he waved the lad ungraciously to a seat: the beard, the rumpled air of one who is above clothes — just let him pull out a pipe and start talking down to me and out he goes!

"Why d'you want to write plays, anyway?" he erupted.

"Well, sir," replied the youngster — he would be in his mid-twenties, no more — "I want to stay in the theatre. It's where I feel I belong."

MORNING OF A PRODUCER

"Well, you're an actor, aren't you?"

"Yes. But the best anyone ever says about my acting is that it's competent. And if after four years touring the Provinces in Rep. you're only — competent —" he shrugged. "I thought I'd better think over my position. So I wrote this play."

"Your first, no doubt?"

"No; it's about, well, the third. The others weren't much good. Perhaps this one isn't either. But I've found out something: writing plays is what I want to do with my life."

"It's an uncertain future," the older man told him. "Haven't you a profession or trade or something? What did you do before you decided for the stage?"

"Well, I didn't really have any special ambition, so when I finished at Grammar School Father got me a job as a clerk in a lawyer's office, but I didn't like it much and I don't think they did, either; so I tried teaching, but that was a mistake, too. So then I did all sorts of things, worked in Father's factory, even helped out when the local butcher was short-staffed — then I saw one of the companies when it was on tour and decided that that was what I would like. So here I am."

The boy's eyes were good; warm, level eyes alive with intelligence.

"Why my theatre?" he demanded irritably, "this is only a tinpot concern, an experimental

theatre on the outskirts of the city. Perhaps there's no future here for you and your plays?"

"Oh, but there is!" The young man's face glowed with enthusiasm. "Everyone's coming here, because you're giving them something new, something alive, vital — people sick of knockabout clowning and third-rate, desiccated old imitations of the classical writers. There's a new feeling in the air, I suppose it's because of the war —"

That's right, blame the war, thought the Great Man hastily.

"People want something significant, plays that really say something. And with your views and a talent like Richard's — Richard's going to be a very great actor —"

"Richard!" Richard's father threw his hands up in a gesture of anger and bewilderment. "Not in my theatre he isn't. I can endure the Advanced Thinking: I can endure — just — the air of intellectual superiority. But hooliganism I will not tolerate. I never thought Richard'd do anything — bad. Yet so many young people nowadays are behaving like that. I don't understand Richard; or any of you. What's the matter with you all?"

"You mean yesterday, sir? It's only youth, you know."

"I haven't seen you brawling and tweaking noses —"

FROM THE BIBLE

● "And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." — John 11:26

"No. But what I did might have been worse. I got into the most awful scrape, which is one reason why I left home. I wrote some silly verses about one of the local bigwigs, because he'd offended my twenty-year-old sense of importance; and they rather caught on."

"My parents nearly died of shame. I was sorry and ashamed afterwards; that's how I understand about Richard. Richard isn't bad, he couldn't be. He's just young and wild. And he was provoked, you know."

"But why must the young be like this?" expostulated the Great Man.

"In the young," he said at length, "the flame flickers with every wind. Older men guard it clear and steady; experience is like a glass about a lantern."

The Great Man stared at him, really seeing him for the first time, the level eyes, the young dignity of him. A good man, this one would be, and an extraordinarily perceptive one. He had made the older man happy with one small insight.

"Your play," he said suddenly.

"There's a lot wrong with it. It isn't wonderful Theatre; still, people will love all that violence."

"You'll produce it, sir?"

"Yes," said the Great Man, "I shall. Because, whatever else I haven't got, it's the work of a dramatist; it hangs together. And it shows the mind of a poet." He was smiling now, "Some day, I believe, you'll write great plays."

"It's what I want most in the world," replied the young man.

"Thank you, sir, very much!"

The Great Man sat back, fingering the manuscript, peace in his heart. All was right with the world; with Richard, and the theatre, and the future; because of something a boy had just explained to him. What a find the lad was!

"Ere be the marzipans, sir," said old Tom at his elbow.

"Eat them yourself," the Great Man said, "I've just bought this play, Tom. It isn't much, but the next one will be; and the next —"

"What be the lad's name?" asked old Tom.

"Eh? I don't know, but it'll be here somewhere," and he turned to the front page and read aloud from the untidy scrawl, "Titus Andronicus, A Play by Will Shakespeare."

Then he took up his pen and wrote across it Accepted For Production, James Burbage.

(Copyright)



Corn Onion Slice & Mushroom Soup

Make a cool, tempting mix of whole kernel sweetcorn and chopped onion. Gradle it in crisp lettuce leaves on fresh, thick-buttered bread. What a snack! But go one better — make that snack a Soupersnack with Continental brand Mushroom Soup. It makes a snack taste so good!

Make that snack a Soupersnack with
Continental soup
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Only Continental cooks extra mushrooms for richer mushroom taste!



CN1/12BWW118C

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 1, 1964

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

STANDING-IN for President Andros, Mandrake finds, is exhausting work. Back at the president's palace to rest, he asks to be alone and strolls into the garden—unaware he is walking into danger. READ ON . . .



FOR THOSE WHO CAME IN LATE—
WHILE THE REAL ANDROS SECRETLY UNDERGOES SURGERY IN A DISTANT AMERICAN HOSPITAL—



MANDRAKE "DOUBLES" FOR THE PRESIDENT IN HIS NATIVE LAND—



WHAT A RELIEF TO BE ALONE—FOR A MOMENT—

READY—HERE HE COMES!



AT THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE—MAX, THE AMBASSADOR—WHO ALONE KNOWS MANDRAKE'S TRUE IDENTITY—



NO—YOU FOOLS! MANDRAKE—BEHIND YOU!



MANDRAKE WHIRLS—AND GESTURES HYPNOTICALLY—



KILL YOU? OH NO, SIR! WE WORRIED ABOUT YOUR SAFETY—WE WERE THERE TO PROTECT YOU.



WHAT HAPPENED TO US?



THEY'RE YOUR EFFORTS WERE MISGUIDED. THE PRESIDENT IS WELL GUARDED. GO NOW.



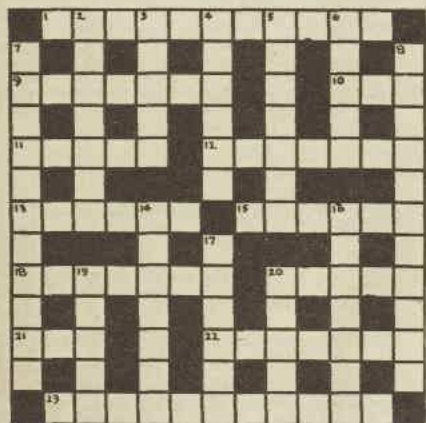
WERE THEY LYING? MAX BELIEVED THEM. THIS IS SO COMPLICATED! HOW DID I EVER GET INTO IT?

NEXT WEEK: MORE COMPLICATED!

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Turned unit in one follows a record to stop (11).
9. They enforce the rules (7).
10. Descendant embodied in masonry (3).
11. High card in afterthought for steps (5).
12. Tom, Ted, and I left out (7).
13. Tuft of threads hiding a donkey (6).
15. Venerate with a short revolution before (6).
18. He and I call it screw-shaped (7).
20. Silvery element guarded by a short holy man in restraint (5).
21. Ingenuity in a switch (3).
22. Nova Scotian (7).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Drives close a devil with deeds (7).
3. Charges with scare (5).
4. Place of retreat or an old counsellor (6).
5. In game I suppose (7).
6. Overturn (5).
7. Here string-pulling is taken for granted (6-5).
8. It is not meant (11).
14. Surround and mislay at the end (7).
16. Building with a frozen end (7).
17. Substance which combines with an acid to neutralise it (6).
19. Curtail a text and find in it the milky juice of plants (5).
20. Impart a new color to a saint (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 1, 1964

Butterick PATTERNS

Send your order and postal note to PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers, P.O. Box 11-039, Ellerslie, SE.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE REQUIRED.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE IN LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES.



2876. — Lovely semi-fit sleeveless sheath for dinner and dancing, hi-rise in front with self band and bow. (A) three-quarter sleeves and high back neckline for street wear. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 2876, price 5/9 includes postage.



2773. — Smart yoked dress for larger sizes. Eased skirt with inverted front pleat and welt seam detail, unmounted three-quarter length or short sleeves. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44in. bust. Butterick pattern 2773, price 5/9 includes postage.



2805. — Useful two-piece. Shallow-necked, semi-fit shift, below hip-length pullover with deep V-notched collar, long sleeves, and new French cuffs. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 2805, price 5/9 includes postage.



2340. — Ever-popular jodhpurs and overalls. (A) Overalls with high square neck, elasticised bow waistline. (B) V-neck, front-zipped overall with large curved patch pockets. (C) Jodhpurs with curved patch pockets. Sizes 2 to 8 (21, 22, 23, 24, 26in. chest). Butterick pattern 2340 price 5/- includes postage.



2858. — Playing "the waiting game"? Wear this sleeveless, side-pleated, shallow-necked maternity top with your latest turtle-necked blouse or with the front-buttoned blouse included in this pattern. Team them with the slim maternity skirt or pants. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 2858, price 5/9 includes postage.



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5

MAYHEM IN GREECE
by Dennis Wheatley
Bookshop Price: 26/6
YOURS FREE!



9

THE TIME BEFORE THIS
by Nicholas Monsarrat
Bookshop Price: 15/6
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THRILLER CLUB

2

HAND IN GLOVE
by Ngaio Marsh
Bookshop Price: 18/6
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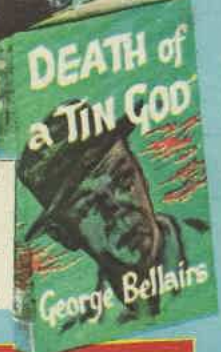
6

FAREWELL BY DEATH
by Vernon Warren
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10

DEATH OF A TIN GOD
by George Bellairs
Bookshop Price: 13/-
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QUALITY CLUB

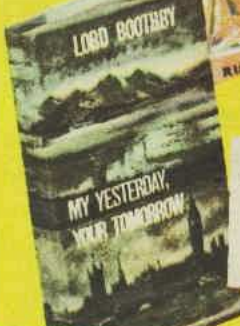
3

JOAN SUTHERLAND
by Russell Braddon
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| (2) HAND IN GLOVE
Ngaio Marsh | <input type="checkbox"/> | (7) MY YESTERDAY, YOUR TOMORROW
Lord Boothby | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| (3) JOAN SUTHERLAND
Russell Braddon | <input type="checkbox"/> | (8) THE HAPPY HEARTS
Oliver Sandys | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| (4) SHIRLEY AGAINST THE WORLD
Renee Shann | <input type="checkbox"/> | (9) THE TIME BEFORE THIS
Nicholas Monsarrat | <input type="checkbox"/> |
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George Bellairs | <input type="checkbox"/> |

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